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THE NEW YORKER

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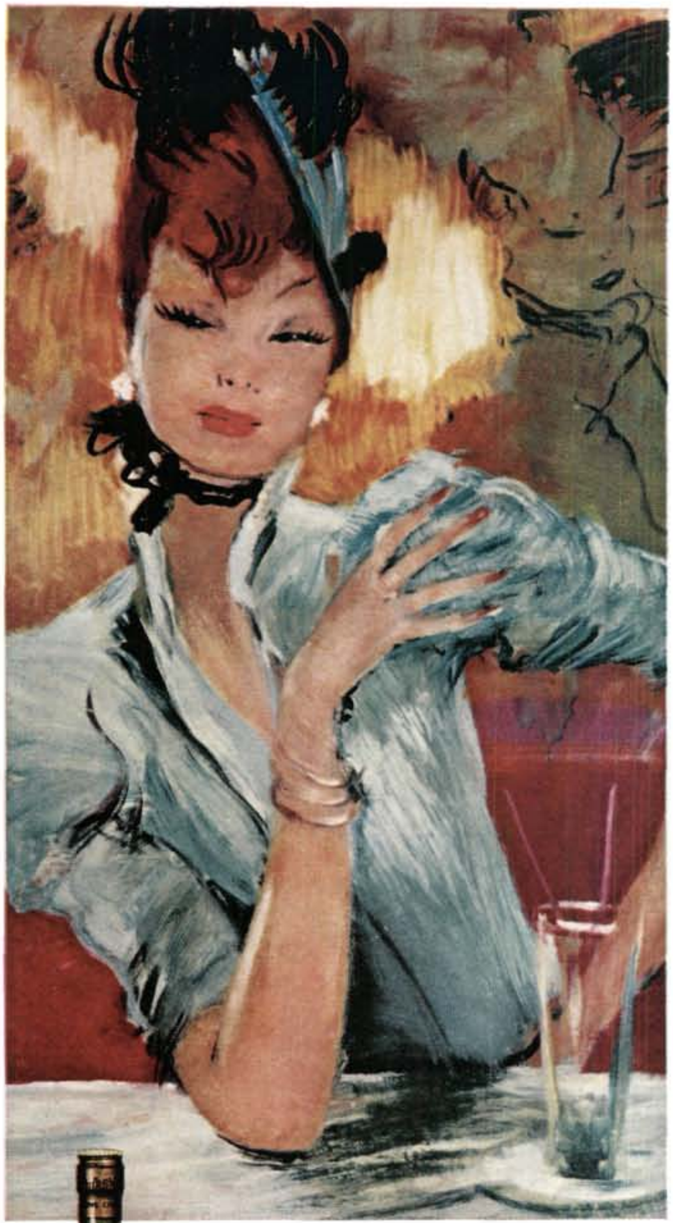

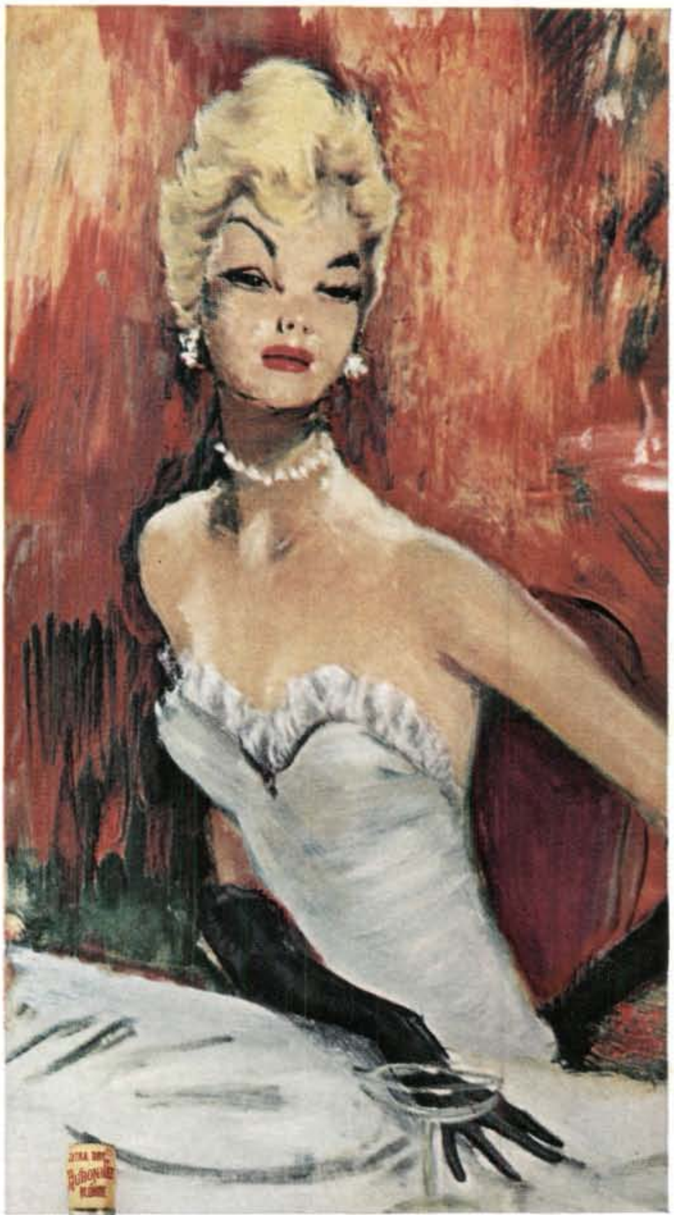

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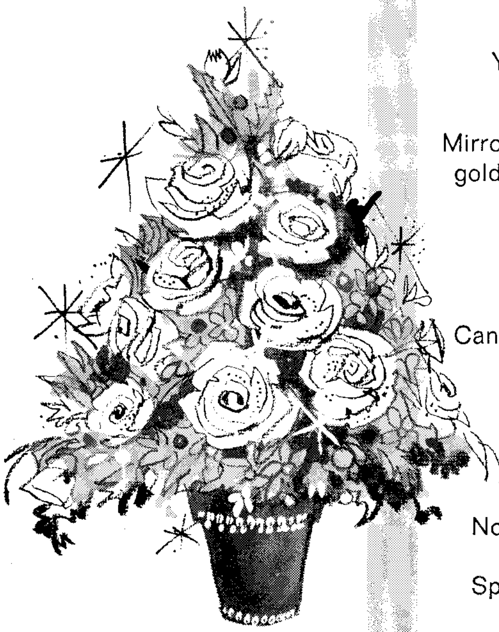

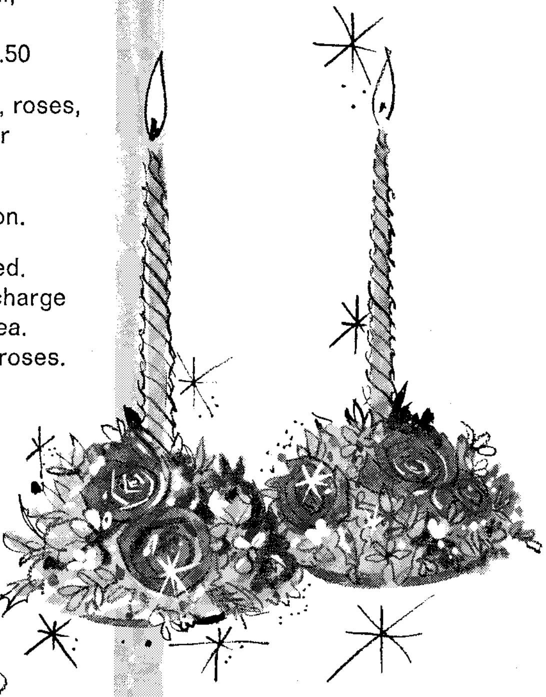

BONWIT
TELLER

New York Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston Palm Beach

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. means East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Delicate Balance—An uneven effort by Edward Albee in which the playwright, often in inflated dialogue, projects the dilemma of a *wealthy suburban family whose house* is suddenly made a home away from home by a neighboring couple beset by a nameless fear. After the boarders arrive, the question is whether, in charity, to let them stay, or, hardheadedly, give them the gate. Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, and Rosemary Murphy head the cast. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dinner at Eight—An opulent revival of the Kaufman-Ferber show about life in the early days of the Great Depression. The play has grown a bit arthritic with the passage of time. There is a cast of twenty-four, in which Walter Pidgeon, June Havoc, Jeffrey Lynn, Darren McGavin, Phil Leeds, and Blanche Yurka are prominent. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

How's the World Treating You?—Patricia Routledge and Peter Bayliss have quite a time clowning around in this farce by Roger Milner, which describes a couple of decades in the life of an English failure, but the comedy is made up of such broad stuff that it occasionally dissolves into chaos. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Investigation—Peter Weiss's distillation of the court records of a recent trial in Frankfurt of several of the overseers of the Auschwitz concentration camp. A documentary that is long and sometimes repetitious but worth one's attention. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Killing of Sister George—Hard lines on a hardboiled Lesbian who plays a kindly district nurse on a B.B.C. soap opera that is being revamped to eliminate the character. Not particularly amusing, but Beryl Reid is convincing as the tough customer. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Rose Tattoo—Maureen Stapleton and Harry Guardino in a revival of the Tennessee Williams play. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:15.)

Long Runs—**barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.) . . . **cactus flower:** A divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Brenda Vaccaro, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the impossible years:** Sam Levene in a comedy about a psychiatrist and some adolescents. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **luv:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.) . . . **the odd couple:** Another Neil Simon comedy, concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. Mike Kellin and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.) . . . **philadelphia, here i come!:** Brian Friel's account of an Irish youth's last night on his home sod before emigrating to America. With Donal Donnelly, Patrick Bedford, Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, and Lanna Saunders. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 26.) . . . **wait until dark:** Lee Remick as a blind girl trying to outwit a trio of scoundrels who want to lay hands on a doll that, as it happens, is stuffed with heroin. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Annie Get Your Gun—Ethel Merman in a ten-week engagement of Irving Berlin's musical. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 26.)

The Apple Tree—A musical, composed of three playlets, that is always bouncy and frequently funny. Directed by Mike Nichols, with book, music, and lyrics by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the episodes are based on short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer, the most effective being a reworking of Twain's "The Diary of Adam and Eve." Barbara Harris is wonderfully versatile in all three, and Alan Alda gives her fine support. Starting Wednesday, Nov. 23, Phyllis Newman will substitute for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mame—Angela Lansbury and a good cast make this musical (book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and music and lyrics by Jerry Herman) an amiable affair. It is an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel, and if it isn't long on originality, it does have a professional gloss and some highly comical moments. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa enlivened by an octet of fine young performers. The music and the dances are mainly South African, and the instruments employed to keep things lively are for the most part modelled on homeland originals. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **funny girl:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Ma Ferguson. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **sweet charity:** A musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess (Gwen Verdon) who wants to be honestly loved. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Don't Drink the Water—A comedy by Woody Allen, with Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, and Kay Medford. Directed by Stanley Prager. Opens Thursday, Nov. 17. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Cabaret—A musical based on Christopher Isherwood's "Berlin Stories." The book is by Joe Masteroff, the music by John Kander, and the lyrics by Fred Ebb; in the cast are Jill Haworth, Jack Gilford, Bert Convy, and Lotte Lenya. Staged by Harold Prince. Previews Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 20. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

APA-Phoenix—The opening performances of a seven-play repertory. Sheridan's **school for**

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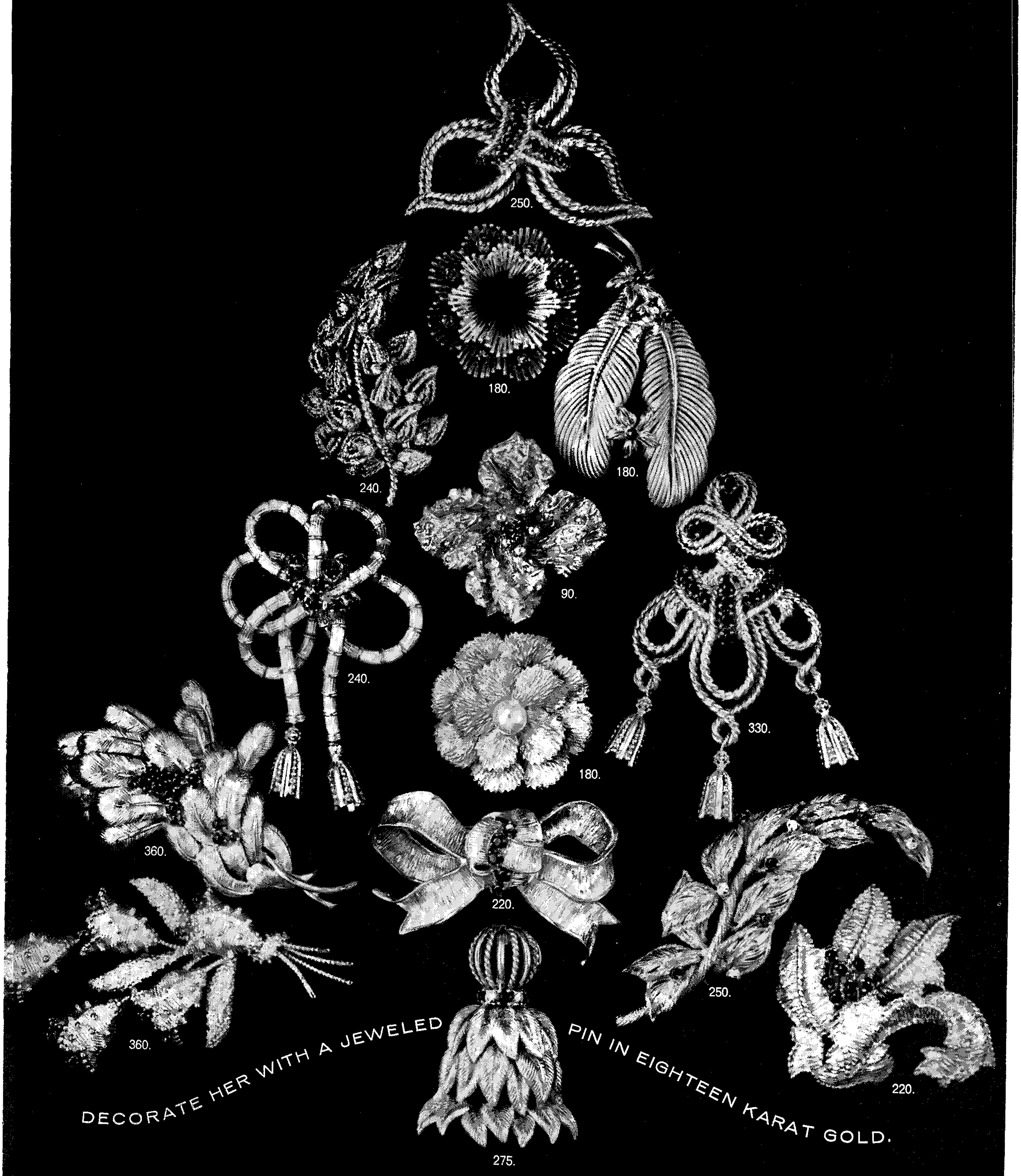
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

SCANDAL, with Rosemary Harris, Helen Hayes, and Ellis Rabb. Previews Thursday, Nov. 17, and Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 21, at 7. Other performances Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday, Nov. 24, at 2; and Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2:30 and 8:30.... ¶ Pirandello's **RIGHT YOU ARE IF YOU THINK YOU ARE,** with Helen Hayes and Sydney Walker. Previews Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2:30. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 7:15. Additional performance Friday, Nov. 25, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897.)

THOSE THAT PLAY THE CLOWNS—Alfred Drake, Joan Greenwood, and Eduard Franz in a comedy written by Michael Stewart and directed by Robin Midgley. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 23. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 24. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WALKING HAPPY—A musical adapted by Roger O. Hirson from Harold Brighouse's 1915 play "Hobson's Choice." Sammy Cahn did the lyrics and James Van Heusen the music, and the cast includes Norman Wisdom, Louise Troy, and George Rose. The director is Cy Feuer. Previews Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 23-25, at 8:30. Opens officially on Saturday, Nov. 26. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

CITY CENTER—D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY: A four-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8, and Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30: **THE MIKADO.** ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2:30 and 8:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** ... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 20, at 2:30 and 7:30: **THE MIKADO.** ... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8: **RUDDIGORE.** ... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 24-25, at 8:30; and Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30: **RUDDIGORE.** (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Dec. 11.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—Michael O'Sullivan, Robert Symonds, Nancy Marchand, Aline MacMahon, George Voskovec, and Philip Bosco in Ben Jonson's comedy **THE ALCHEMIST.** The first in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. [illegible].)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presentations of **DON PASQUALE,** in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 *Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays* and Saturdays at 8:15.)

AMERICA HURRAH—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

AUTUMN'S HERE!—A musical adaptation, by Norman Dean, of Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

EH?—Monkeyshines, verbal and visual, in the boiler room of a British factory. This loony comedy was written by Henry Livings and directed by Alan Arkin; its cast includes Dustin Hoffman, Barbara Dana, Dana Elcar, and Elizabeth Wilson, among other splendid actors. Hooray for everybody! (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Thanksgiving Day at 6 and 9. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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HAPPY ENDING and **DAY OF ABSENCE**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HOGAN'S GOAT—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

THE INFANTRY—A play by Andy and Dave Lewis. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

JAVELIN—William Marshall and Muni Seroff in a play written by Owen Rachleff and directed by Amnon Kabatchnik. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

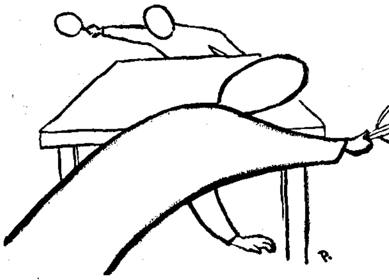
THE MAD SHOW—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Joan Diener, Ray Middleton, and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF—A musical based on Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book, and together they wrote the lyrics. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE POCKET WATCH—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

THREE HAND REEL—The Irish Players in three plays adapted by Paul Avila Mayer from stories of Frank O'Connor. With Helena Carroll and John Cullum. (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)



VIET ROCK—A play (with incidental music) by Megan Terry. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 11.)

A WHITMAN PORTRAIT—Paul Shyre's dramatization of selected works by Walt Whitman, including letters, poems ("Leaves of Grass" and others), conversations, and anecdotes. With Alexander Scourby, Carolyn Coates, Wayne Maxwell, and Alan Mixon. Mr. Shyre is also the director. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Jeux," "The Cage," and "Western Symphony." ... ¶ Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:15: "Prodigal Son," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Liebeslieder Walzer." ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2:15: "Firebird" and "Harlequinade." ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Pas de Deux," "Dim Lustre," "The Cage," and "Symphony in C." ... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 20, at 1:15: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," and "Symphony in C." ... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 20, at 7:15: "Four Temperaments," "Pas de Deux," and "Harlequinade." ... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8:15: "Jeux," "The Cage," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." ... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8:15: "Fanfare," "Apollo," and "Firebird." ... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 24, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Narkissos" (première here), and "Symphony in C." ... ¶ Friday, Nov. 25, at 8:15: "Fanfare," "Dim Lustre," "Variations," and "Western Symphony." ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Pas de Deux," and "Fanfare." ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:15: "Narkissos," "Variations," and "Ballet Imperial." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 5.)

BALLETS AFRICAINS—A troupe of dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. CI 6-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

FIESTA MEXICANA—A company of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians from Mexico City. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3.)

AMERICAN FOLK BALLET—A company of fifty singers, dancers, and instrumentalists from Los Angeles, presenting "Winter at Deep Creek." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

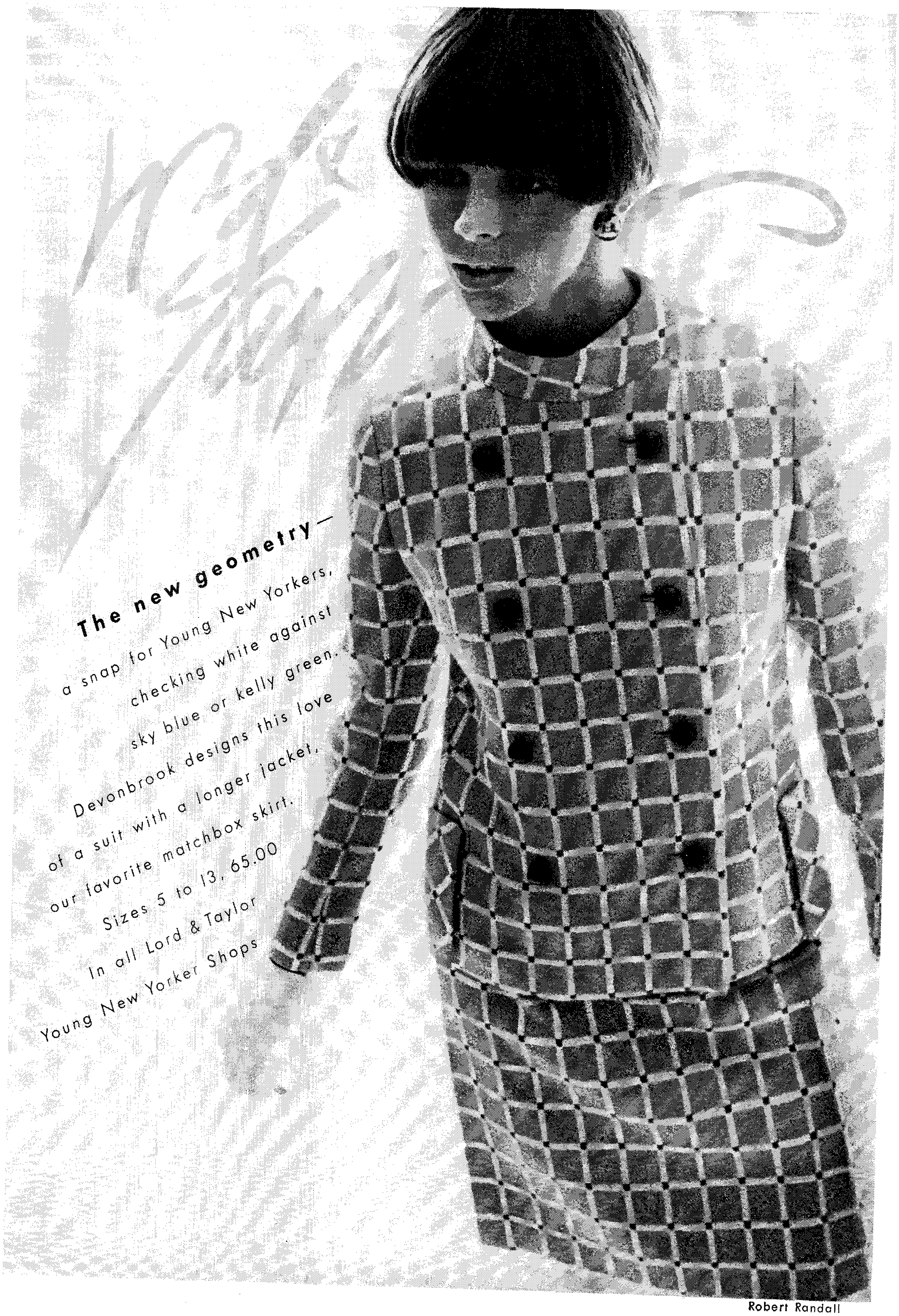
MISCELLANY

GILBERT BÉCAUD ON BROADWAY—A one-man show of French and English songs. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. CI 6-5639. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 3. Final performances Saturday, Nov. 19.)

APPARITION THEATRE OF PRAGUE—A company of seventeen, appearing here for the first time, in a *program of pantomime and ballet.* (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. CI 5-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

ANTA PROGRAM—Margaret Webster in her solo show "Seven Ages of Bernard Shaw," presented by the American National Theatre and Academy as the first program in this season's Matinée Series. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8:40, and Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 2:40.)

LET'S SING YIDDISH—A Yiddish musical adapted from Jewish folklore by Ben Bonus and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Wolf Yunin, and directed by Mina Bern. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—At dinner and supper in the Royal Box, Jackie Kahane, a gentle soul, talks aimlessly and amusingly for half an hour; there ensues a cataclysm stirred by the songs of well-to-do young Wayne Newton, who was born with a silver microphone in his mouth and who suffers from extreme inexhaustion. The establishment, which closes down Sundays, will also be shut on Thanksgiving Day, but will reopen next evening to accommodate Don Ho, who wishes to be crowned the Hawaiian Frank Sinatra. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which takes life easily and mellifluously, will return with Mr. Ho.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—Sonny Kendis, beyond the horizon for years, has suddenly popped in, a dance band in tow, and settled in for a nine-until-two tour of duty (until three on Saturdays). No music Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—*Toujours la politesse,* or what remains of it, is the basic principle on the parquet floor of the restaurant. The music comes from George Anaya's cluster of Latins, who are there from seven to one Mondays through Fridays and from eight to two Saturdays. No music Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—You'd hardly know the old neighborhood, so many new people have moved in; still, no one has moved the zebra stripes and the potted palms out. The same dum-de-dum music discourses without cease, and so does the new crowd. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The crowns that Ben Cutler's bandsmen wear are all of Ivy League, and they play a full schedule—seven nights a week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The British airwaves' Matt Monro pursues with grace the very even tenor of his way through a set of ballads, which is all right, and narrates a brace of jokes, which are not. He appears in the Persian Room at dinner and supper, and the bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte appear there practically all the time. On Wednesday, Nov. 23, Mr. Monro gives way to Bobbe Norris, a soprano from the American Great West. She shows up only at ten on her beginning night. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the weaponry of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. No music in the Edwardian Room on Sundays. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a vision even more beautiful than Xanadu, with nymphs bearing the triumphs of pastry chef, coffee brewer, and vintner, the whole overspread by Gunnar Hansen's vivid violin. The artful illusion is visible until one every night but Sunday.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Bob Crosby and the Bob Cats (Bob Haggart, Matty Matlock, and Yank Lawson among them) blow out to sea after Saturday, Nov. 19; the quartet of Jonah Jones moves back in on Monday, Nov. 21, along with a new crew called the Teachers. The music carries on from seven to one-thirty every night but Sunday.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Back, back to the lovely days when Pop Art aroused a deep and warm emotion in all of us—specifically, to the all-embracing splendor of the sixteen-man band assembled by Earl Hines, of Ella Fitzgerald in full twelve-octave cry, of Jimmy Jones, Milt Hinton, and Ed Thigpen, her trigger-happy assistants. Miss Fitzgerald recites at nine-fifteen and twelve-fifteen; the band is almost omnipresent. On Monday, Nov. 21, the royal progress of Duke Ellington brings him to town, in the company of Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, Cootie Williams, Jimmy Hamilton, Russell Procope, Cat Anderson, Paul Gonsalves, and such. Is it necessary to ask for more? The action begins at eight and stops at two. No music Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The affluent society. Music for the social whirling that is part of it issues from George Cort's brush-fire band and Quintero's Latin one, which operate from seven-thirty until two in the Maisonette. At dinner and supper, the economically named young lady called Milva, a Roman candle, does a set of arias. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, two early settlers—Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the violin—are at play from six to two. Closed Sundays.

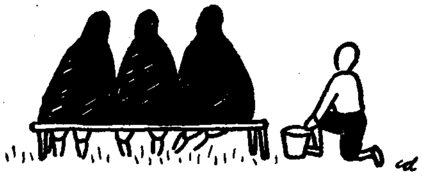
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The extra reward for dining or supping in the Empire Room is not only a concert by the newest and one of the best of the Benny Goodman sextets but a half-hour dance set. Mr. G. has fortified himself with a livelier than usual clarinet and such men as Doc Cheatham, Morey Feld, and Hank Jones. (The Cheatham solo in "I Can't Get Started" is for the memory book.) Charles Turecamo's orchestra lilts along the rest of the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The sagest Peacock Alley cat is Ray Hartley, whose complexly constructed piano is chamber-music without being unromantic. His usual schedule, Monday through Friday from cocktails through late dinner, is interrupted by Thanksgiving Day (1 to 6 P.M. on that occasion). The Wednesday-through-Saturday dance trio works from six to around midnight on the holiday and on Sunday, eight to one the other nights.

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Perfectly designed for the space race; i.e., room for any ballroom maneuvering at all except Twisting-and-turning, which is ruled off this course. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. The menu is slight indeed. Closed Mondays, and no wonder.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Anyone who stays after school at Goldie Hawkins' academy of the pianoforte gets a sentimental dinner (Mr. H. or Wayne Sanders on the keys) and a rousing supper (charge-of-the-light-cavalry double piano by the Messrs. H. and S.). The clubhouse, which keeps late hours, is closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **La Galerie,** 798 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St. (752-0520): The swinging is not of the garden-gate kind. It centers on Ralph Strain, whose house-party pianoforte and songs begin at nine and end past any reasonable bedtime. His carols speak English; the interlude recordings speak French and Portuguese. Mr. Strain takes Sundays off. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Captain Kidd might have put into this snug little port, so aged in the woodwork does it look. Who definitely *does* put in is a Jamaica minstrel who parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven to eleven on Sundays, and from nine to one Mondays through Wednesdays. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The night shift for the junior grades of show business and the kindred arts. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of the good life is enhanced every night but Sunday and Thanksgiving by Cecil Young's three-man exposition of new-school glee in music. On Sundays, sitting-in jazz groups work out from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Hubble-bubble happens in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **The Apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): One of the few coigns in the Second Avenue Casbah that will bear inspection. From ten until three every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest plays piano and sings songs that possess the life and literacy that all late-at-night big-city music should have, and Marian McPartland's trio does disciplined but cheerful jazz. . . . **Janssen's,** 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): The happy bullfrog in this pond is Aldo Bruschi, singer, oboist, pianist, concertina player, and impresario of an opera company of two. Their unassuming but chortling career takes them from Wednesday through Saturday every week (with the exception of Thanksgiving Day), from eight-thirty on, and there is dance music, too, on the same schedule. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Your waiter's not at all secret ambition is to be Faust or Rodolfo, and he doesn't care who hears it. Closed Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The top of a piano is the usual setting for Rita Dimitri, a faultless specimen of the singing soubrette. Her carefreely worldly arias are distributed in a one-big-family manner Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays additionally at midnight. Leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Hungarian recipe that has stood many a test—a goulash of zimbalon, fiddle, piano, and soprano, all stirred vigorously together. Tibor Rakossy's tenor is the last word (in Hungarian, that is) on the topic of love; Béla Babai's band makes the dance music. Closed Mondays.



Note—The earth is scarcely big enough for both civilization and the discothèque, but before you vote upon which one of them must go, you might inspect the following establishments: **Arthur,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. The blare is both mechanical and human (the Teddy Boys), and rarely humane. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. Closed Mondays. . . . **Il Mio,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Men must walk before they dance, but it's the other way around for the young people who live not once but twice and thrice here. The Theatre is often represented on the floor, and you know how that is. The music is a feat of engineering; the menu is close to the vanishing point. Dead silence Sundays. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **Yellowfinger's,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): 'Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for underneath the street-level café of the same name. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. . . . **L'Interdit,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Kingdom Come. Amidships in its glory sits the piano of Cy Walter, the measuring cup by which all drawing-room artists are assessed. His cup runneth (often over) during cocktails, dinner, and supper. A new hand, Allan Haig, does the honors every Sunday. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle hath a pleasant seat; the airs (Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nighttime violinists) nimbly and sweetly recommend themselves unto our gentle senses. Closed Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another kingly retreat, belonging to the same playful king. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A long-range, considered, but still extremely fond view of an eternal city from a terraced villa in Frascati. Musicians whose curriculum is seven-thirty until two take part. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The guitar of Rogelio Reguera covers in noble fashion the whole range of Iberian music, from the plains to the palaces, the mountains to the Moors. The *dining* room is one of our most splendid antique shops, and the music *runs from eight to one.* No sound effects Sundays; closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Scene: a town house in its pristine incarnation. Enter a company of ladies and gentlemen on their way to dinner, to supper, to a round at the bar, where leisurely piano dwells. No music Sundays; closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent at UN 1-9494): A suite of rooms held over from the Ottoman Empire. In the final room, dinner is intermingled with modest piano. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** *Fifth* Ave. at 59th St. (EL *5-2800): In* the bar-restaurant, the hot buttered rum is the guitar of Enzio Lembo, who is on the prowl from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday and Wednesday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): My Lord, My Lady. The undercurrent in the fashionable spa is the piano, done in pastels, of George Feyer, which carries on from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Rome that was built in a latter day, but a Rome that is by no means sans-serif. The noblest Roman is Herman Honigsberg, leader of a troupe of peripatetic violinists. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The piano of Conrad Monjoy wanders calmly o'er the well-cropped lea of the Westbury's restaurant. Nine to one is his career. No *music* Mondays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The herald angels who start singing as you reach your *fettuccine* are not from another world but from a mythical opera company whose mythical home is Firenze. Tuesdays, *after the the*atre, Philip Huston returns to the stage by quoting Shakespeare, Kipling, et al. to his own purposes—humorous as well as dramatic; Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also measured dance music by the trio of Leonard Metcalf, who plays good, solid piano every night, too. Closed Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner's piano deftly reorchestrates everything from Gershwin to Gounod from six-thirty until midnight. He is off duty every Saturday and Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Silks and satins are the stuff that dream songs are made on, and Jerry Vale, a young man who aims to please, is the one to sing them. With him comes the Copa corps de ballet, a half-dozen young women who have never met before, and with them comes Bill Selby, who does the role of song-and-dance man very well indeed. Dancing for the patrons as well. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music by Helen Ferguson and the Personalities—a name drawn from who knows whose hat. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Ooh la la Paree" is the figment of a gloriously overheated imagination, brimming with young French ladies of fearsome energy, and some nifty and nubile American tourists. The best of an exemplary lot is Susan Clemm, clearly the pinup girl of the year. The plot, a human tragedy, requires that they all be stripped of every one of their worldly possessions. There is also a session with a Hungarian ballet troupe that may be enacting the retreat from Moscow. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Merry charisma to you, or the youth of the land—those who can stand the pace. The music is conveyed by bands in a state of perpetual frenzy. Hot dogs and such are all that keep the little bodies and souls together. Eight until four is the general rule, but Sundays commence at three. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The show must go on—but of its own momentum, for no one tells the performers when to start or to stop. Still, with any luck, you will get to see Buddy Rich, that great and good drummer, *running* a band; Los Vegas, a tone-pure assemblage of Latin musicians and chanters (that is, when their amplifiers aren't tone-deaf), and Dusty Springfield, a London soprano, are there, too. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

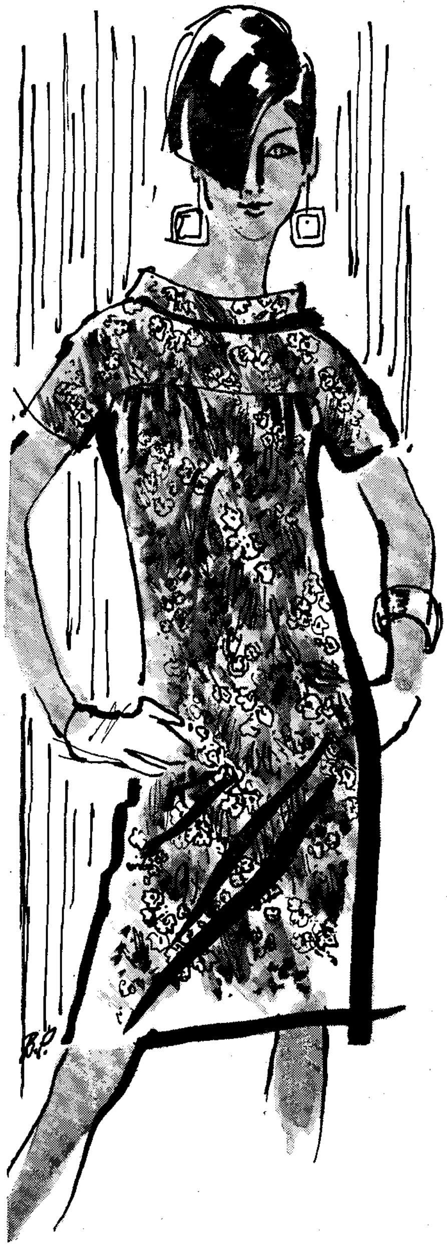
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Full of grace as Tuesday's child, and kept that way by Julius Monk, its founder, *conférencier,* and moderator. The curriculum affords Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, whose philippics are all disguised as well-turned jests; Jeanne Arnold, a lark remembered from earlier Monk masques; and the Swingin' Six, who do Jack-jump-over-the-candlestick *tunes in their* own special way. The pianos of Otis Clements and Robert Colston give all hands their due. Activities commence at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL *3-3773*): If looks could kill . . . But no; behind the fierce visages of Los Chavales de España are kind hearts and friendly people, given to singing, prancing, dancing, and blowing down the walls of Jericho with their shrill brass horns. Luisita Sevilla is the sole ballerina in this occupying army. Their cavalcade happens at dinner and supper. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilio Prados, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): That old French wit Déjà Vu wrote *some of the sketches in "Mixed Doubles,"* but the others were composed by newer, more original authors. Judy Graubart's performance (still waters running deep) is the best; Robert Rovin and Larry Moss are her most successful aides. They appear in public at nine-thirty and midnight except on Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The despair of Joan Rivers is not so utter that she cannot talk about it—no, indeed. Her outbursts happen twice a night during the week, thrice on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is potluck entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (*CH 2-9355*): No pause for station or theme identification in this seven-day-a-week operation. Lee Morgan's quintet departs on Sunday, Nov. 20, and, as always, the Mel Lewis-Thad Jones Jazz Band does a one-night Monday stand next evening. On Tuesday, Nov. 22, the group led by Miles Davis, cat who walks by himself, takes office. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The faculty roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these assignments for the lower deck have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen every Monday; on all other evenings, the Modern Jazz Quartet (*still half-concealing,* half-sharing their delicious secrets with the audience), plus Carmen McRae, parting her puissant songs down the middle, down one side, any old way, and Dave Frye, this court's jester. . . . ¶ *On the upper deck, Blossom* Dearie's will-o'-the-wisp voice and piano play



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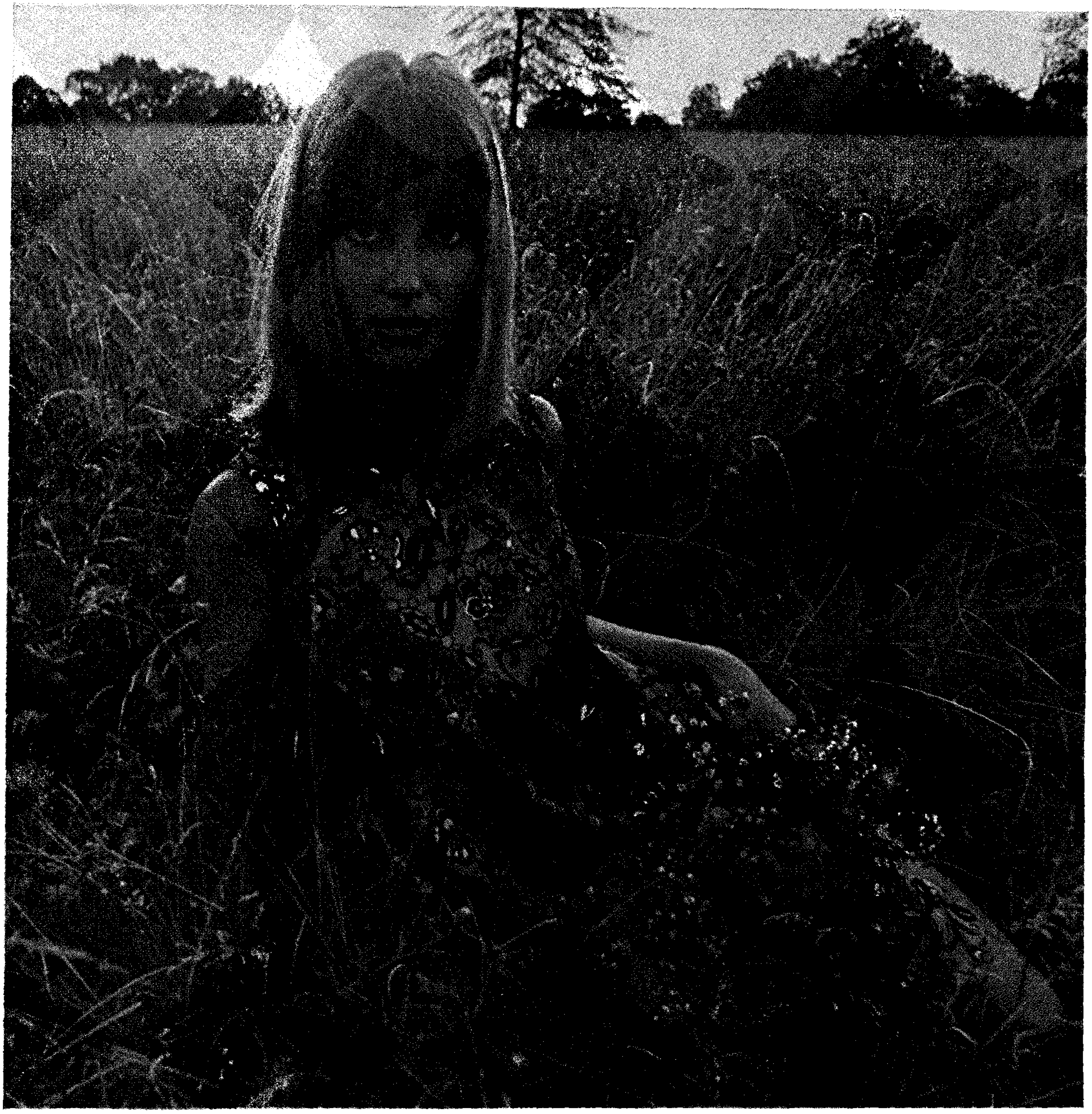

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

quiet but funny tricks with words and music. She is there late every night but Monday. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Though some of the music is still off-the-record, the place is now more music room than discothèque. Dorothy Donegan, who is a piano-chewer rather than a scenery-chewer (there is plenty of scenery to chew), has a bumptious threesome in action several times an evening. Eight-thirty until very late is the rule. Dining and dancing. On Tuesday, Nov. 22, the Donegans will be succeeded by Joe Bushkin's triad. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The current music comes from a new foursome involving Richey Kamuca and Michael Abennie, the songs come from Chris Connor, who believes that an unstraight vocal line is the best distance between two points. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The vocal cords are owned by Betty Carter, and what she sings is backed up by the bleats of George Coleman, John Hicks, Leo Morris, and Roland Wilson. Mondays, other characters fill in for them. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0524): Billy Taylor's trio, whose dissertations are occasionally couched in the Romance languages, sets to at ten. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard man, arrives a bit earlier. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The Grand Army of the Original 52nd Street convenes here for vespers with the likes of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Cliff Jackson, who dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Closed Sundays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Great guns! The names, left to right, are Buck Clayton, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, Cliff Leeman, Bob Wilber, and Mr. Condon, or else (occasionally) exact duplicates of these traditionalists. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Reopens on Friday, Nov. 18, to harbor the Bitter End Singers, a big boy-and-girl romp, as well as the Uncalled-For 3, the house humorists. They will stay home Tuesdays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band gets in its licks (all of them hot) before the regulars report. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays, the next largest is Ruth Crews, the bombastic singer. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. Nine to very late during the week; Sundays, with something Dixie, begin at four. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Yusef Lateef's quartet is said to be hard at work now; on Tuesday, Nov. 22, if everything goes according to plan, Hank Mobley's quintet will be taking over. Mondays are allotted to one-night standers.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

JEAN ARP—Small works in a variety of mediums; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Weintraub, 1193 Lexington Ave., at 81st St.)

JULIUS BISSIER (1893-1965)—Monotypes; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY BOTKIN—Collage paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-98)—A thoroughgoing retrospective of paintings and drawings by a painter who loved the sea and sky; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

MORRIS BRODERSON—Paintings; through Dec. 10. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL BURLIN—Playful abstract watercolors; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Jewelry, stabiles, and mobiles; through Dec. 24. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARTHUR B. DAVIES—A retrospective of etchings and lithographs; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

DOROTHY DEHNER—Abstract bronzes; through Dec. 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

JIM DINE—Drawings, sculptures, and paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

STEPHEN ETNIER—Paintings of Maine with an air of timelessness; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

HENRI FANTIN-LATOUR (1836-1904)—A benefit exhibition of paintings of bouquets of perfectly posed flowers; through Dec. 3. (Acquavella, 119 E. 57th St.)

PAUL FEELEY—Paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LYONEL FEININGER—Paintings (1909-55), including some fanciful Klee-like watercolors; through Dec. 10. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER FORAKIS—Sculptures and the models for them; through Dec. 8. (Park Place Gallery, 542 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 5.)

MILTON GOLDRING—Deeply hued abstractions; through Friday, Nov. 25. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

SIDNEY GOODMAN—Figurative paintings and drawings; through Dec. 3. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Figure paintings and seascapes; through Dec. 10. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD HIGGINS—Steel and epoxy sculptures; through Dec. 7. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT IRWIN—Paintings; through Dec. 10. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL JENKINS—"Phenomena" paintings: swimming colors as they might appear under a microscope; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

MON LEVINSON—White constructions in which design shimmers dizzily before the eye; through Dec. 1. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEE LOZANO—Shafts of color on large, pieced canvases; through Nov. 30. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARCIA MARCUS—Figure paintings; through Dec. 3. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

AGNES MARTIN—Subtle variations of patterned line on pale canvases; through Friday, Nov. 18. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

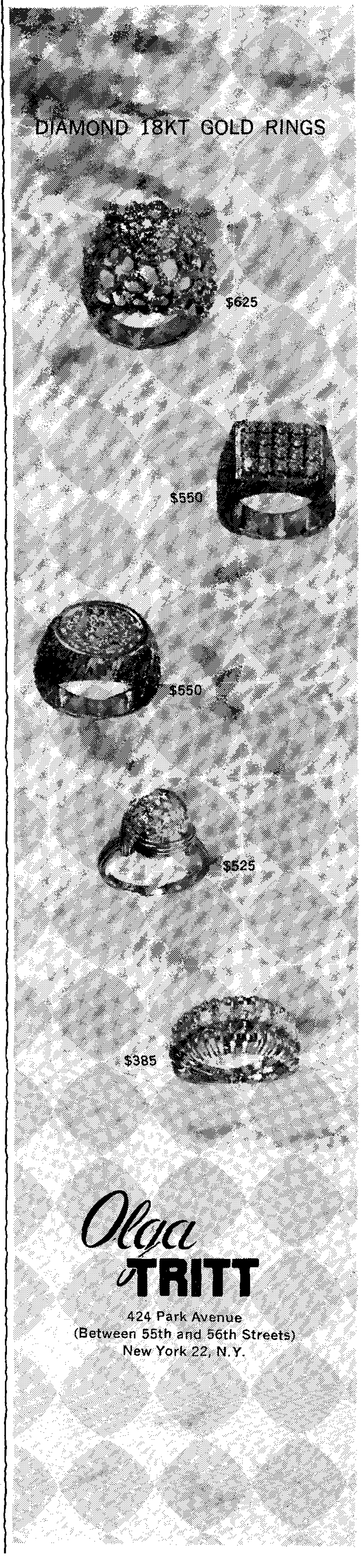
WILLIAM MEYEROWITZ—Figurative drawings, watercolors, and etchings; through Dec. 3. (Carus, 243 E. 82nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ARMANDO MORALES—Muscular abstractions, most of them entitled, appropriately, "Painting;" through Dec. 3. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Five monumental sculptures, as well as drawings and small bronzes; through Nov. 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

KNUD NIELSEN—Drawings; through Dec. 10. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

BRIAN O'DOHERTY—Treating such ideas as the chess set, Duchamp's heartbeat, and Newton's egg in contrivances of mixed media;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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Dec. 3. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rudy Pozzatti—Prints and drawings, often of scenes in Belgrade; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Maurice Prendergast—A loan exhibition of paintings (1892-1920), mostly of the dappled, busy outdoors; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Siegfried Reinhardt—Symbolic paintings; through Dec. 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Manuel Rivera—Metal pictures; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Rogovin—Paintings. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tobias Schneebaum—The desert is the theme here; through Dec. 3. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Sisley (1839-99)—A benefit retrospective of paintings by the French Impressionist; through Dec. 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Jack Squier—Abstract sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Stella—Watercolors, drawings, and collages; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Racelle Strick—Abstract paintings, three drawings, and one lone box; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Toney—*Semi-abstract paintings in* which figures and faces emerge from a setting of hot or cool colors; through Saturday, Nov. 19. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Sculptors Guild—Their annual presentation, containing items by sixty-seven members (including Herbert Kallem, Priscilla Pattison, and Bruno Lucchesi) in a variety of styles *and mediums;* through Sunday, Nov. 20. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The fifty-third annual of paintings and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America; *through Sunday, Nov. 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)*... **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Audrey Skaling, Andre Racz, and Kurt Seligmann are three of the artists participating in the gallery's tenth anniversary exhibition; through Dec. 10. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—"Hommage to Silence or Metaphysica," comprising *paintings and sculptures (dating from 1913)* by, among others, de Chirico, Morandi, and Morris Louis; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **DURLACHER**, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Fifteenth- to twentieth-century drawings by (for instance) Palma Giovane, Ingres, Gainsborough, and Tchelitchew; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Closed Mondays.)... **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Impressionist paintings by Renoir, Degas, and Monet (to name a few); through Saturday, Nov. 19.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A short course (three chapters) in Roman history as seen in recently acquired murals by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. They are so big they overshadow the tidy scenes of Venice by Guardi and Canaletto and the commentaries on Venetian upper-class life by Longhi, which are part of the same exhibit.... ¶ Three fifteenth-century Flemish tapestries depicting the story of Helen of Troy, on loan from the Norton Simon Foundation. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Portrait sculptures (of Paul Robeson, Haile Selassie, and others) by Jacob Epstein; through Jan. 2.... ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and assemblages by contemporary Japanese artists; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Jean Dubuffet, 1962-66," an exhibition of oils, drawings, gouaches, collages, and sculptures; through Feb. 12.... ¶ Systemic paintings—by such systemists as Ellsworth Kelly and Al Held—the most im*maculate and exact of them Robert Ryman's* "Allied," which is one solid white canvas; through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Art of the United States: 1670-1966," *the inaugural show at this new Cyclopean* structure, reveals a great stock of paintings and sculptures that fills four floors and the sunken garden; through Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fourteen watercolors by Cézanne, from the collection *of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through* Dec. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Selections of Chinese Art from Private Collections in the Metropolitan Area," a display of ceramics, sculptures, paintings, and jade objects from the Shang Dynasty to the eighteenth century; *through Jan. 29. (Mondays through Fridays,* except Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 25, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, *2* Columbus Circle—"The Art of Antonio Berni," a showing of paintings, prints, and constructions by this Argentinian artist; through Dec. 31.... ¶ *Paintings and drawings by Salvador Dali;* through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, *29* E. 36th St.—"The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," a two-part fifteenth-century Dutch illuminated manuscript, with color transparencies of its miniatures; *through Dec. 30....* ¶ Early Flemish drawings and manuscripts; through Dec. 30. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 *Riverside Dr.,* at 103rd St.—The thirtieth annual of the American Abstract Artists, consisting of paintings and sculptures by about eighty members and *guests, including Ibram Lassaw, Will Insley,* and Richard Anuszkiewicz; through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Aïda," with Gabriella Tucci, Rita Gorr, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, Giorgio Tozzi, and Raymond Michalski.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 18, at 8: "La Traviata," with Virginia Zeani, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Ticho Parly, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 20, at 7 (postponed from Sept. 29): "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley.... ¶ Monday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Antony and Cleopatra," with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Mary Ellen Pracht, Justino Díaz, Jess Thomas, and Ezio Flagello.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8: "La Traviata," with Virginia Zeani, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Belén Amparán, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Regina Resnik, James King, and William Dooley.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 25, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Ludmila Dvorakova, Irene Dalis, Ticho Parly, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2: "Turandot," with Anita Valkki, Mirella Freni, Franco Corelli, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Aïda," with Gabriella Tucci, Rita Gorr, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, Giorgio Tozzi, and Raymond Michalski.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Lorin Maazel conducting on Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8:30; Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 21, at 7:30 (all with Emil Gilels, piano). . . . ¶ William Steinberg conducting on Friday, Nov. 25, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 28, at 7:30 (all with Catharine Crozier, organ).

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8:30, with Mr. Leinsdorf as harpsichord soloist, Richard Burgin as guest conductor and violin soloist, and Eden and Tamir, pianos; and Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano, and Claude Frank, piano. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30, with E. G. Marshall, narrator.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting an all-Bach program, with Helen Boatwright, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Mozart Orchestra of New York—With Paul Olefsky, cello; Walter Hautzig, piano; and George Zukerman, bassoon. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Lorin Hollander, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with André Watts, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3, and Monday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider and Luciano Berio conducting a chamber orchestra, with Cathy Berberian, mezzo-soprano, and Susan Jolles, harp. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3 and 9.)

Handel Operas—At Carnegie Hall—Brian Priestman directing the New York Chamber Orchestra and the New Jersey Double Chorale in two operas in concert form. Sunday, Nov. 20, and Friday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Xerxes," with Teresa Stich-Randall, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Yi-kwei Sze, bass; and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 23, and Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Rodelinda," with the Misses Stich-Randall and Forrester; Regina Sarfaty, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and others.

Manhattan Orchestra—Anton Coppola conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call EN 9-2202.)

Moscow Chamber Orchestra—Rudolf Barshai conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

Late Late Concert Players—Allan Miller conducting a chamber orchestra, with Isidore Cohen, violin, and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 11:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing an all-Vivaldi program, with Eileen Laurence, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Stafford Wing, tenor; William Fleck and Gerd Nienstedt, bass-baritones; and Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. The first in a series of three programs of Italian baroque music. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Boys Town Choir—Msgr. Francis P. Schmitt directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2:30.)

The Play of Daniel—Seven performances of the twelfth-century musical drama presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast of twenty-nine includes singers, players, and actors. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 9, and Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 23-25, at 5:30 and 9.

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RECITALS

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them David Amram and Norman Curtis, performed by the Manhattan Percussion Ensemble; Barbara Meister, piano; and others. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Kohon String Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 18, at 5:30.)

Irina Arkhipova—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Melos Ensemble—Chamber music by this group from London. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:30; no soloists. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30, with Julian Bream, guitar, and Gervase de Peyer, clarinet.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano, in an all-Schubert program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2:30.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Manitas de Plata—Flamenco guitarist, with José Reyes, singer to the guitar, in the last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 19, at midnight.)

Wilhelm Kempff—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3.)

Boston Symphony Chamber Players—The second in a series of six benefit concerts, this one with Louise Vosgerchian, piano. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. TR 9-8300. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 4.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Renaissance Quartet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

Jan Gorbaty—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. The second of two recitals. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 5:15.)

Friedrich Gulda—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 5:30, a program of Beethoven sonatas; and Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 11:30, an all-Mozart program.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick—Harpsichord, playing Book II of Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Robert Casadesus and Zino Francescatti—The first in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of sonatas for piano and violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

Deller Consort—Renaissance and baroque vocal music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Stephen Manes—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

Note—The Juilliard String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 27, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 21, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Folk-Song Concert—Oscar Brown, Jr., and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concerts—Nina Simone. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Paul Butterfield's blues band. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 6:30: Baltimore vs. San Francisco and Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore.

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 19: Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Georgetown, at Fordham, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ N.Y.U. vs. St. John's, at Flushing, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 26: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:15. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Miami Dolphins. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 1:05.) . . ¶ Giants vs. Atlanta Falcons. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 1:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 20, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at noon; through Saturday, Dec. 10. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 19; the Firenze Handicap, Thanksgiving Day; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Thursday, Dec. 15. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

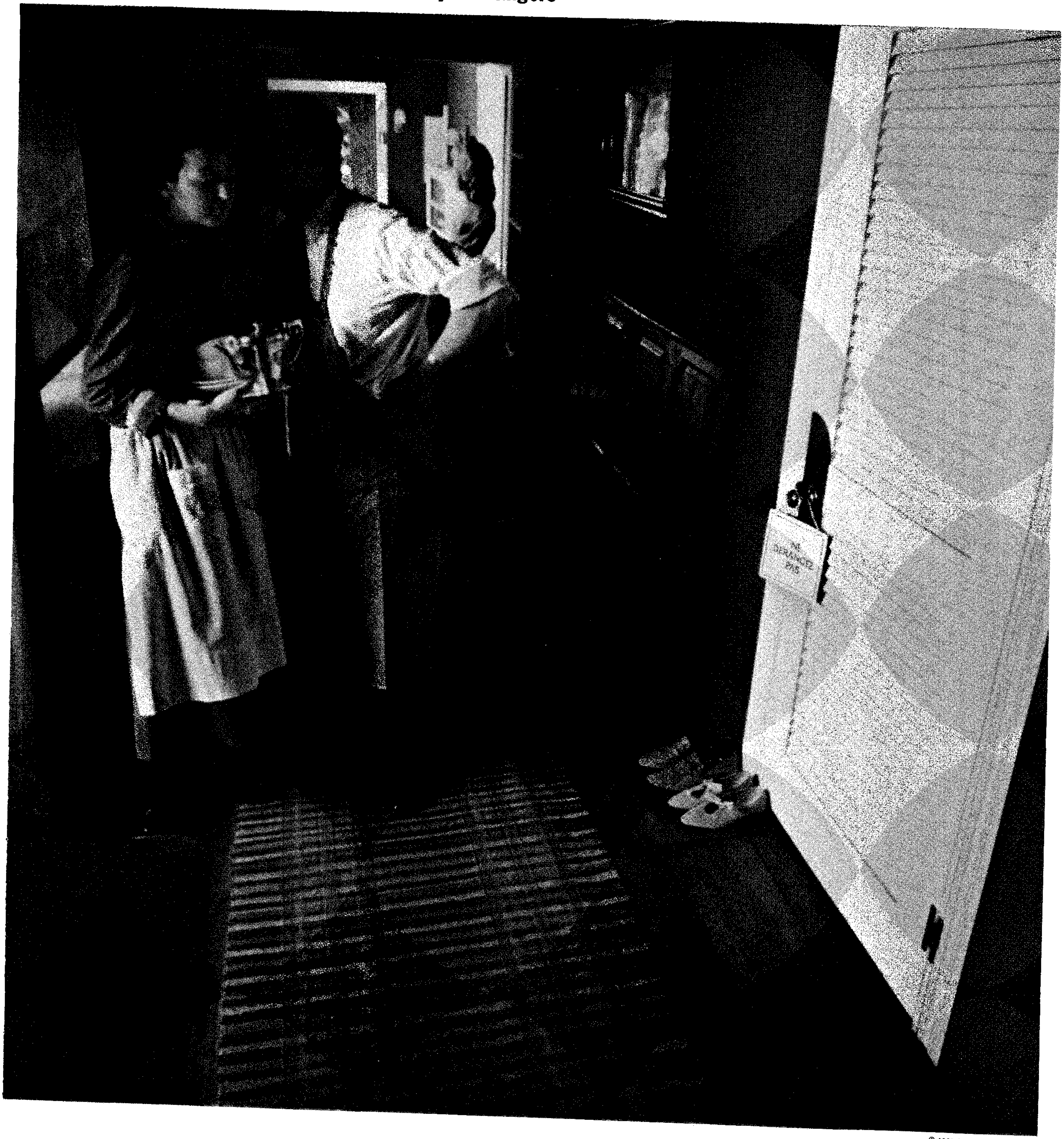
FOR CHILDREN

Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade—The annual pre-dinner entertainment for the kiddies. Giant balloons (among them Smoky the Bear and Superman), floats, bands, and four thousand costumed marchers. Starts at 9 A.M., at Central Park West and 77th Street, moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 10:30.

Music—By the LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Opening children's concerts of the season, Thomas Scherman conducting a program of dance music that will include Tchaikovsky's "The Sleeping Beauty," with the Larry Berthelson Puppets. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 11 and 3.) . . . AMATO OPERA COMPANY: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturday, Nov. 19, at 11. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Nov. 26, at 11. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424.)

Stage Shows—By the GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "The Gingerbread Boy," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sundays and Friday, Nov. 25, at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . MARA AND HER COMPANY: "Beyond the Milky Way: A Legend of the Far East," Sunday, Nov. 20, and Friday, Nov. 25, at 3. . . . ¶ "Princess Qua Qua: A Russian Fairy Tale," Saturday, Nov. 26, at 3. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.) . . . MERRY-GO-ROUNDERS: "The Celestial Elephant," "Harrison," and "Cakewalk." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Guffawhaw." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE: "Folk Tales from Around the World." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . STORYLAND THEATRE: "Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Adventures of Pinocchio." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3, and Friday, Nov. 25, at 1:15 and 2:30.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Aladdin." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lex-

Even the next morning a little Taji still lingers



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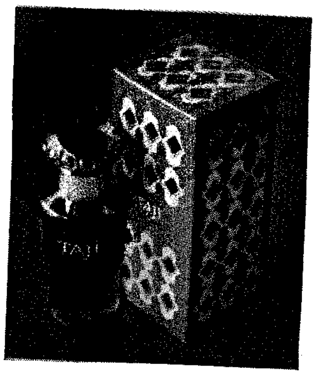

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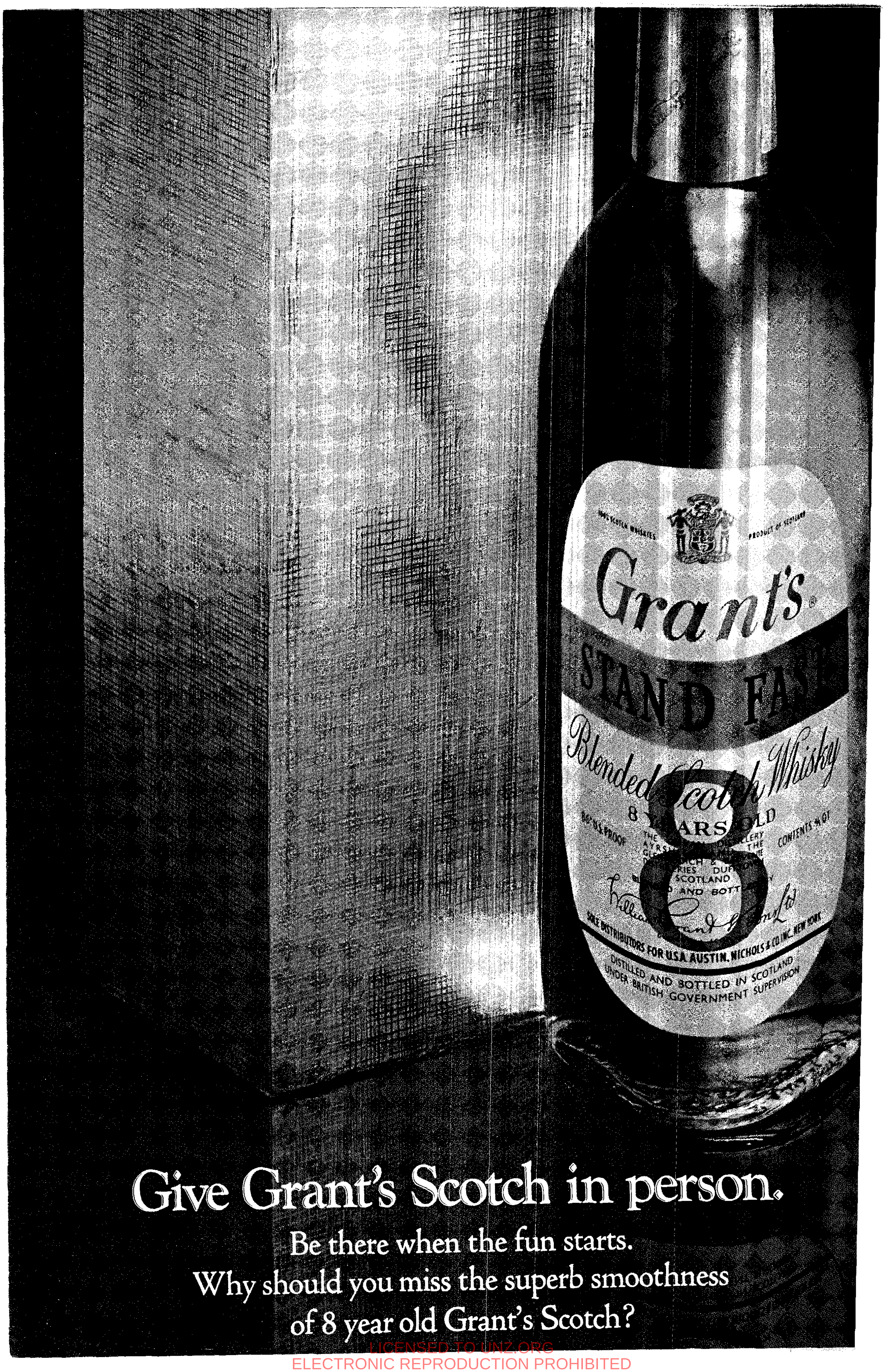
AT LAST A PERFUME THAT LASTS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ington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Friday, Nov. 25, at 1. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **UNIT THEATRE GROUP:** "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day at 1.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop—Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Night the Stars Fell." Starting Tuesday, Nov. 22, there will be a new show, "The Sky at Christmas Time." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 25, at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2:30, and 4; and Friday, Nov. 25, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 25, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Isabella Gardner and James Wright reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Nov. 20.)

NATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP SHOW—"Famous Paintings on Stamps" will be the theme of the eighteenth annual philatelic display, and there will be special exhibits relating to it from the United States Post Office, the Smithsonian Institute, and the Cardinal Spellman Philatelic Museum. In addition, the new five-cent Mary Cassatt stamp will be on sale at the show. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 20, from 2 to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Nov. 17, at 1:45: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings and drawings by such artists as Milton Avery, Arthur B. Davies, and Andrew Wyeth; from the estate of William A. Earls and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 18, at 1:45, and Saturday, Nov. 19, at about 2:45: English furniture, Royal Worcester porcelain bird statuettes and flowers modelled by Dorothy Doughty, Chinese porcelains, Brussels tapestries, and decorative objects; from several collectors, among them the late Edith Wetmore. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 1:45: Aubusson and needlework rugs, assembled by Ohan Berberyan. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 10:30 and 1:45: Art reference books, belonging to the estate of Gideon T. Stanton and to others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 1:45: Old-master and eighteenth-century paintings, including works by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Gilbert Stuart, and Jan Both; from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 18.

"I think I'll get her one of those swooping thingamabobs from Abercrombie's."

The word's peignoir, Mr. Fryer, not thingamabob. Sort of ties up here at the neck, and sweeps its swooping way to the top of her ankles. A beautiful paisley print thing, of English Viyella® lambswool/cotton. Toss the whole thing into the laundry sink when she spills a little curry or something on it. Blue or wine print. 10 to 18. $40. What an exotic Christmas morning you're going to have.

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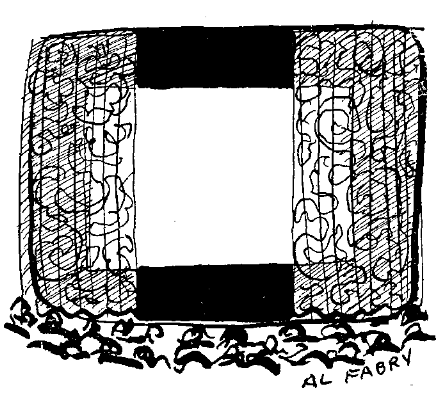
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Any Wednesday—Jane Fonda, Jason Robards, Rosemary Murphy, and Dean Jones in a successful movie version of the Broadway comedy. Written by Julius J. Epstein. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 23.)

The Bible—John Huston directed this great big silly picture book, and he also plays, most agreeably, the role of Noah. He appears to have had more fun with his animals than with his actors. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Chushingura—The eighteenth-century Japanese epic, told with great beauty and at great length. With Toshiro Mifune. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round—James Coburn as a heartless but charming ex-con executes what is surely the most complicated bank holdup of all time. Written and directed by Bernard Girard. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Nov. 21.)

Doctor Zhivago—A beautifully filmed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—A brilliant documentary on surfing. A perfect movie about a search for the perfect wave. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford rush pell-mell through this richly colored version of the Broadway original. Directed by Richard Lester. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Georgy Girl—An exceptionally good English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Silvio Narizzano. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Hawaii—A long, foolish account of how Christian missionaries spoiled things for the happy Polynesians. With Max von Sydow and Julie Andrews. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Is Paris Burning?—A thoroughly unsatisfactory adaptation of the well-known book. A large and celebrated cast stands about uttering bromides and dying. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Khartoum—Interesting failure to portray mysterious British soldier in Africa. Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Nov. 23.)

Loves of a Blonde—A Czechoslovakian director named Milos Forman has made a nice, old-fashioned comedy about a girl and a boy and her desire to fall in love and his desire not to. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

A Man and a Woman—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

Morgan!—A slam-bang comic attack on the status quo, directed by Karel Reisz and starring Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner, and Robert Stephens. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 18-19. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Nov. 20-22.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn delightfully enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Penelope—A pleasant comedy about a pretty, lonely young wife and how she cures her husband's neglect of her by a life of crime. With Natalie Wood and Peter Falk, well directed by Arthur Hiller. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Seconds—A suave and frightening sci-fi tale about a man who pretends to be dead and is "reborn" through plastic surgery. With Rock Hudson and Salome Jens; directed by John Frankenheimer. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through Nov. 22.)

The Shameless Old Lady—A comedy, directed by René Allio and starring the elderly actress Sylvie. A captivating tale, short and uncluttered. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Nov. 18.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's view of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 18-21.)

America America (1963)—An account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 18.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Nov. 20.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Nov. 23.)

Cartouche (1964)—A takeoff on romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. In French. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Nov. 17.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of present-day London life. Directed by John Schlesinger. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 18-19.)

Diabolique (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 22-23.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in nightgowns and at war. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Nov. 23.)

The Entertainers (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Nov. 21-22.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Go West (1941)—The Marx Brothers again, this time interpreting life on the wild plains. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 23.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 23.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in an interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 17.)

The Ipcress File (1965)—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 22.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—The director Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. In Polish. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 19.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 17.)

Monkey Business (1931)—Still more Marx Brothers, here on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Nov. 23.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 23.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye (1965)—A quasi-documentary film about an unhappy adolescent, written and directed by Don Owen and acted by Peter Kastner. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 21.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 17.)

Point of Order! (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Nov. 18-19.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical sound track. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 18-21.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 19.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 22-23.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Nov. 21-22.)

The 10th Victim (1965)—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this movie about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. In Italian. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Nov. 17.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—Lotte Lenya in the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill musical. In German. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 21.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—Nov. 17 at 8: "The Films of Maya Deren." . . ¶ Nov. 17-18 at 2 and 5:30: "Singer Jim McKee" (1924), with William S. Hart. . . . ¶ Three programs in a series of films by the French director Abel Gance. Nov. 19 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "La Roue" (1922). . . . Nov. 20 at 2: "Napoleon" (1925). . . . Nov. 21-22 at 2 and 5:30: "Lucrezia Borgia" (1935). . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Cavalcade" (1933), with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Documentary films produced by David L. Wolper. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone LT 1-2311. . . . **Note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Defector," Montgomery Clift, Hardy Krüger.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
IS PARIS BURNING?

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
PENELOPE.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Liquidator," Rod Taylor, Trevor Howard.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Nov. 23: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "Impossible on Saturday" (in French), revival, Robert Hirsch.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 22: **THE IPCRESS FILE**, revival; and "Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.
From Nov. 23: **KHARTOUM.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Defector," Montgomery Clift, Hardy Krüger.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"What's Up Tiger Lily?," Tatsuya Mihashi.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Defector," Montgomery Clift, Hardy Krüger.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
GEORGY GIRL.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Fahrenheit 451," Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"10:30 P.M. Summer," Melina Mercouri, Peter Finch.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Nov. 17: **ONE-EYED JACKS**, revival; and "King Rat," revival, George Segal, Tom Courtenay.
Nov. 18-19: **MORGAN!**; and **DARLING**, revival.
Nov. 20-21: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," revival, Spencer Tracy.
Nov. 22-23: **DR. STRANGELOVE**, revival; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Tokyo Olympiad."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
GIGI, revival.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Cul-de-Sac," Donald Pleasence, Françoise Dorléac.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Nov. 17: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals), revival.
From Nov. 18: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 22: **SECONDS**; and "The Girl-Getters," Oliver Reed.
From Nov. 23: **ANY WEDNESDAY**; and "Fireball 500," Frankie Avalon.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 22: "Alvarez Kelly," William Holden, Richard Widmark.
From Nov. 23: "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 17: "On the Bowery" and "Come Back, Africa" (both revivals and both semi-documentary films).
Nov. 18-21: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.
From Nov. 22: "Western Eyewitness on North Vietnam," a documentary film; and "Good Times, Wonderful Times," a semi-documentary film.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Nov. 17: **THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian), revival; and **CARTOUCHE** (in French), revival.
Nov. 18-19: **POINT OF ORDER!**, revival; and "The Young Lions," revival, Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
Nov. 20: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival; and "A Star Is Born," revival, Judy Garland, James Mason.
Nov. 21-22: **THE ENTERTAINER**, revival; and **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival.
From Nov. 23: **DUCK SOUP**, revival; and **MONKEY BUSINESS**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 19: **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival.
Nov. 20-22: **MORGAN!**; and "Impossible on Saturday" (in French), revival, Robert Hirsch.
From Nov. 23: **ANY WEDNESDAY**; and "Walk in the Shadow," Patrick McGoohan, Janet Munro.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
DIABOLIQUE (in French), revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 21: **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German), revival.
From Nov. 22: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 21: **DEAD HEAT ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND**; and "A Study in Terror," John Neville, Donald Houston.
Nov. 22: "The Good Earth," revival, Luise Rainer, Paul Muni; and "Pride and Prejudice," revival, Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier.
From Nov. 23: **KHARTOUM**; and "I Deal in Danger," Robert Goulet.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY (in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"90 Degrees in the Shade," Anne Heywood, James Booth.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through Nov. 20: "Loving Couples" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom.
From Nov. 21: "The Counterfeit Constable," Robert Dhéry.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
CHUSHINGURA (in Japanese).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Romeo and Juliet," performed by Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, and the Royal Ballet. (Weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

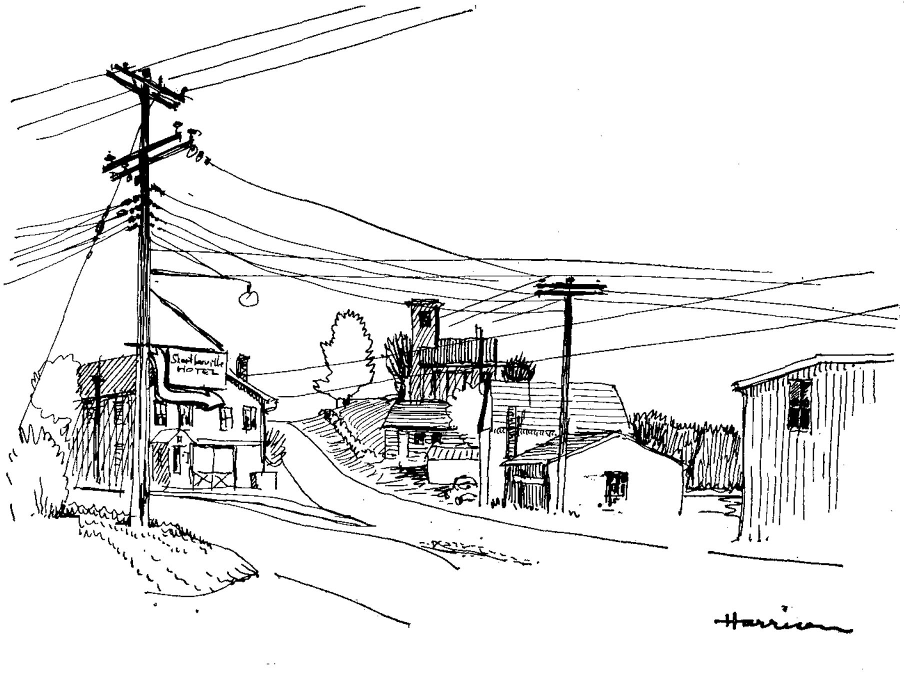
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 23: **NINOTCHKA**, revival; and **GO WEST**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 22: "This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford; and "Assault on a Queen," Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi.
From Nov. 23: **KHARTOUM.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 17: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and **M** (in German), revival.
Nov. 18: **AMERICA AMERICA**, revival.
Nov. 19: "Summerskin" (in Spanish), revival; and "Hand in the Trap" (in Spanish), revival, Elsa Daniel, Francisco Rabal.
Nov. 20: "Distant Journey" and "The Emperor and the Golem" (both revivals and both Czechoslovakian films).
Nov. 21: **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE**, revival.
Nov. 22: "Ordet" and "Child of Man" (both in Danish and both revivals).
Nov. 23: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY (in French).



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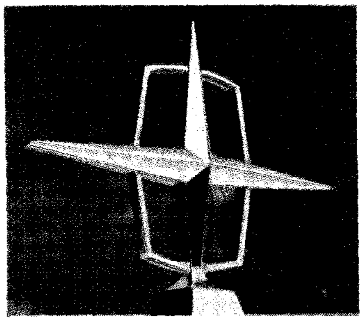
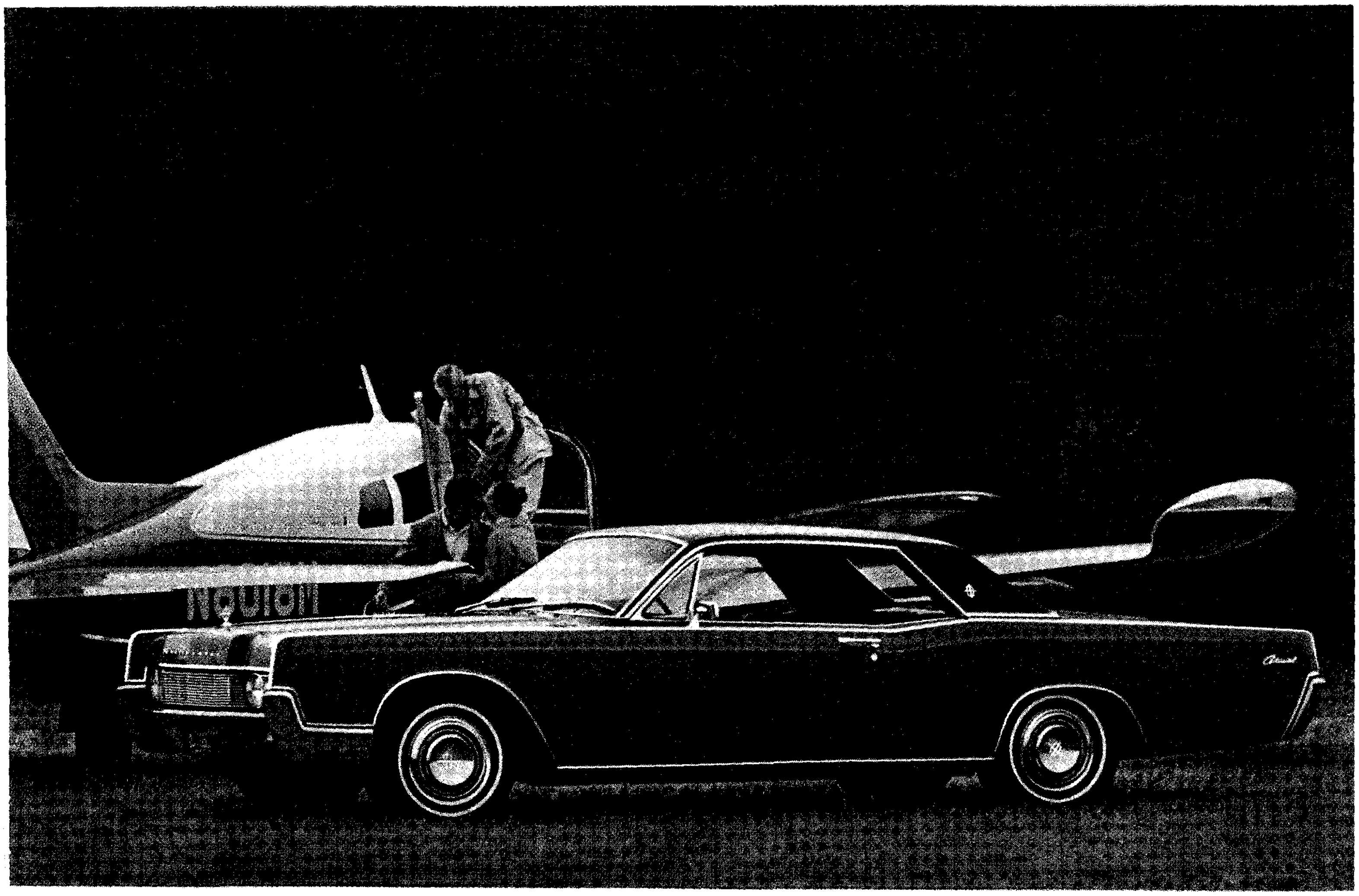


What does the Continental life say about you?



It may say that you like to fly your own plane.
It says that you enjoy today's good life and live it with zest.
It says your choice of a luxury motorcar is Lincoln Continental.
In fact, more and more people—like yourself—are turning to Lincoln Continental.
And it's understandable. Our styling is unique and commanding.
The sleek, clean, uncluttered lines set the standard for the entire industry—
and give you an investment of lasting value. Luxury options? Certainly.
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If you have yet to discover the 1967 Continental, do so now.
Come live the Continental life.

LINCOLN *Continental*
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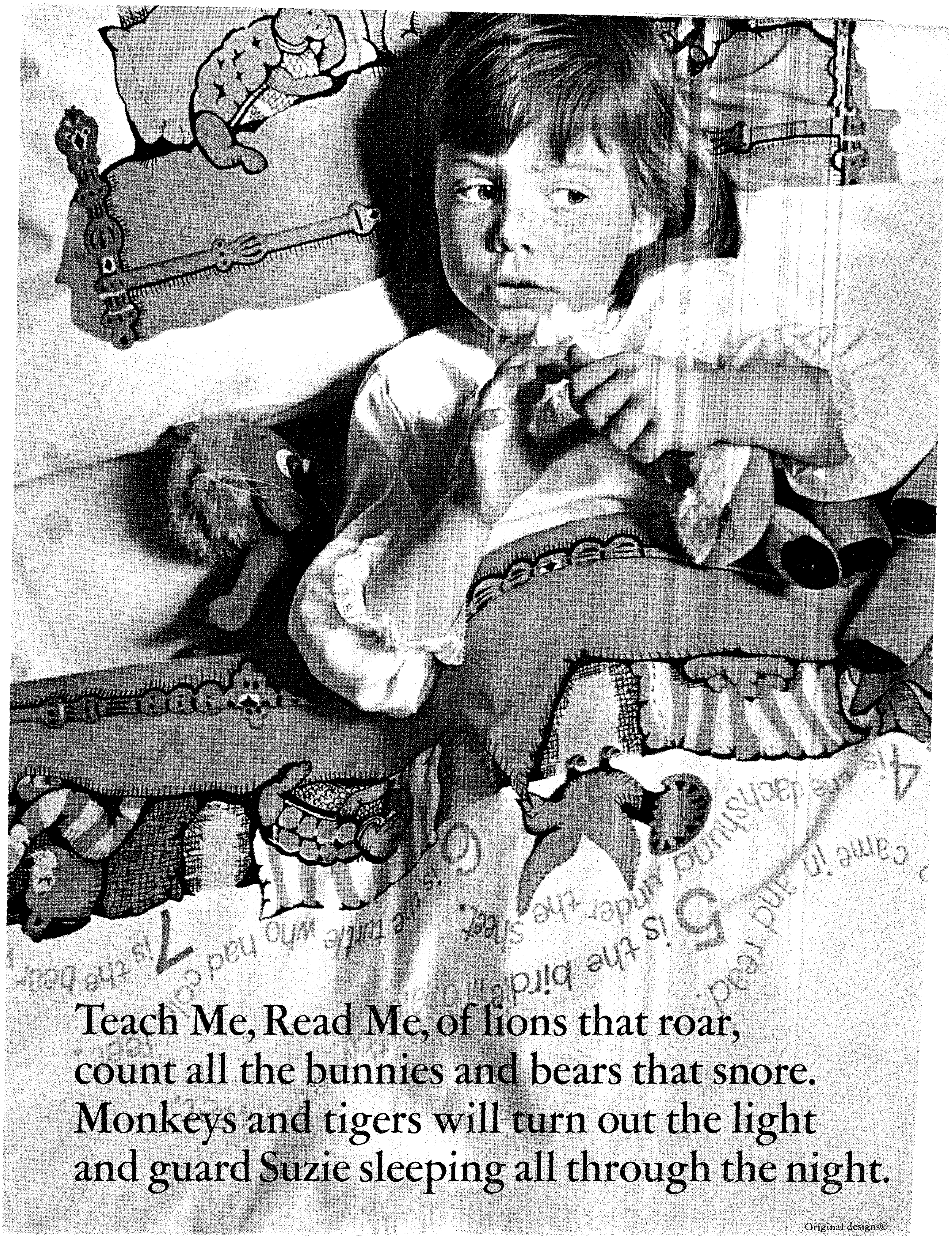
Shown above, the 1967 Continental coupé in Cranberry, with optional black vinyl roof. Also available, the Continental sedan, America's only four-door convertible, and the executive limousine, the ultimate luxury motorcar.


4 is the dachshund
came in and read.
5 is the birdie under the sheet.
6 is the turtle who had cold feet.
7 is the bear

Teach Me, Read Me, of lions that roar,
count all the bunnies and bears that snore.
Monkeys and tigers will turn out the light
and guard Suzie sleeping all through the night.

Original designs©

Friends You Can Count On, **Fieldcrest's Teach Me, Read Me** one look.
The only printed bedroom and bath collections with rhymes a child can read and learn from:
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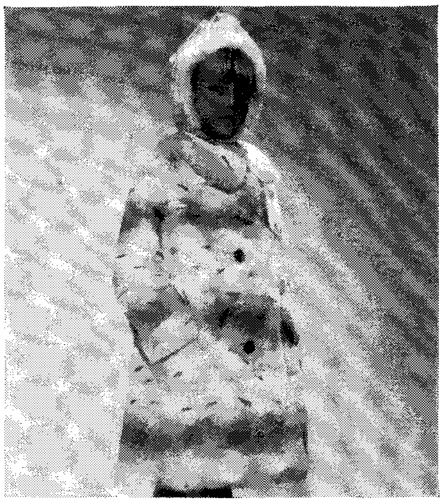
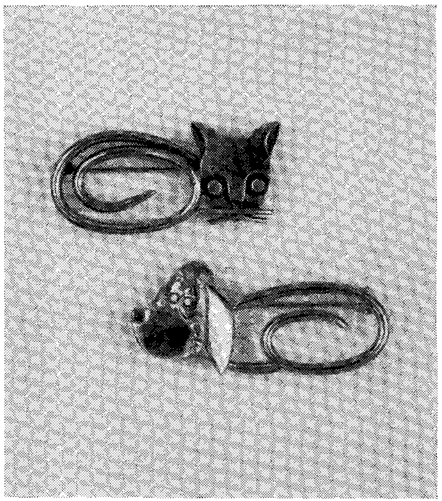
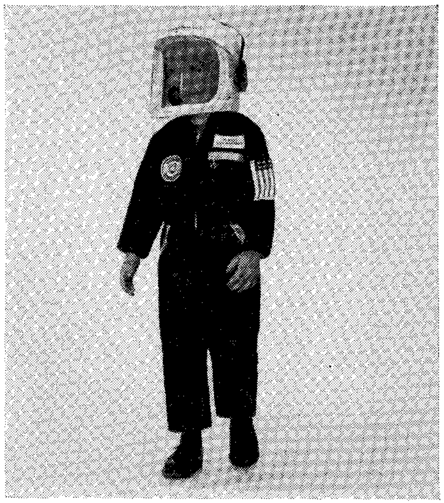


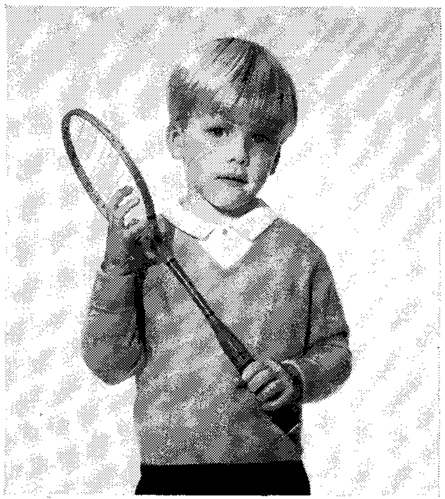
Bunny hug—soft, cozy dyed French rabbit double breasted coat and hood. Sizes 5-6x, 145.00; 8-14, 165.00 (.95)*



Affectionate pet pins—contented canine, felicitous feline designed by Jeanne in gold or silver finish. 5.00 pr. (.70)*



Spaceman—blast off on imaginary space trips in astronaut suit of navy cotton. By Blue Jeans. Sizes 3-6x. 6.00 (.70)*



Cashmere classic—luxury touch, handsome pullover. Navy, yellow. Altmann of Vienna. Sizes 3, 4, 6, 7. 16.00. (.70)*

Galloping Peruna—N-M's mechanical horse canters, turns left, right. Sheepskin, cowhide saddle, bridle. 150.00 (7.00)*

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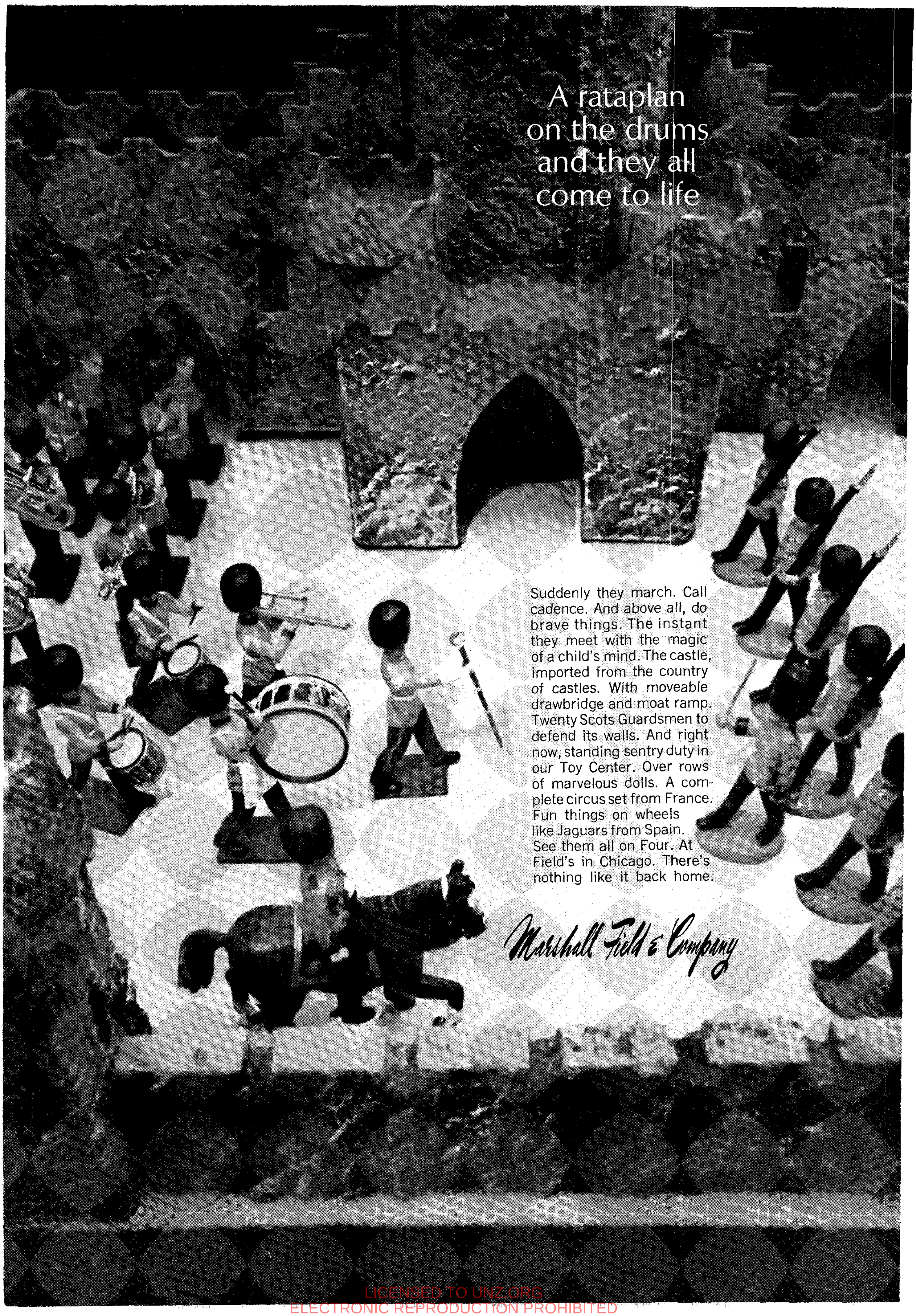
A rataplan on the drums and they all come to life

Suddenly they march. Call cadence. And above all, do brave things. The instant they meet with the magic of a child's mind. The castle, imported from the country of castles. With moveable drawbridge and moat ramp. Twenty Scots Guardsmen to defend its walls. And right now, standing sentry duty in our Toy Center. Over rows of marvelous dolls. A complete circus set from France. Fun things on wheels like Jaguars from Spain. See them all on Four. At Field's in Chicago. There's nothing like it back home.

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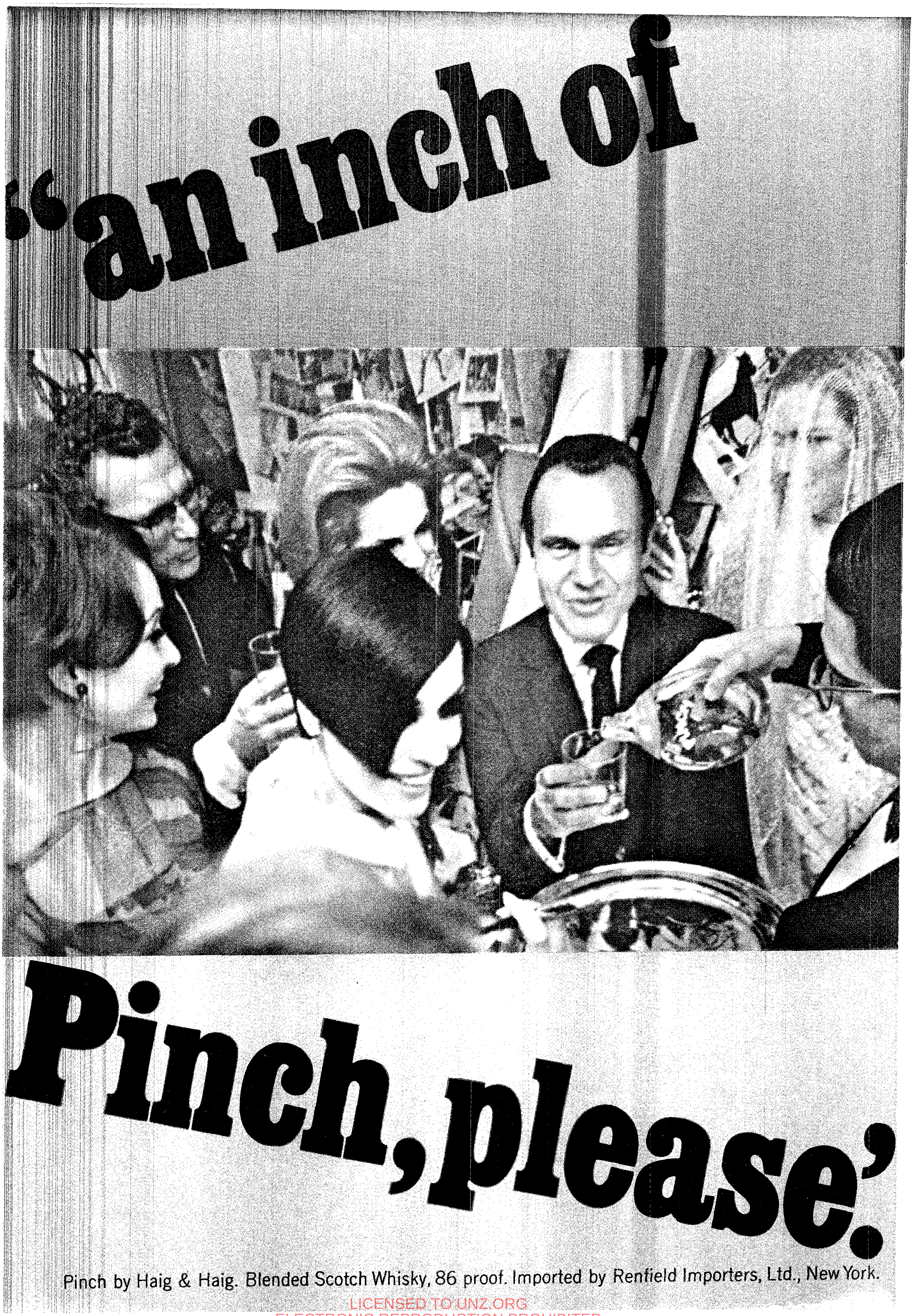

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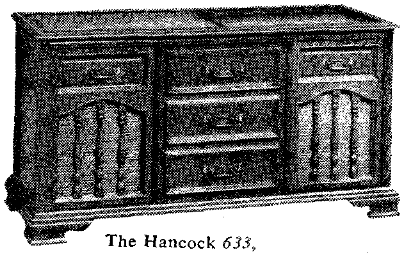

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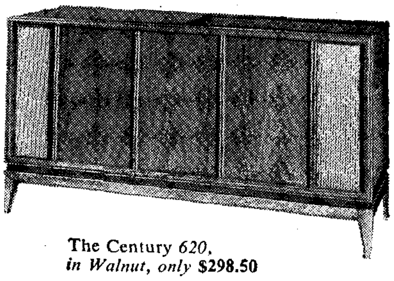

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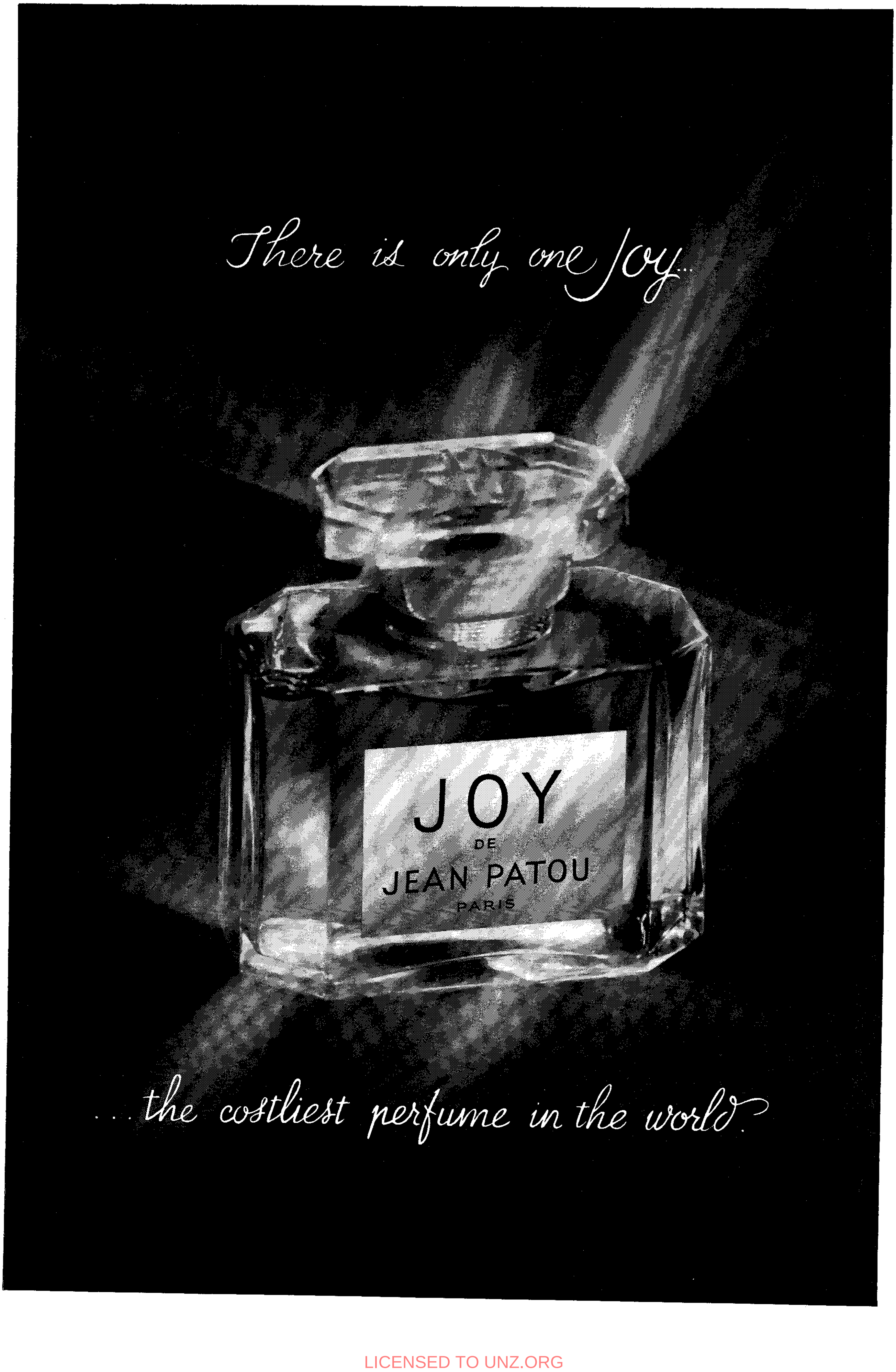
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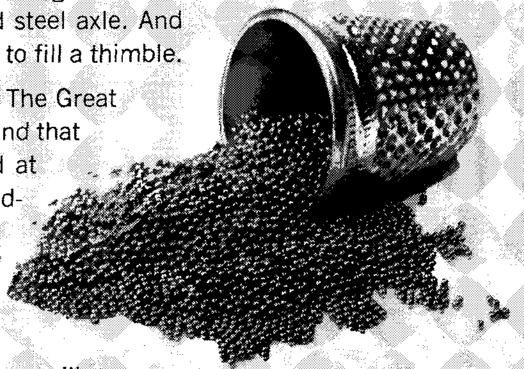
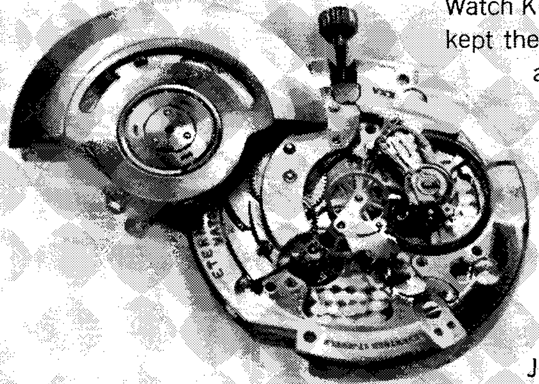


The weapon? Our ball bearing rotor. Back in 1948 we designed a self-wind mechanism using miniature ball bearings instead of an old-fashioned steel axle. And we mean miniature: it takes 30,000 just to fill a thimble.



The result was the virtual elimination of friction, The Great Watch Killer. In essence, we had created a self-wind that kept the Eterna•Matic's mainspring fully wound at all times. In essence, we had the most advanced (and one of the most accurate) automatic watches in the world. We still do.

The ball bearing rotor is just one of the many exclusive features you'll find in our men's and ladies' automatics, our sportsmen's models...*all* our models.

Just look at today's Eterna•Matic 3000 *Dato.* Advance after advance have been built into it, placing it among the *thinnest* automatic calendar watches. This because only the rotor rests on top of the basic movement while the rest of the self-wind mechanism fits neatly inside. And it's a full-size rotor. That means added power and faster self-winding.

Ask your jeweler* about Eterna. He might begin the story in Grenchen, Switzerland, in 1856...or he might pick it up in 1948 with the ball bearing rotor. In any case it'll make good listening.

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*For the name of dealer, write... Eterna Watch Co. of America, Inc., 8 West 40th St., New York, N.Y. In Canada: Henry Birks & Sons Ltd.

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Illustrated model—suggested retail $775.00.
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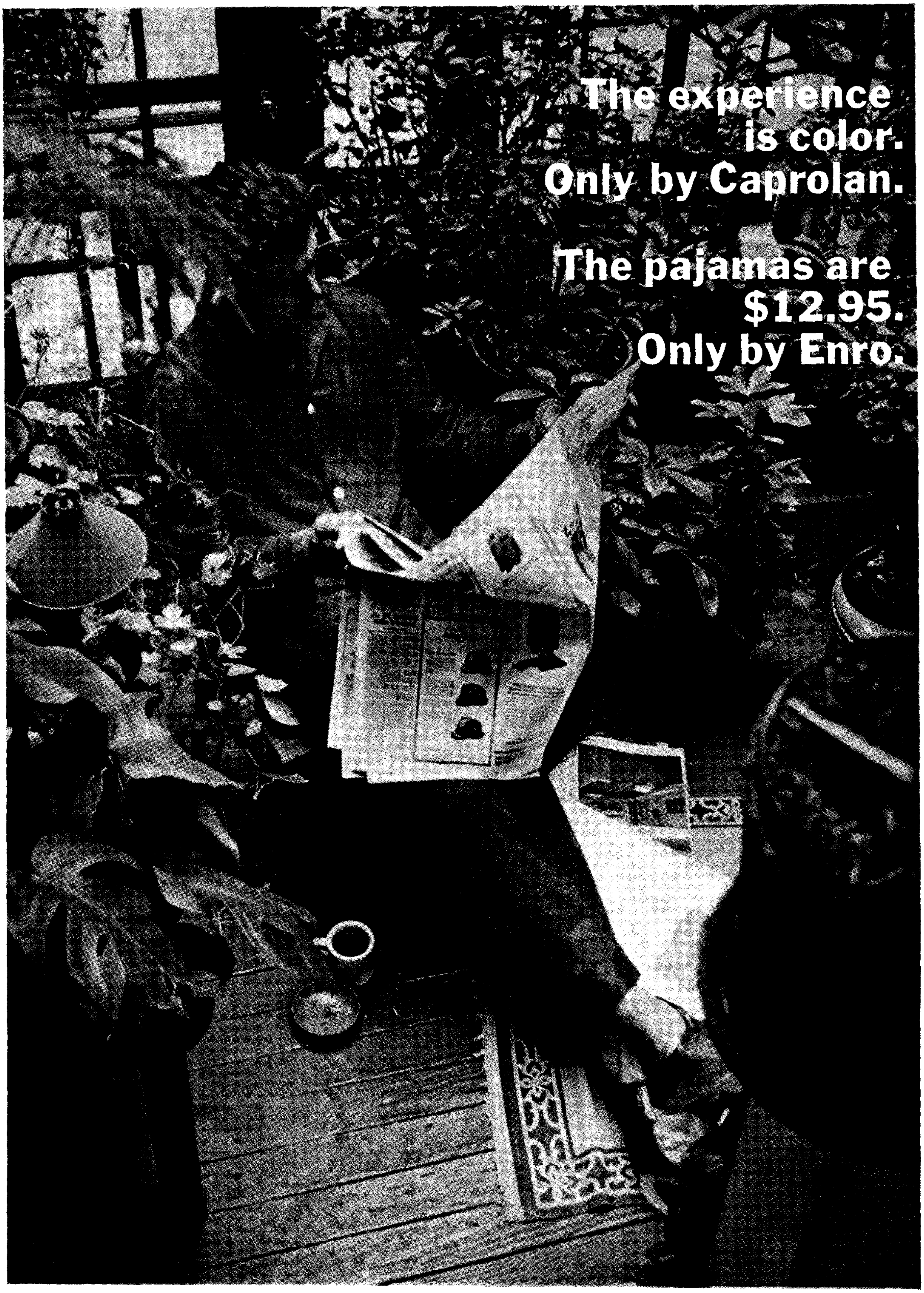
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Chevrolet's new driving machine with big-car stability . . .

Wide-stance wheels (set almost as far apart as the big Chevrolet's) give Camaro its self-assured, flat-cornering ride. That's standard. So are bucket seats, carpeting, fully synchronized 3-speed transmission. And safety features like the GM-developed energy-absorbing steering column and a four-way hazard warning flasher.

big-car power . . .

You start ordering V8s for Camaro at 327 cubic inches, 210 hp, go up to 295 hp in the SS 350. Even the 155-hp Six you specify feels more like the standard eight in a bigger car. Other sporting things to add: special suspension front and rear, front disc brakes, 4-speed, Positraction, special instrumentation including a tach.

everything you'd ask for . . .

Camaro's custom interior, something else again; the Rally Sport with hideaway headlights and more; SS 350 with the biggest V8, bulging hood, bold accent striping; niceties you add like a Strato-back front seat for three, 8-track stereo tape system, console, vinyl roof cover. Ask your Chevrolet dealer.

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Camaro
By Chevrolet

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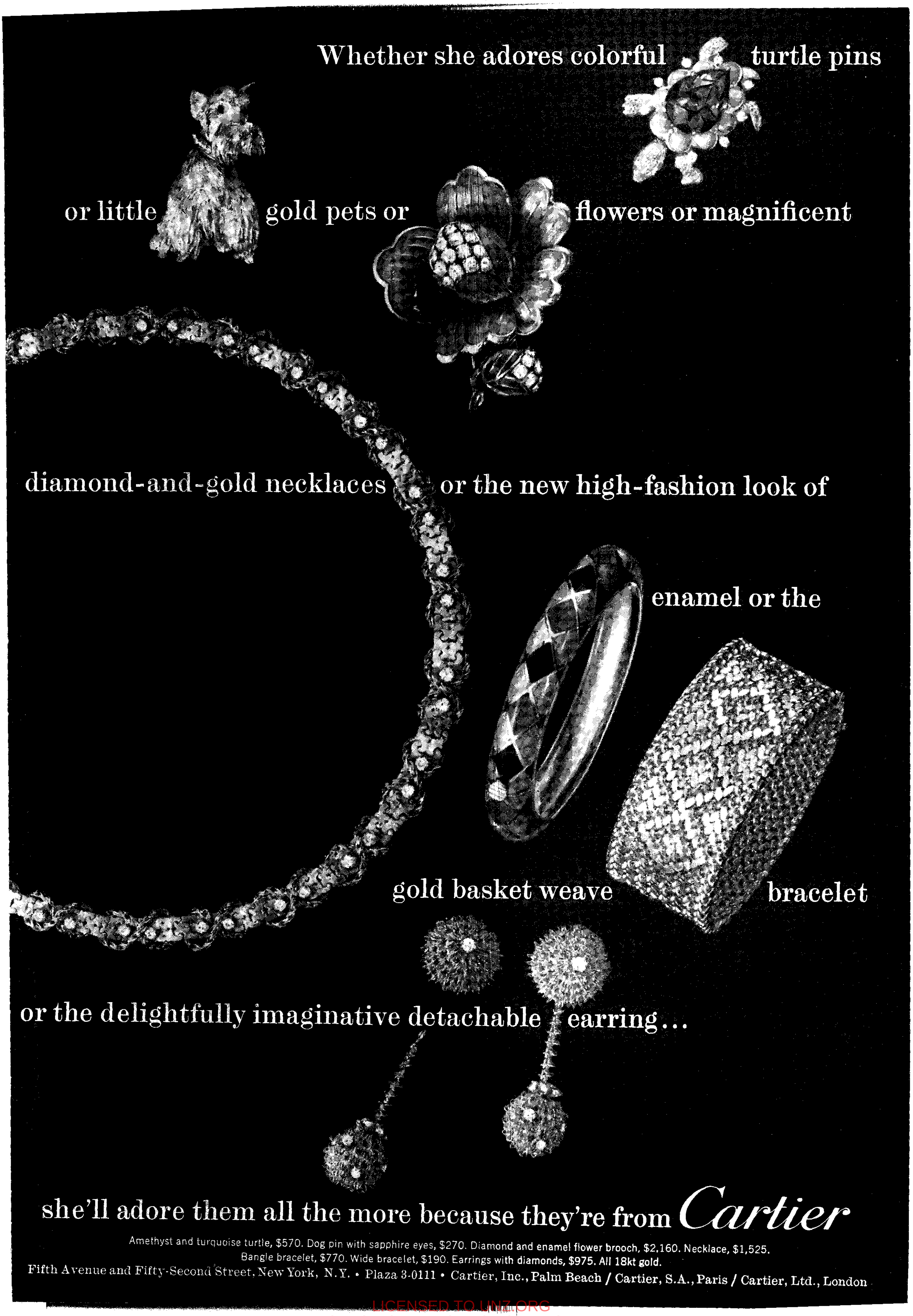
For '67 everything new that could happen . . . *happened!*



Whether she adores colorful turtle pins or little gold pets or flowers or magnificent diamond-and-gold necklaces or the new high-fashion look of enamel or the gold basket weave bracelet or the delightfully imaginative detachable earring…

she'll adore them all the more because they're from Cartier

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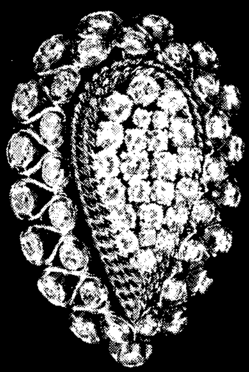

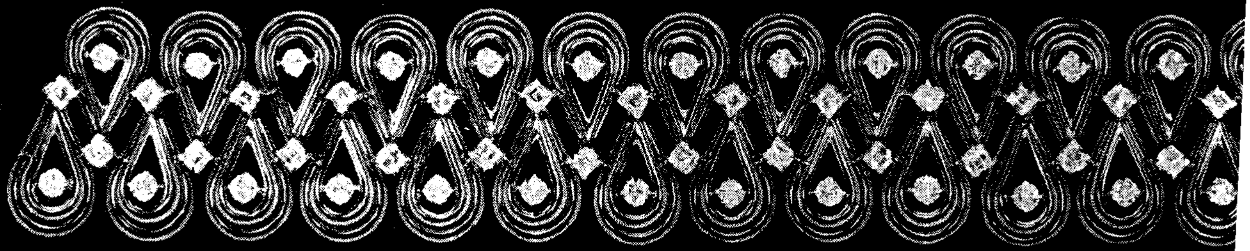

Earrings, about $12,500; two-finger ring, about $6000; cluster ring, about $530; high-rise ring, about $1050; brooch, about $3800; bracelet, about $4000. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

Paul Cézanne, THE CARD PLAYERS. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Bequest of Stephen C. Clark, 1960.

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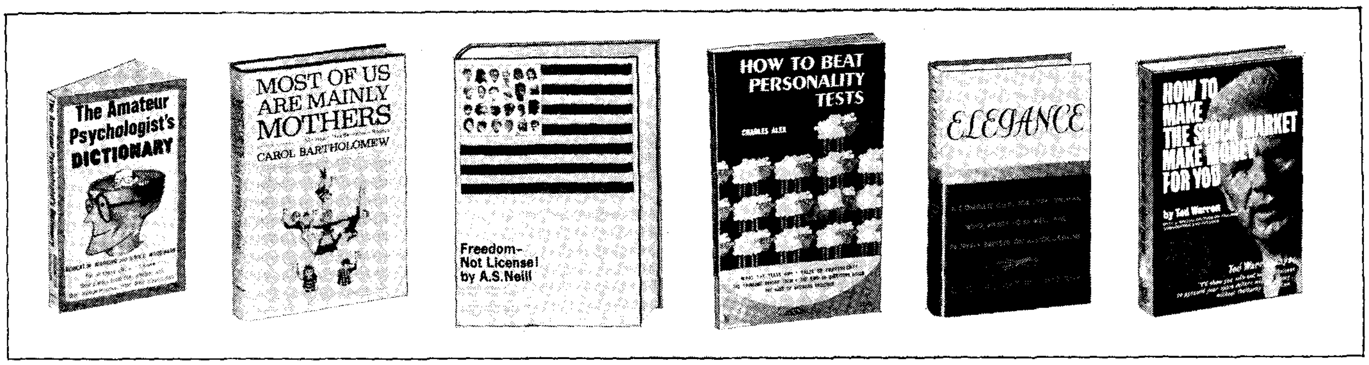
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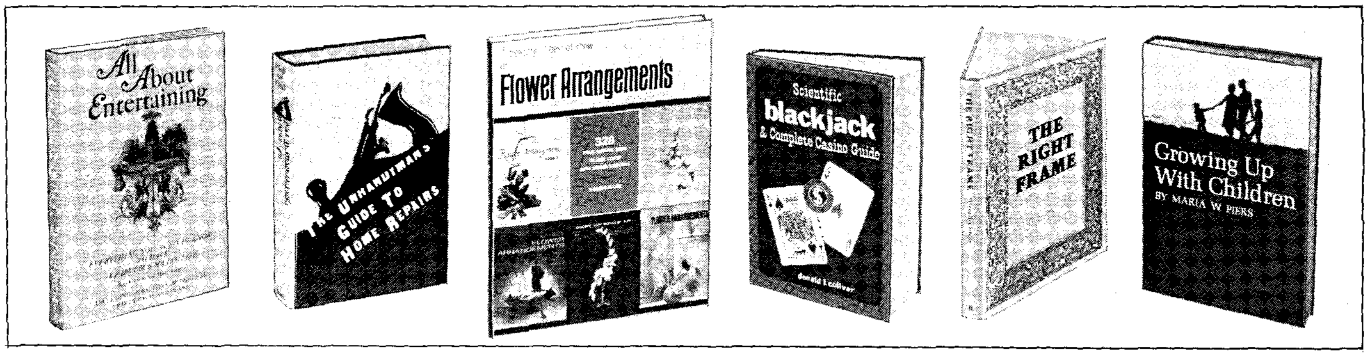
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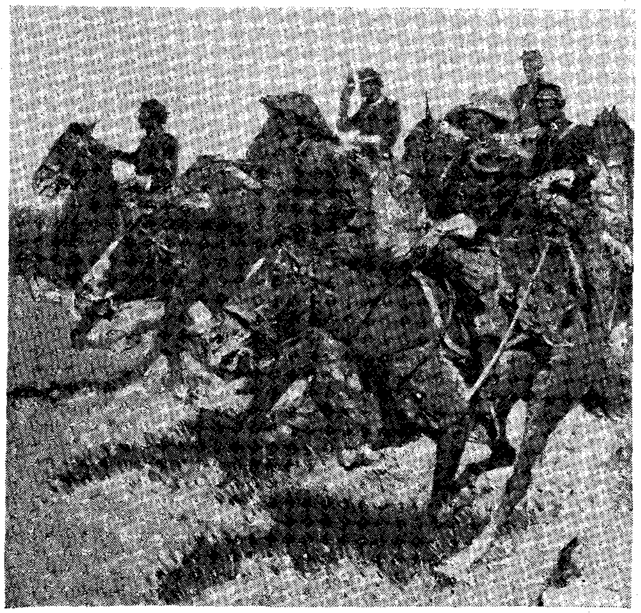
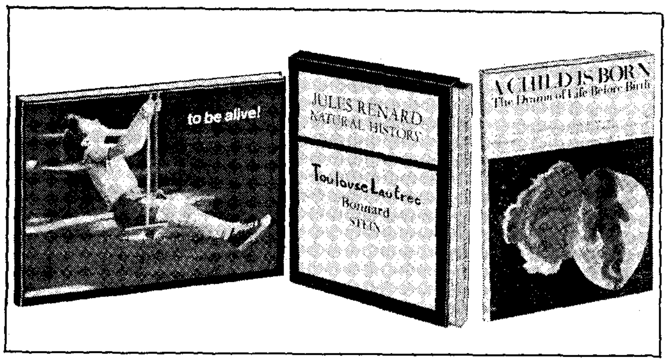


Frederic Remington, CAVALRY CHARGE ON THE SOUTHERN PLAINS.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gift of Several Gentlemen, 1911.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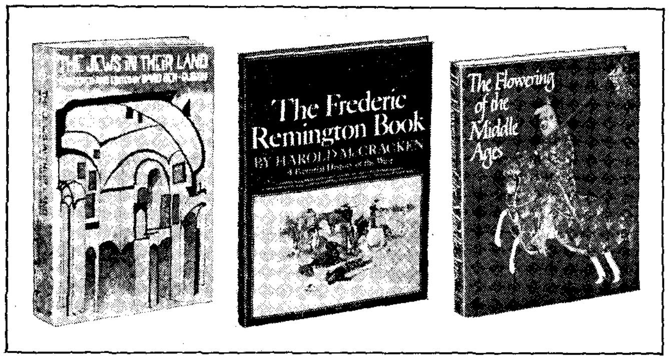
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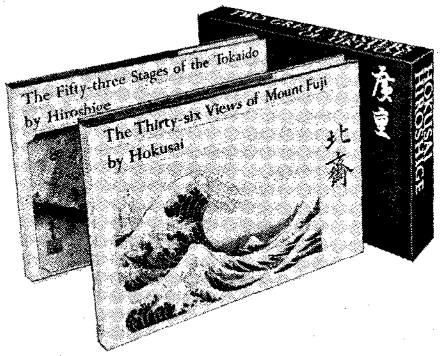
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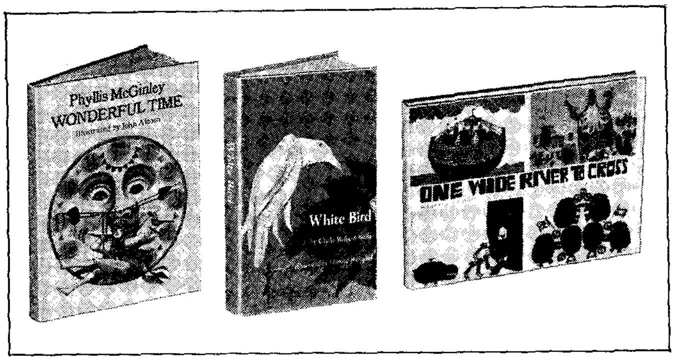

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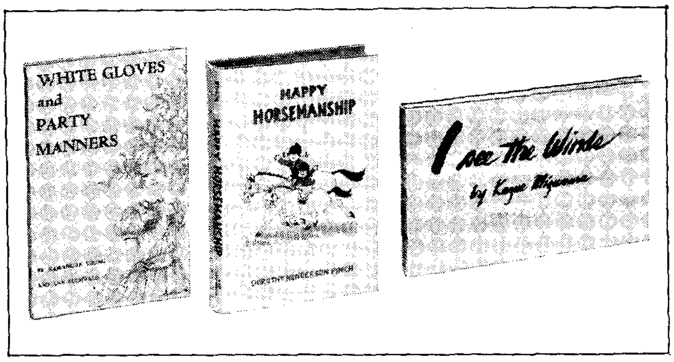

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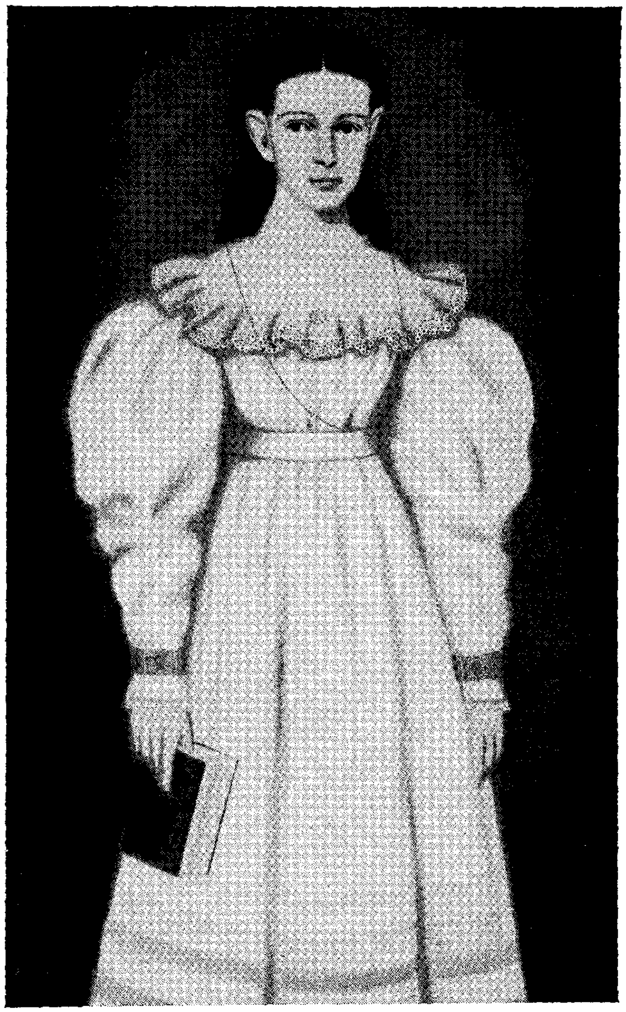

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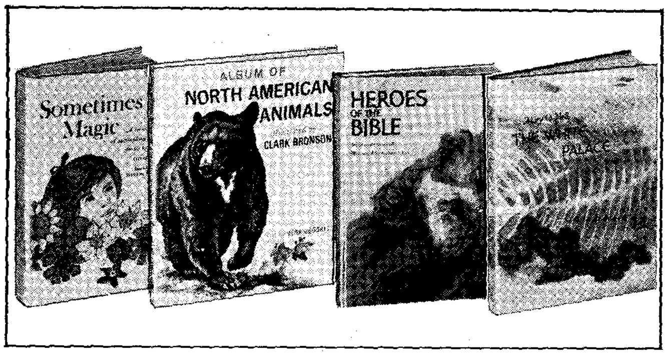
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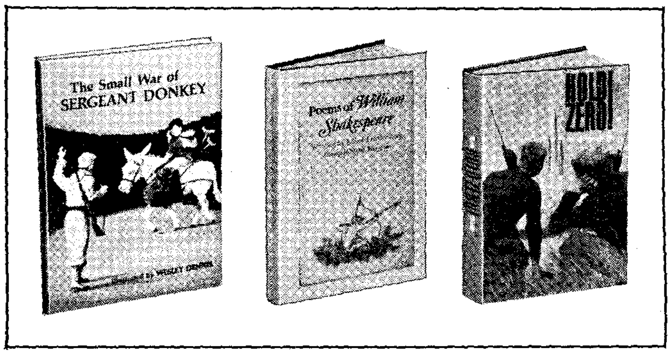
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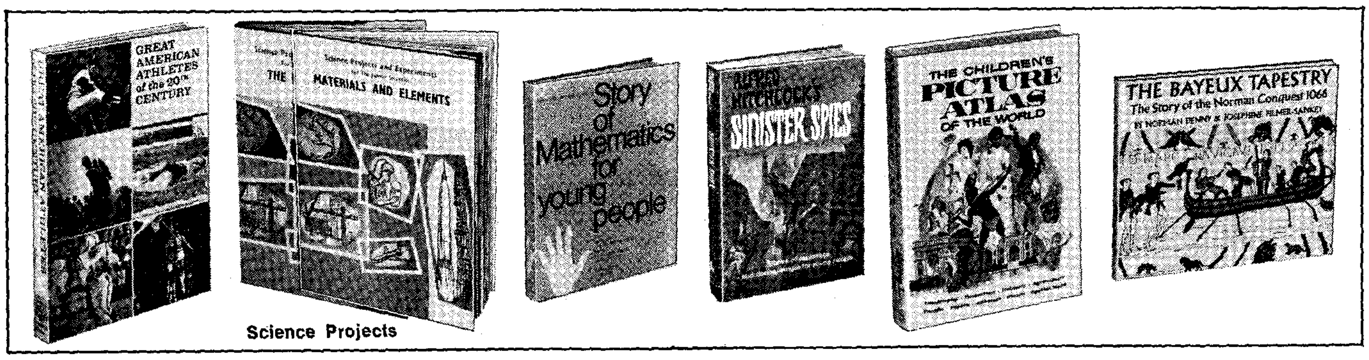
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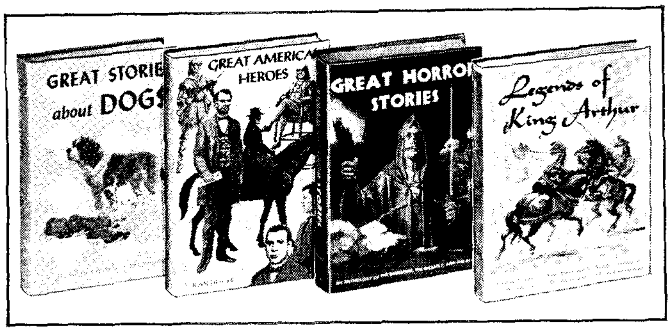

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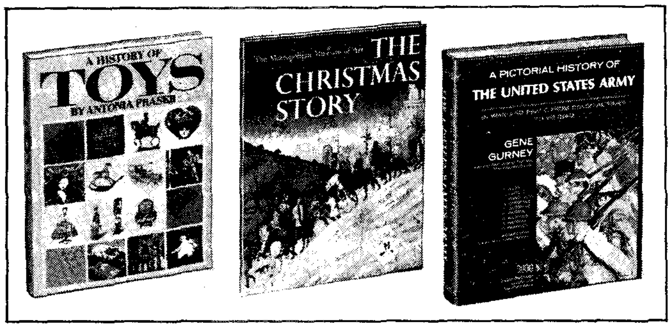
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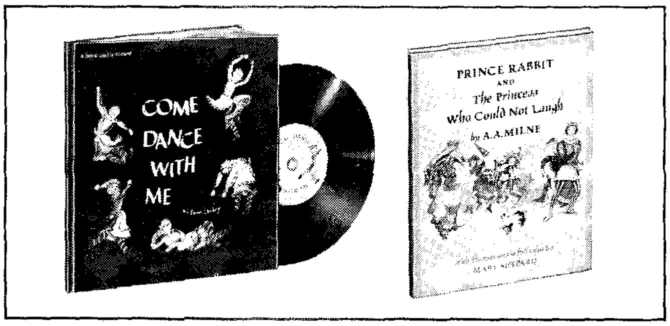
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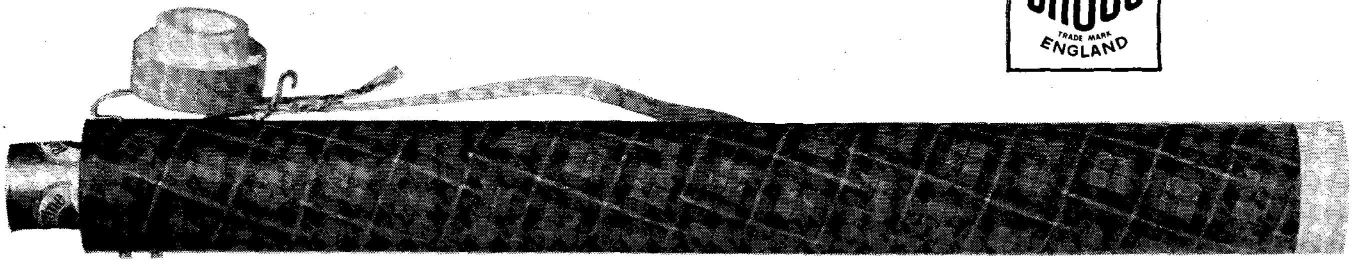

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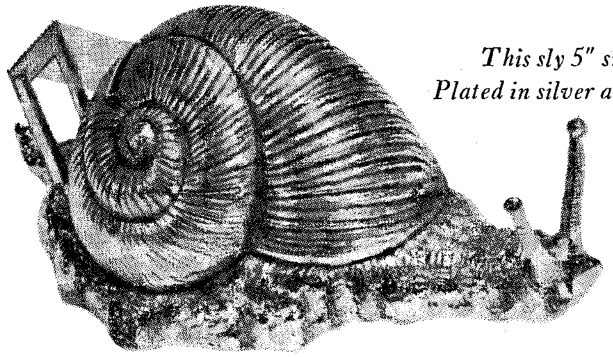

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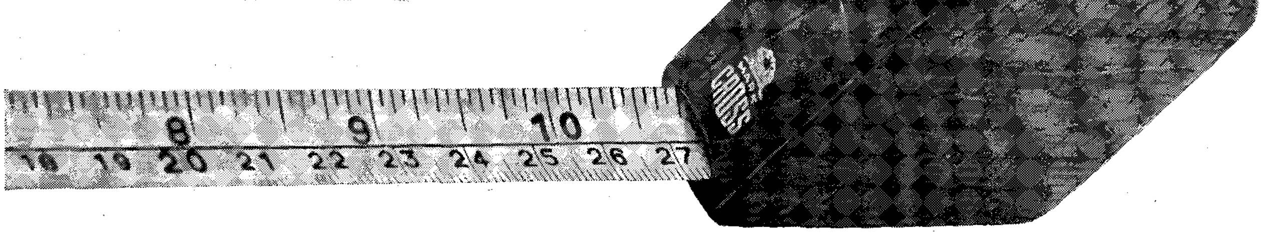

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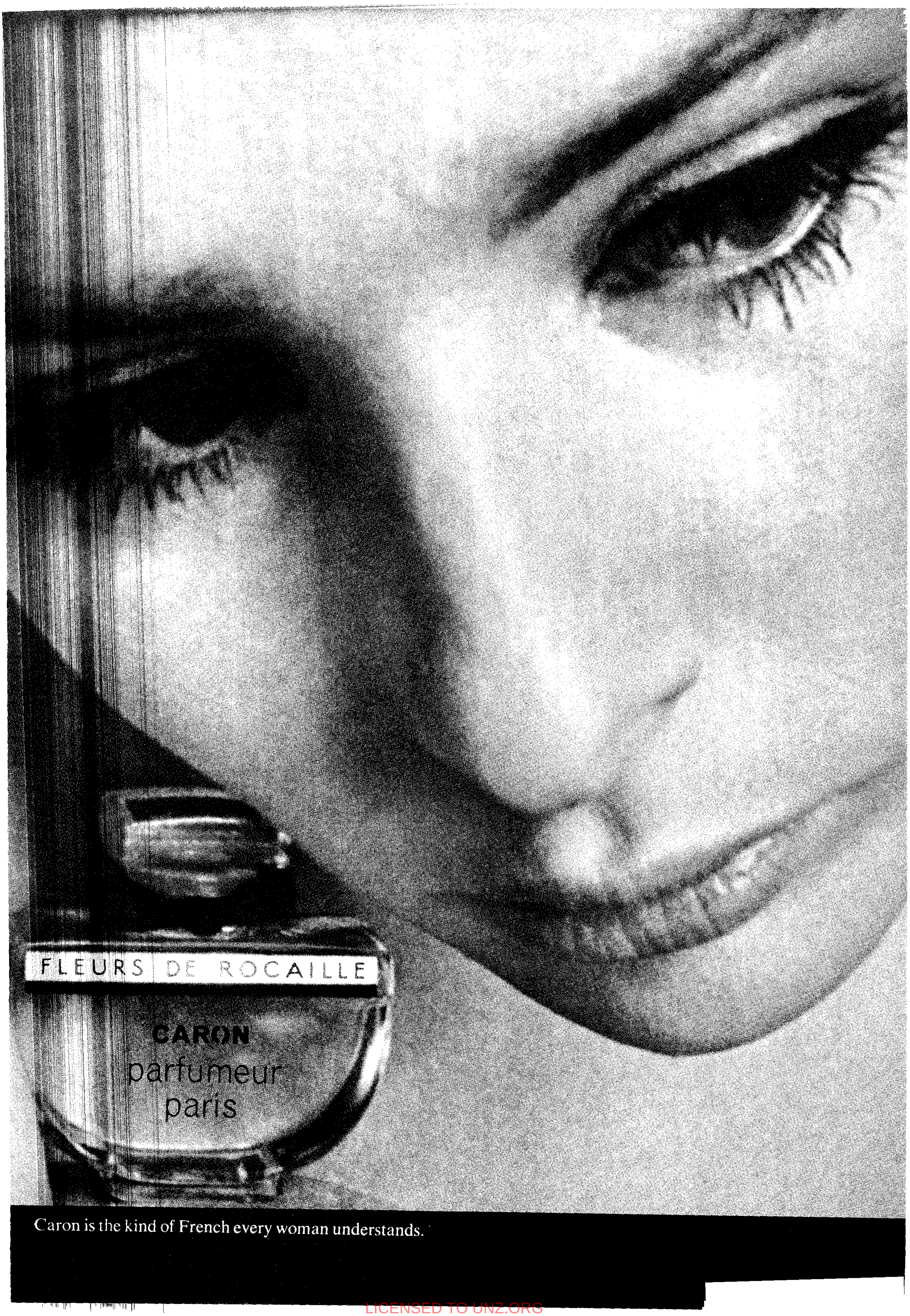
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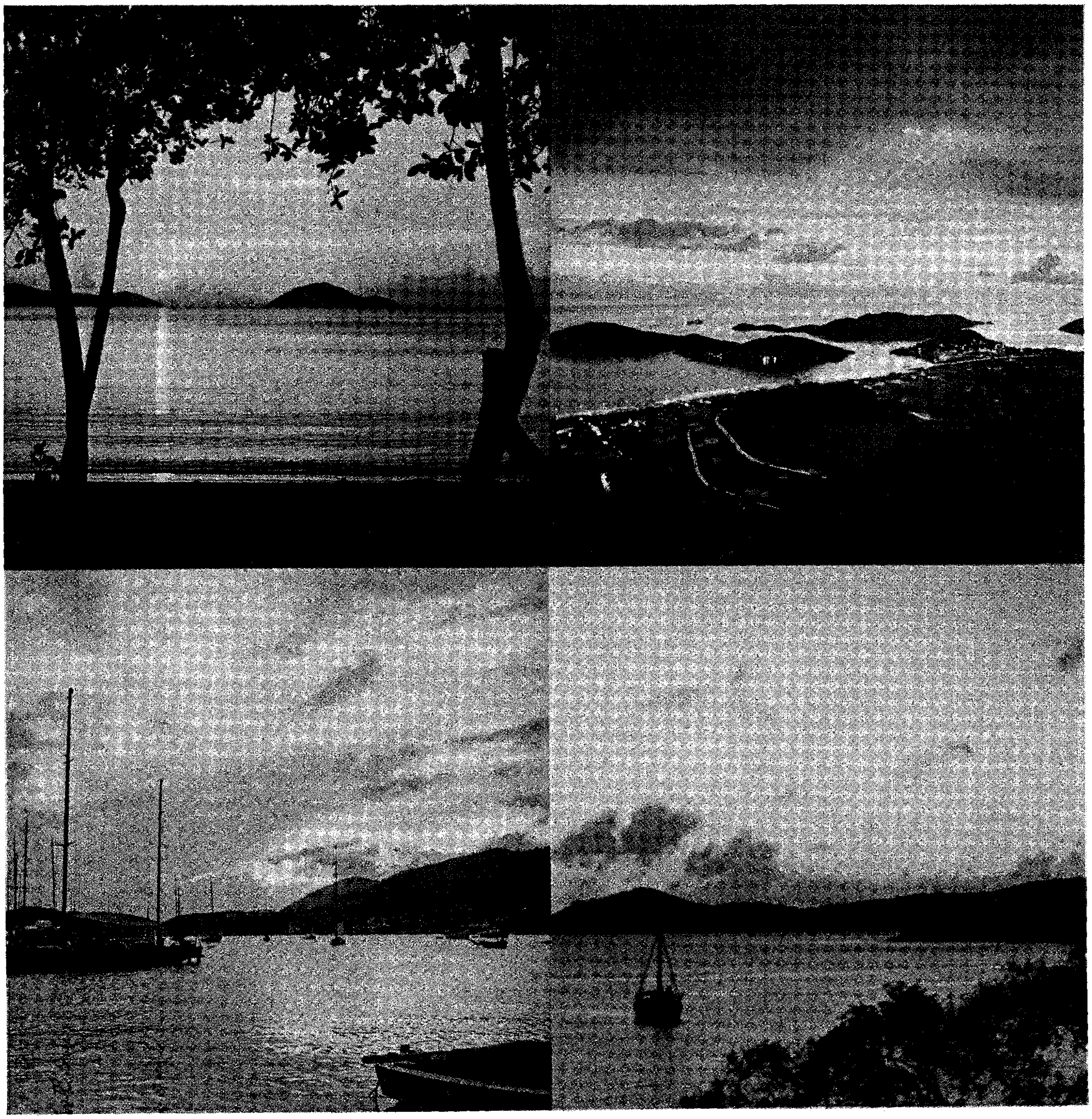

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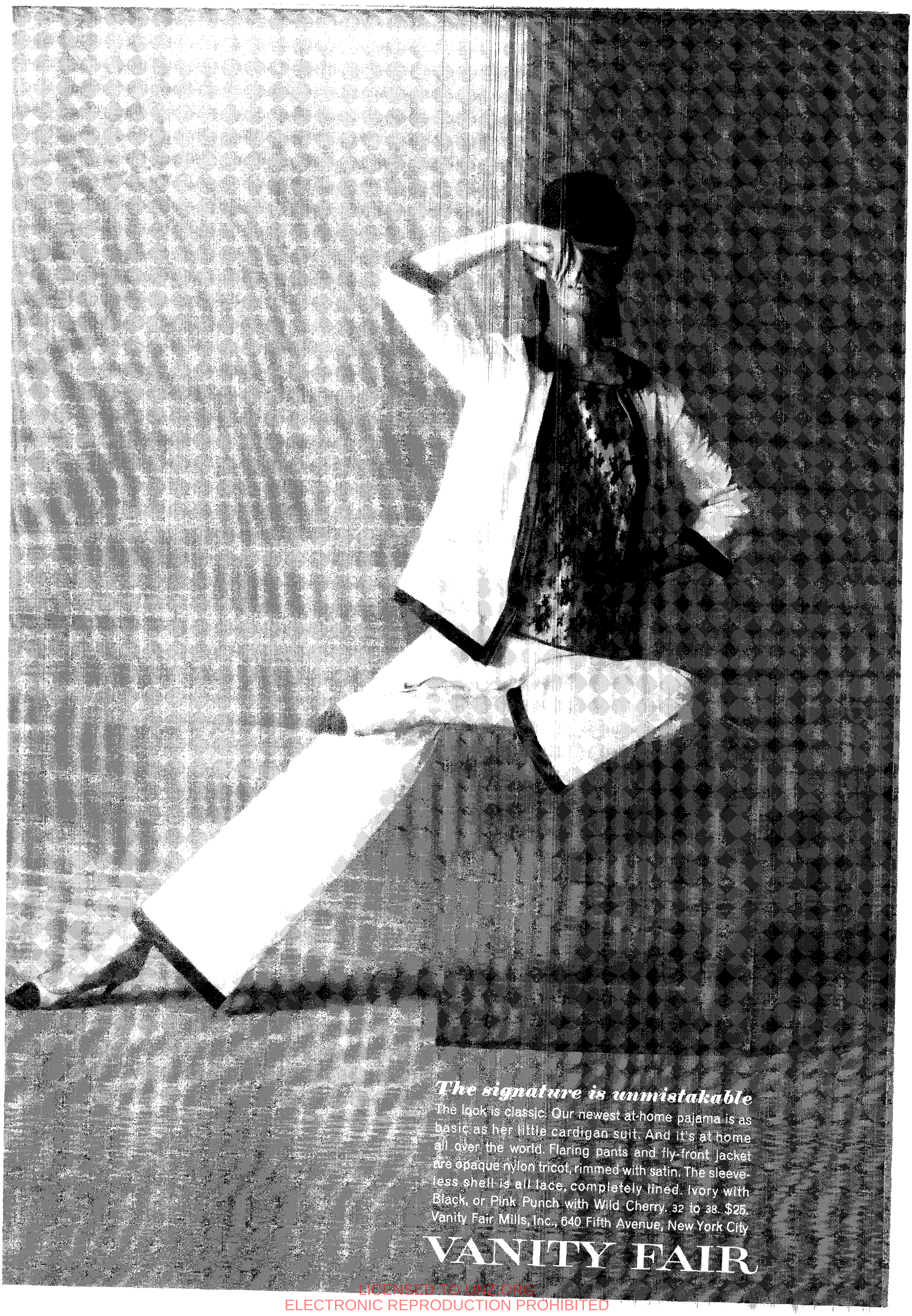

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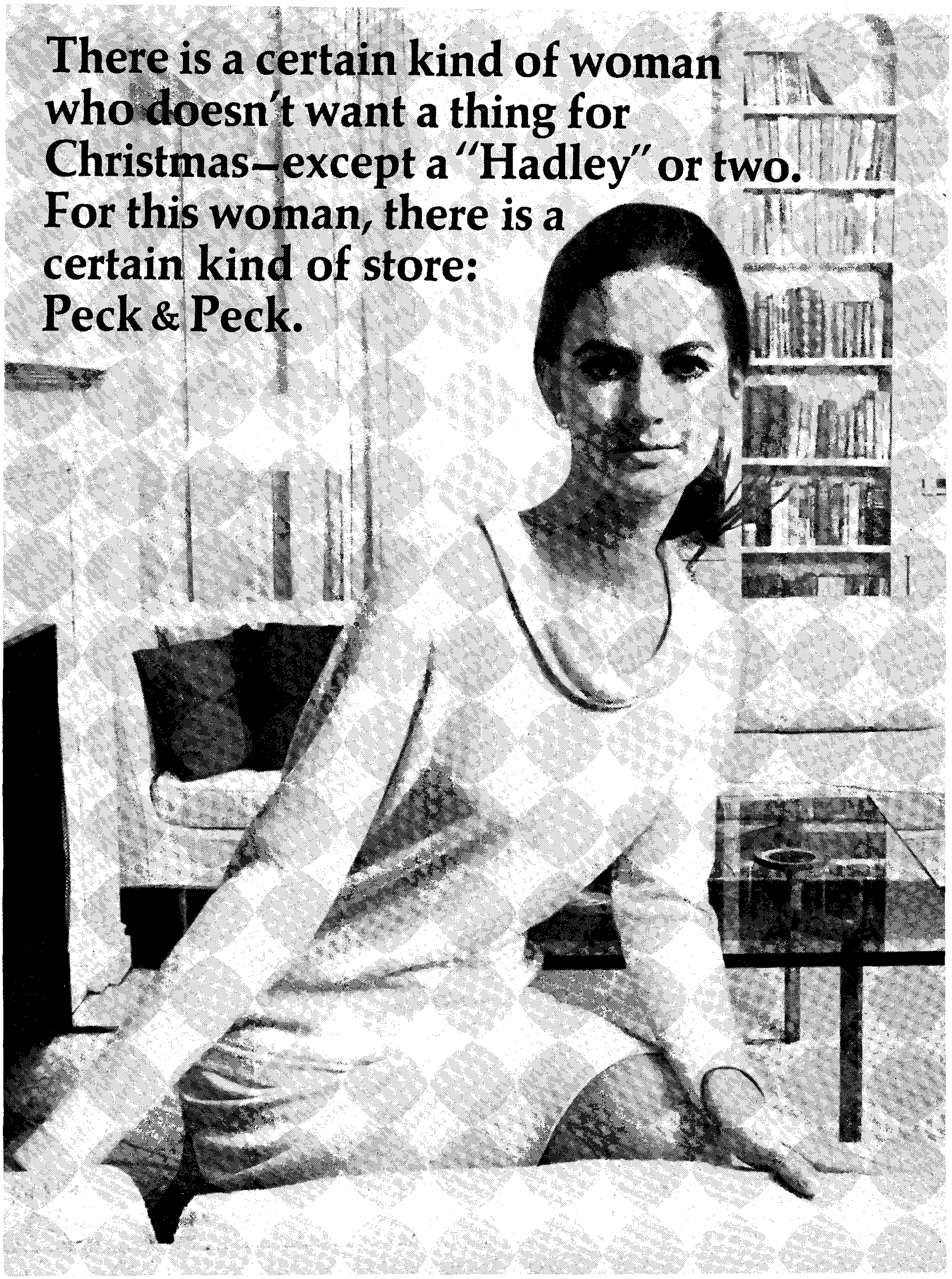

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

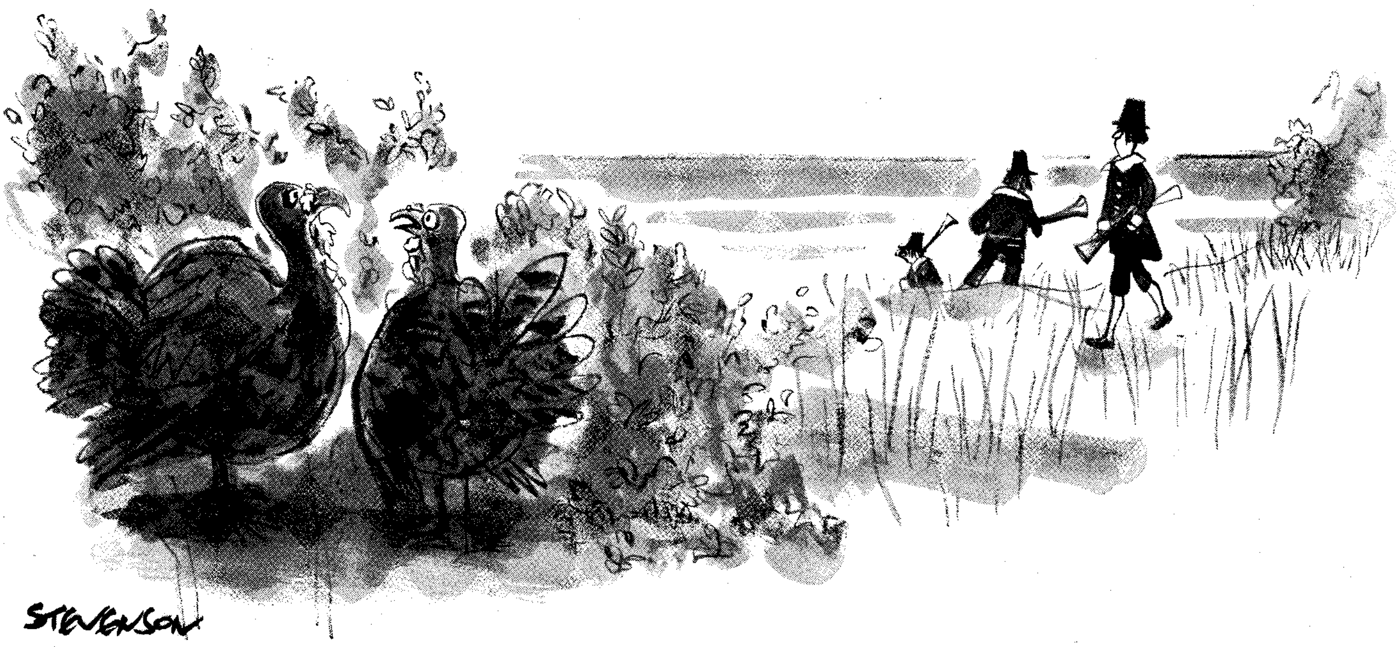
Notes and Comment

WE are prepared to advocate that the polls be kept open the whole year round—twenty-four hours a day, fifty-two weeks a year. This will make it possible for people to drop into their neighborhood polling places (which will maintain permanent staffs of nice elderly folk poring over their big ledgers, and will thus not only reduce unemployment but help to solve the geriatrics problem) and vote at their convenience. Waiting time will certainly be reduced to a minimum. In fact, the chances are that *waiting time will be wiped out completely*. People will vote when the mood strikes them—before breakfast, on the way to work, just before lunch, just after lunch, while taking a postprandial stroll, after the theatre, or in the middle of a sleepless night. People will be moved to keep democracy marching on a permanent basis. They won't hang around all year waiting to do their duty on an arbitrary day in November. Lists of candidates will always be available. Somebody will always be running for something. That is one thing of which we are certain—somebody will always be running for something. When it comes to propositions, amendments, questions, referendums, proposals, governmental reorganizations, constitutional conventions, and other highly complicated matters of state, the people, under our system, will have ample time to think matters through in an enlightened and self-reliant manner. They will even have time to read the fine print. Gone will be the days when the best of citizens furtively clipped a page of carefully preselected (and largely unknown) candidates from his favorite newspaper on Election Day, stuffed it into his pocket, and carried it into the booth as guide and mentor. Our citizen will walk into the booth when he wants to walk into the booth, and vote for the candidate of *his* choice, not the choice of some editorial writer in some distant aerie. We can hardly wait for the system to go into effect. Admittedly, many of the details remain to be worked out—when the ballots should be counted, how many times in a year a person may vote, whether a candidate may run for more than one office. But these are minor matters, the solution to which surely does not lie beyond the skill and imagination of a restless and adventurous people.

Election Night

THE night before the elections, an anthropologist we know, just back from a stint in Arizona with the Navajos, held forth at dinner on his favorite Navajo ritual, the Enemy Way. An Enemy Way, as far as we could make out, is an elaborate, expensive, and extremely gratifying affair involving the building of ceremonial hogans, much feasting on sheep and fried bread, and a persistent exchange of gifts. Its purpose is to do in the ghost of whatever enemy happens to be haunting a particular Navajo at the time. During an Enemy Way, all the relatives of this unhappily beset Navajo gather for singing, dancing, and gift-exchanging bouts with the obliging members of some unrelated neighboring clan—a procedure that leads not only to the stamping out of ghosts but also to harmony among relatives, who invariably patch up their differences after a few days of such constructive togetherness. The anthropologist said that he knew of no other American ritual at once so functional and so satisfying as an Enemy Way, but when we mentioned the contemporary political campaign—a ceremonial in which ordinarily uneasy party factions unite wholeheartedly for the electoral murder of a common enemy and which culminates in an Election Night vigil involving the building of a ceremonial headquarters and much singing, shouting, drinking, feasting, and gift-exchanging—he brightened. A vigil like that, he said, would certainly be a plum ritual, professionally speaking, to observe. We thereupon telephoned Governor Nelson Rockefeller's campaign headquarters at the New York Hilton and obtained a big blue-and-white press badge for our friend (a "totemic emblem," he preferred to call it), and on Election Night, a few minutes before the polls closed, we met him on the ninth floor of the

Albert Hubbell



"I understand they have a number of religious taboos, but unfortunately eating turkey isn't one of them."

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Hilton, where several prefatory vigils were already in progress in the suites of the various intra-party organizations that had contributed to the Governor's reëlection campaign. On the doors were signs proclaiming the ritual participation of Republicans of every type and persuasion—"Young Republicans for Rockefeller" (*young* Republicans), "Columbian Republican League" (*Italian* Republicans), "Show Business for Rockefeller" (*performing* Republicans), "Taxpayers for Rockefeller" (*conservative* Republicans), "Labor for Rockefeller" (*union* Republicans), "The Governor's Club" (*rich* Republicans), "Associates of the Rockefeller Team" (*humanitarian* Republicans), and even "Democrats for Rockefeller" (*Democratic* Republicans)—and, wandering on down the corridor, we encountered enclaves of Rockefeller Negroes, Rockefeller Irishmen, Rockefeller Puerto Ricans, and Rockefeller Jews. Our friend remarked with interest on this "ethnic imbroglio," and pointed out that the sundry Rockefeller enthusiasts were supplementing each other's supplies of Scotch and ice cubes with a considerable show of fellow-feeling. He also noted that everybody on the floor was wearing a totemic emblem of one color or another, and we stopped a chubby politician in a black serge suit as he emerged from the Taxpayers for Rockefeller vigil and asked him what, precisely, the different colors stood for.

"Well, the yellow buttons—there are only a few hundred of them—are V.I.P. buttons," the Taxpayer for Rockefeller replied, modestly fingering a yellow button on his own lapel. "As for the red buttons, I don't know, but the baby-blue buttons are for all the people on the Governor's campaign staff. The blue buttons will get you into *most* of the parties here, but the yellow buttons—*they'll* get you into the Governor's own party, late tonight, after the vote is in. A lot of people with blue buttons don't know this, and when they find out, there's going to be a lot of fuming and sputtering around here, but what can you do?" The Taxpayer for Rockefeller fished in his coat pocket and came up with two baby-blue buttons, which he presented to us with a shrug. "Yellow buttons are hard to come by," he said, and disappeared into a smoky hotel room to watch the returns, which were just beginning to come in.

"I'm afraid that I foresee definite transformation problems arising later on tonight," the anthropologist whispered, shaking his head regretfully and attaching his blue button to his lapel, just underneath his badge. "Transformation is what happens in a *successful* ritual," he went on. "That is, the individual is transformed, through the ritual, into a different individual, more consequential than he was before. The haunted Navajo becomes a healthy Navajo. The run-of-the-mill Republican becomes a Republican who has helped his leader slay a Democrat. Now, I ask you, how transformed are people with blue buttons going to feel when they discover that they have missed out on yellow buttons and magical libations in an inner sanctum with the Governor?" Our friend paused to make a few cryptic notations on the back of a long Gristede's checkout-counter list that he had dug out of his back pocket, and then he peered, with curiosity, first into a room where an accordionist was singing "Arrivederci, Rockefeller" to several misty-eyed members of the Columbian Republican League and next into a suite where the bar was well stocked, the vigil lively, and the man standing nearest the door exceptionally welcoming.

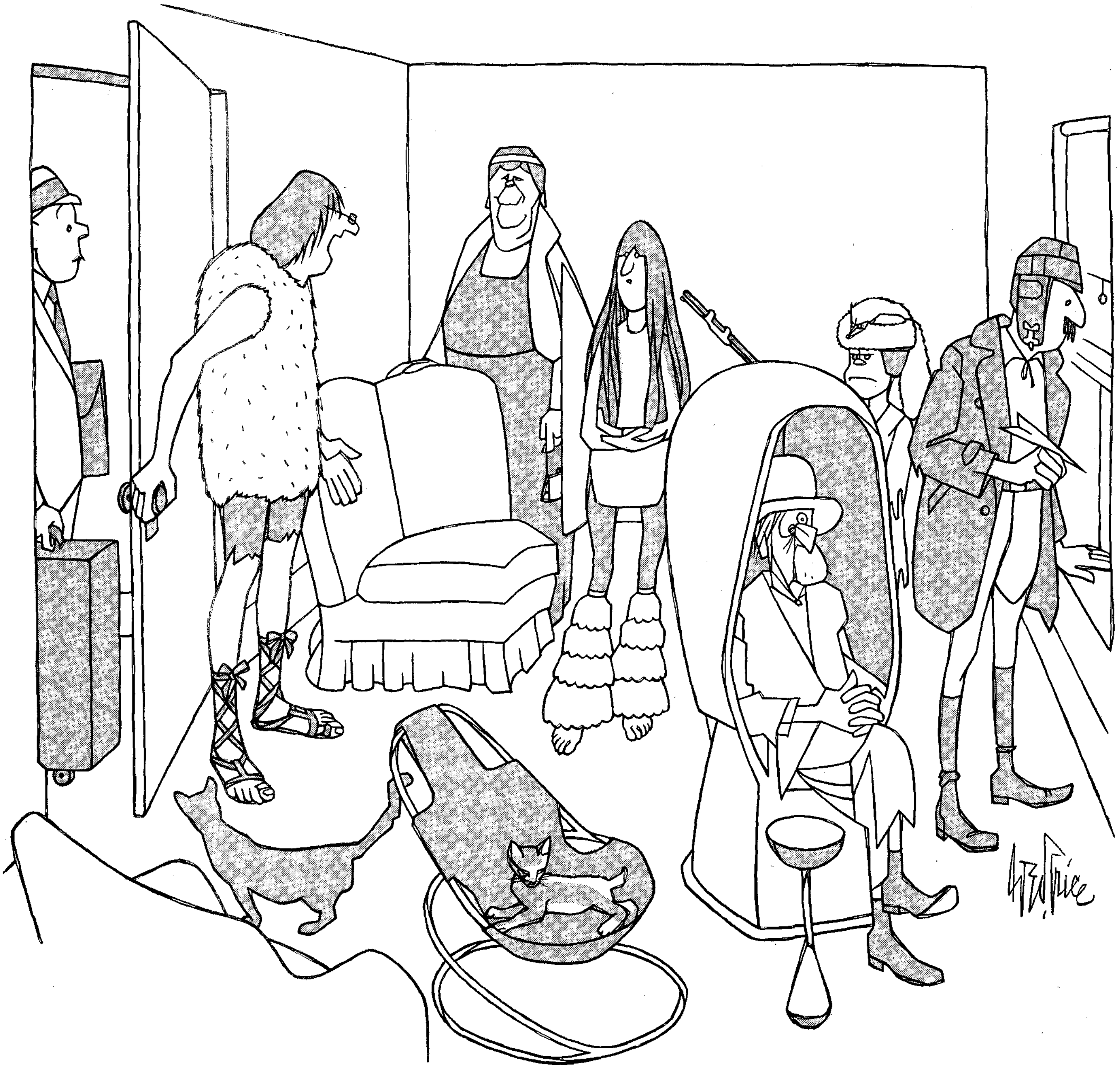
This man, who took the anthropologist by the sleeve and whisked him over to the bar, introduced himself as a key man in the Associates of the Rockefeller Team—a coalition, he said proudly, of all the fraternal organizations in the state that had ever presented the Governor with a plaque or a "humanitarian award." "We didn't bother with *issues*—like taxes and roads and those things," the Rockefeller Team Associate announced, pouring the anthropologist a Scotch-on-the-rocks. "*Our* pitch was the Governor's great humanitarianism. I personally found a letter that the Governor's mother—a great lady, may I add—had written to her sons when they were in high school. It was a godsend—all about tolerance. We had planned to print only around twenty-five thousand copies of the letter, but we ended up with a million and a half. Why, Brooklyn alone ordered half a million of them! Those letters went out to every minority you can conceivably name."

"Just minorities?" the anthropologist asked.

"Well, if you haven't ever been persecuted you're not going to give much of a damn about tolerance," the Rockefeller Team Associate replied matter-of-factly.

Just then a young man from the Young Republicans' vigil, across the hall, ran past the door waving a "Rocky" pennant and shouting, "It's five to one on Rocky at the bar across the street!"

We made our way downstairs to the Grand Ballroom, and found what seemed to be several thousand campaign workers milling about watching the early returns, which were projected from a TV receiver on the balcony onto a huge movie screen at the far end of the room, and we reached some tables that had been set up for the press around the bandstand just in time to hear C.B.S. report a Rockefeller lead of three per cent and then hear N.B.C. report an O'Connor lead of one per cent. When Walter Cronkite, looking thoughtful and authoritative, announced that the C.B.S. computer had declared Rockefeller the V.P.A. winner (which, we assumed at first, meant something like Very Probable Absolute winner in televisionese), the campaign workers began to cheer. The anthropologist remarked that this cheering, which alternated between undifferentiated shrieks of joy and well-modulated chants of "We want Rocky," had a vaguely familiar tribal ring. We had found seats at the last row of tables, between a contingent of Puerto Rican journalists and three students from the Columbia School of Journalism, and now the anthropologist whipped out his grocery list and began making a cabalistic transcription of the shrieks and chants. The campaign workers, meanwhile, had confidently turned their backs on the movie screen and were converging on the bandstand, which was empty except for a few strolling musicians and a lectern laden with microphones. Their chants continued, and two radio reporters from San Juan, evi-



"It's some odd-ball salesman."

dently caught up in the enthusiasm, stood on their table and sang "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" into their own microphone. Across the ballroom, Senator Jacob Javits, the Governor's honorary campaign director, was giving out television interviews. The Senator, who is rather short, coöperatively stepped up onto a wooden crate for an eye-to-eye confrontation with Jean Parr, a tall, willowy correspondent *from C.B.S., and then he walked over* to the bandstand, from which he sympathetically surveyed the chanting campaign workers, several hundred of whom had scrambled onto a makeshift television platform in the middle of the room for a better look at him.

"We are waiting—as political tradition dictates—for a concession before the Governor appears," the Senator announced apologetically, and he hurried off the bandstand to the sound of loud moans from the campaign volunteers.

At ten-thirty, the computers of all three networks had pronounced the Governor reëlected, and photographers with early deadlines began passing out confetti to nearby Republicans and instructing them to toss vigorously and smile victoriously.

"Elections are not very exciting anymore," a pretty young volunteer complained as she collapsed into a chair that had just been abandoned by one of the photographers. "They tell you who's won ten hours too soon."

The anthropologist perked up at once and announced, with a touch of professional impatience, that election rituals seemed to be totally out of whack with election computers. Throwing up his hands, he said, "Here the computer announces the death of the Democrat before any of the ritual participants have had a chance to slay him." He stood up, took the girl by an arm, and resolutely steered her over to the Puerto Rican journalists, who for the past hour had been smuggling attractive female Republicans over the ropes separating the press tables from the rest of the ballroom, and who by this time were happily engrossed in a party of their own. A man from *El Diario-La Prensa* instantly offered the young lady a chair, a drink, and an opportunity to shout "Viva Rocky!" *into a microphone.* The anthropologist smiled benignly and remarked that in his experience Latins had an unparalleled instinct for improvising gratifying rituals.

Meanwhile, a man whom we recognized as Lionel Hampton had materi*alized on the bandstand with his drums* and several attendant musicians. Hampton seized the microphone, flashed a wide, captivating grin at the weary Republicans, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, it ain't long now before you see your Governor." Then he sat down at his drums, closed his eyes, and, accompanied by himself, a trumpeter, a trombonist, a bass fiddler, and a guitarist, began to sing "Hava Nagila" at the top of his lungs. A few minutes later, when Frank O'Connor formally conceded the election, Hampton switched to a chorus of "Hello, Rocky." Everyone began to clap, and Governor and Mrs. Rockefeller were escorted into the ballroom and up onto the bandstand—the Governor beaming from ear to ear, and Happy Rockefeller brushing away happy tears. The Governor kissed his wife, thanked the cheering Republicans, posed for pictures with his running mates, and then disappeared in a crush of handshaking and hugging well-wishers. He was back on the ninth floor, where the yellow-button party was already under way, before most of the volunteers realized that he had left the room. They waited for a while, *looking, our friend remarked, politically* elated and at the same time ritually let down, and then the ballroom emptied slowly, until only one man remained, leaning against the bandstand with a stale drink in one hand and a blue balloon in the other. As we passed him on our way out, he called, "Where's the Big Rock? I got to see the Big Rock and shake his hand!" He finally wandered off in search of the Governor, and we took an escalator down to the hotel lobby, where a few Republicans stood huddled together, staring blearily at the morning's *News.* It was just off the press, and its banner headline read "Rocky Wins." We said good night to the anthropologist, who shook our hand, unpinned the blue button from his lapel, and then, grinning sheepishly, carefully pocketed it.

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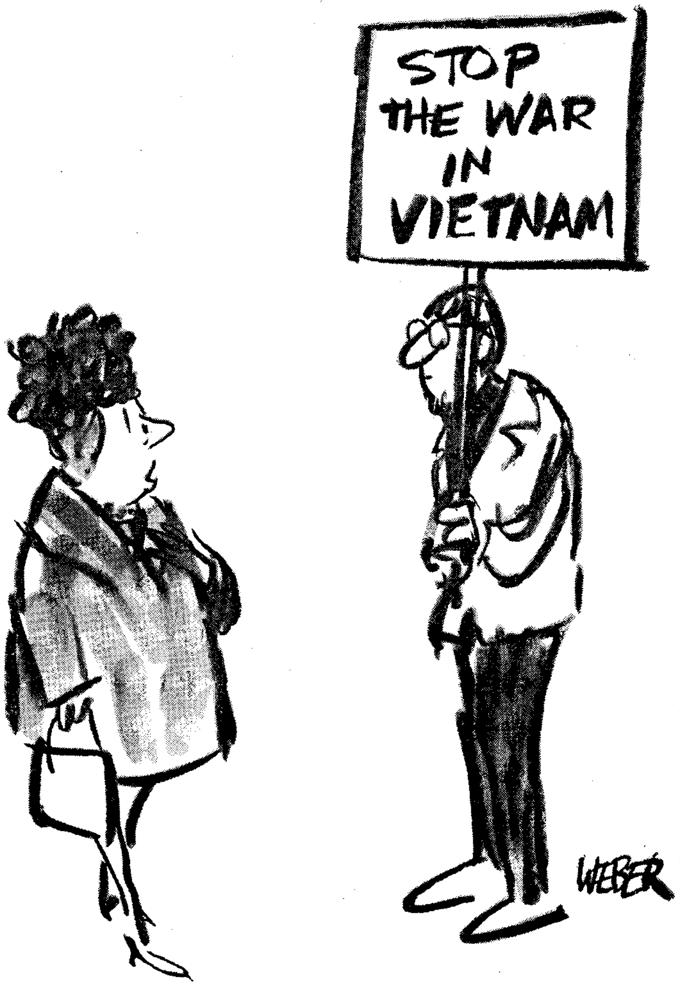
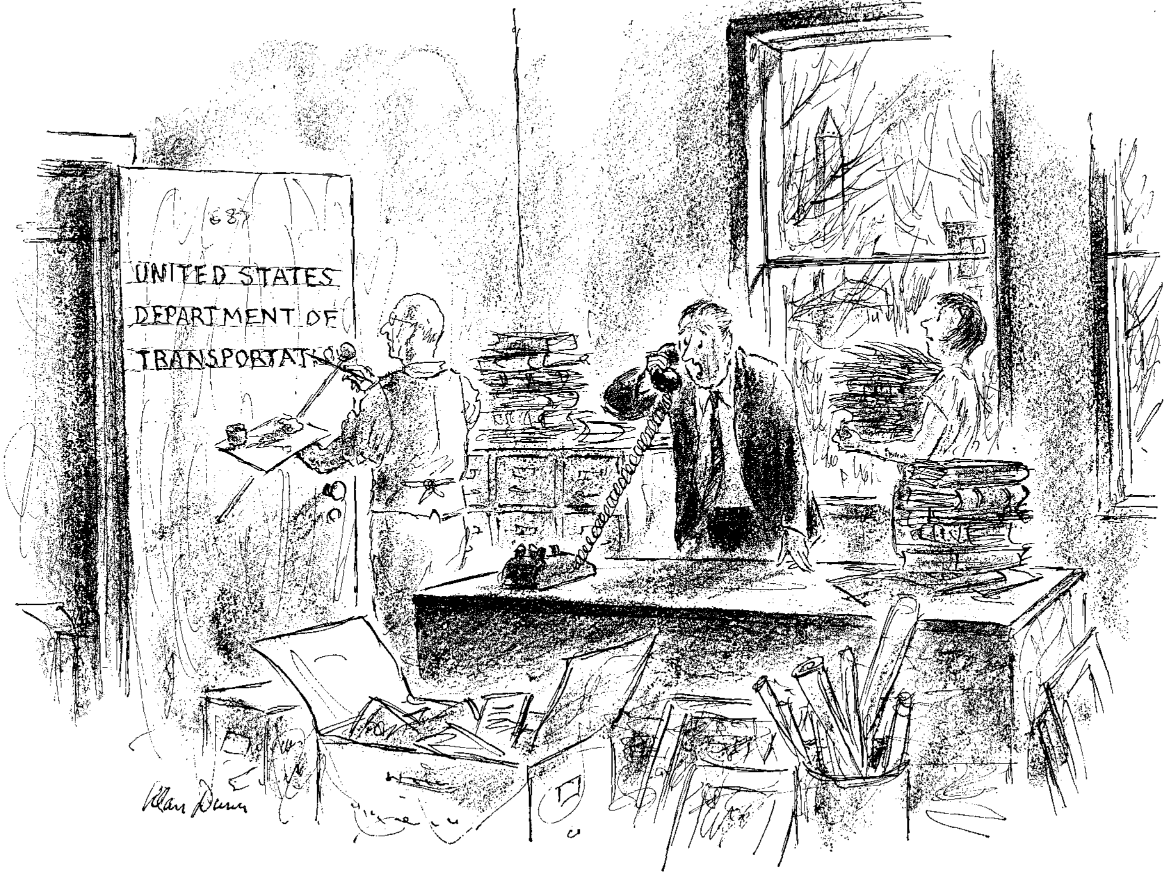
A TAN cocker spaniel was wandering up and down the driveway of Gracie Mansion, wagging its tail, a little later that night; there were eight cars parked on the shiny wet cobblestones, including a blue station wagon with license plates that read "1 NYC," and a light, misty drizzle was falling. "I think the Review Board was an exceptionally *good* idea in some ways," said a young cop who was standing by the black wrought-iron gates next to the white brick police booth. "But . . ." He shrugged. "I only regret that it ended up so dirty," he continued. "I only hope, when it's over, everybody will forget what people said about each other, and about us, and everybody . . ." A taxi came through the gates and pulled up at the front door of the Mansion, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Brownell got out and went inside.


STOP THE WAR IN VIETNAM
WEBER

"Don't look at me!"



"Please, sir, we're all a little new here. The question of getting you there and bringing you back hasn't come up yet."

"The Mayor is having a few friends in tonight," the cop said. "He's a very dynamic guy. Everybody that works around here has a good word to say about him."

Through the round and triangular glass panes on either side of the door to the new annex could be seen the bluish rectangle of a television screen. Several reporters were sitting inside—in a large pale-gray room with white Corinthian columns and white-shuttered windows—eating sandwiches and watching the set. "The vote seems to be going sixty-five per cent against the Civilian Review Board," Walter Cronkite was saying as we went in. "According to the Vote Profile Analysis . . ." Woody Klein, the Mayor's press secretary, who was standing nearby, said, "Those things—they get three per cent of the vote and tell you who's going to win." He smiled wanly. "Takes all the fun out of it." He turned away from the set. "The Mayor was just down at the headquarters of the Federated Associations for Impartial Review, with Mrs. Lindsay and Anne Lindsay. He stayed about forty minutes, thanking people. The atmosphere down there was kind of pleasant but subdued."

Governor and Mrs. George Wallace appeared on the screen as an Alabama crowd cheered Lurleen Wallace's victory, and then Wallace's voice filled the handsome, high-ceilinged room. Past the chandelier, a portrait of Washington gazed stolidly from the far wall. "Life and death . . ." drawled Wallace. "Communist aggression . . . She's gonna make a fine governor. . . . Attitudes and aspirations of the overwhelming majority of the people . . ."

A few moments later, Cronkite was saying, "The Civilian Review Board suffered a crushing defeat today," and then Norman Frank, community-relations counsel for the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, was shown addressing a jubilant crowd. "For your wonderful support," he began, "I only say God bless you. . . . It is a mandate . . . constructive approach . . . joining hands . . . coöperation . . . dedicate our efforts . . . The Police Department will perform with dedication and persistence. . . ."

Klein walked away, and we followed him downstairs and into a large room where three television cameras were set up and a dozen people were stringing wires, adjusting lights, and arranging microphones. "I hope this doesn't take all night," said a girl wearing the badge of one of the networks. "I've just spent five hours at FAIR."

"The Mayor will be here in a few minutes," Klein replied.

Lindsay presently appeared, smiling, wearing a dark-gray suit and a blue tie, and took his place in the glare of the lights in front of the microphones. Behind him, next to a wall of bookshelves, stood Mrs. Lindsay, her hands folded; she was wearing a pink dress with a gold pin. In one hand Lindsay held a sheet of lined yellow paper, at the top of which was scrawled "Rockefeller," underlined. "First of all, I'd like to extend my heartiest congratulations to Governor Rockefeller," Lindsay said. He turned to the subject of the Review Board. "I wish to thank all those who have worked so hard. . . . We have stood for an important principle, and I wish to thank those who had the courage to stand with us." Then he folded the yellow paper, put it away, and stood with his hands in his pockets, ready to answer questions.

"What do you think caused this defeat?" a reporter asked.

Lindsay's voice turned sombre, and he spoke slowly. "Emotion, and misunderstanding, and fear," he said. "But I don't want to go into that."

"Has your prestige suffered?" someone asked.

"I don't know," he replied. "I would regard that as irrelevant in any case. The important thing is to do what is right."

The questions were over. The television lights were snapped off, and faded out. We could still make out the titles of some of the volumes on the bookshelves, though—"Community Power and Political Theory," "Police Systems in the United States," "American Minorities," and "Who Governs?" Lindsay was shaking hands with reporters as we climbed the stairs. "It was worth fighting for," we heard him say.

THE MAN WITH THE DOG

I THINK of myself sometimes as I was in the early days, and I see myself moving around my husband's house the way I used to—freshly bathed, flowers in my hair, and going from room to room and looking in corners to see that everything is clean. I walk proudly; I know myself to be loved and respected as one who faithfully fulfills all her duties in life—toward God, parents, husband, children, servants, and the poor. When I pass the prayer room, I join my hands and bow my head, and sweet reverence flows through me from top to toe. I know my prayers to be pleasing and acceptable.

Perhaps it is because they remember me as I was in those days that my children get so angry with me every time they see me now. They are all grown up now and scattered in many parts of India. When they need me, or when my longing for them becomes too strong, I go and visit one or another of them. What happiness! They crowd round me, I kiss them and hug them and cry, I laugh with joy at everything my little grandchildren say and do, and we talk all night, because there is so much to tell. As the days pass, however, we touch on topics that are not so pleasant, or, even if we don't touch on them, they are there and we think of them, and our happiness becomes clouded. I feel guilty, and, worse, I begin to feel restless, and the more restless I am the more guilty I feel. I want to go home, though I dare not admit it to them. At the same time, I want to stay, I don't ever, ever want to leave them—my darling beloved children and grandchildren, for whom what happiness it would be to lay down my life! But I have to go, the restlessness is burning me up, and I begin to tell them lies. I say that some urgent matter has come up and I have to consult my lawyer. Of course, they know it is a lie, and they argue with me and quarrel and say things that children should not have to say to their mother, so that when at last I have my way and my bags are packed our grief is more than just that of parting. All the way home, tears stream down my cheeks and my feelings are in turmoil, as the train carries me farther and farther away from them, although it is carrying me toward that which I have been hungering and burning for all the time I was with them.

Yes, I—an old woman, a grandmother many times over—I hunger and burn! And for whom? For an old man. . . . And, having said that, I feel like throwing my hands before my face and laughing out loud, although of course it may happen, as it often does nowadays, that my laughter will change into sobs and then back again as I think of him, of that old man whom I love so much. And how he would hate it, to be called an old man! Again I laugh when I think of his face if he could hear me call him that. The furthest he has got is to think of himself as middle-aged. Only the other day, I heard him say to one of his lady friends, "Yes, now that we're all middle-aged, we have to take things a bit more slowly." And he stroked his hand over his hair, which he combs very carefully so that the bald patches don't show, and looked sad because he was middle-aged.

I think of the first time I ever saw him. I remember everything exactly. I had been to Spitzer's to buy some little Swiss cakes, and Ram Lal, who was already my chauffeur in those days, had started the car and was just taking it out of its parking space when he drove straight into the rear bumper of a car that was backing into the adjacent space. This car was not very grand, but the sahib who got out of it was. He wore a beautifully tailored suit with creases in the trousers, and a silk tie, and a hat on his head. Under his arm he carried a very hairy little dog, which was barking furiously. The sahib, too, was barking furiously; his face had gone red all over, and he shouted abuses at Ram Lal in English. He didn't see me for a while, but when he did he suddenly stopped shouting, almost in the middle of a word. He looked at me as I sat in the back of the Packard in my turquoise sari and a cape made out of an embroidered Kashmiri shawl; even the dog stopped barking. I knew that look well. It was one that men had given me from the time I was fifteen right until—yes, even till I was over forty. It was a look that always filled me with annoyance but also (now that I am so old I can admit it) pride and pleasure. Then, a few seconds later, still looking at me in the same way, but by this time with a little smile as well, he raised his hat to me. His hair was blond and thin. I inclined my head, settled my cape around my shoulders, and told Ram Lal to drive on.

In those days, I was very pleasure-loving. The children were all quite big; three of them were already in college and the two younger ones at their boarding schools. When they were small and my dear husband was still with us, we lived mostly in the hills or on our estate near X (which now belongs to my eldest son, Shammi); these were quiet, dull places where my dear husband could do all his reading, invite his friends, and listen to music. Our town house was let out in those years, and when we came to see his lawyer or consult some special doctor we had to stay in a hotel. But after I was left alone and the children were bigger, I kept the town house for myself, because I liked living in town best. I spent a lot of time shopping and bought many costly saris that I did not need; at least twice a week, I visited a cinema, and I even learned to play cards! I was invited to many tea parties, dinners, and other functions.

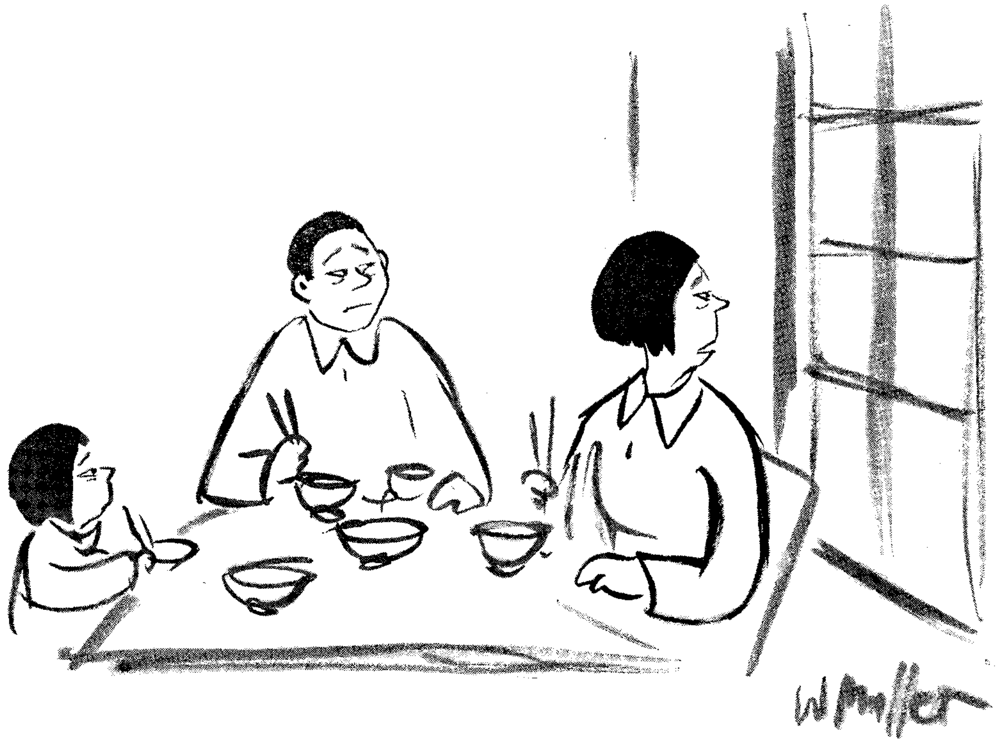
It was at one of these that I met him again. We recognized each other at once, and he looked at me in the same way as before, and soon we were making conversation. Now that we are what we are to each other and have been so for all these years, it is difficult for me to look back and see him as I did at the beginning—as a stranger, with a stranger's face and a stranger's name. What interested me in him the most at the beginning was, I think, that he was a foreigner; at that time, I hadn't met many foreigners, and I was fascinated by so many things about him that seemed strange and wonderful to me. I liked the elegant way he dressed, and the lively way in which he spoke, and his thin fair hair, and the way his face would go red. I was also fascinated by the way he talked to me and to the other ladies—so different from our Indian men, who are always a little shy with us and clumsy, and even if they like to talk with us they don't want anyone to see that they like it. But he didn't care who saw; he would sit on a little stool by the side of the lady with whom he was talking and he would look up at her and smile and make conversation in a very lively manner, and sometimes, in talking, he would lay his hand on her arm. He was also extra polite with us. He drew back the chair for us when we wanted to sit down or get up, and he would open the door for us, and he lit the cigarettes of those ladies who smoked, and offered all sorts of other little services that our Indian men would be ashamed of and think beneath their dignity. But, the way he did it, it was full of dignity. And one other thing—when he greeted a lady and wanted her to know that he thought highly of her, he would kiss her hand, and this, too, was beautiful, although the

first time he did it to me I felt a shock like electricity going down my spine and I wanted to snatch away my hand from him and wipe it clean on my sari. But afterward I got used to it and I liked it.

His name is Boekelman—he is a Dutchman—and when I first met him he had already been in India for many years. He had come out to do business here, in ivory, and was caught by the war and couldn't get back, and when the war was over he no longer wanted to go back. He did not earn a big fortune, but it was enough for him. He lived in a hotel suite, which he had furnished with his own carpets and pictures. He ate well, he drank well, he had his circle of friends, and a little hairy dog called Susi. At home, in Holland, all he had left were two aunts and a wife, from whom he was divorced and whom he did not even like to think about. (Her name was Annemarie, but he always spoke of her as "Once bitten, twice shy.") So India was home for him, although he had not learned any Hindustani except "*achchha*," which means "all right," and "*pani*," which means "water," and he did not know any Indians. All his friends were foreigners; his lady friends also.

MANY things have changed from what they were when I first knew him. He no longer opens the door for me to go in or out, nor does he kiss my hand; he still does it for other ladies, but no longer for me. That's all right—I don't want it, it is not needed. We live in the same house now, for he has given up his hotel room and has moved into a suite of rooms in my house. He pays rent for this, which I don't want but can't refuse, because he insists. And, anyway, perhaps it doesn't matter, because it isn't very much money (he has calculated the rent not on the basis of what would have to be paid today but on what it was worth when the house was first built, almost forty years ago). In return, he wishes that the rooms be kept quite separate and that everyone should knock before going in. He also sometimes gives parties in there for his European friends, to which he may or may not invite me. If he invites me, he will do it like this: "One or two people are dropping in this evening. I wonder if you would care to join us?" Of course, I have known long before this about the party, because he has told the cook to get something ready, and the cook has come to me to ask what should be made, and I have given full instructions; if something very special is needed, I make it myself. After he has invited me and I have accepted, he asks me, "What will you wear?" and looks at me very critically. He always says women must be elegant, and that was why he first liked me, because in those days I was very careful about my appearance; I bought many new saris, and had blouses made to match them, and I went to a beauty parlor and had facial massage and other things. But now all that has vanished. I no longer care what I look like.

It is strange how often in one lifetime one changes and changes again, even an ordinary person like myself. When I look back, I see myself first as the young girl in my father's house, impatient, waiting for things to happen; then as the calm wife and mother, fulfilling all



"Oh, look! They're installing a bigger loudspeaker on the lamppost outside our window, so that we may be even more enlightened by the wisdom of Chairman Mao."

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my many duties; and then again, when the children are bigger and my dear husband, many years older than myself, has moved far away from me and I am more his daughter than his wife—then again I am different. In those years, we lived mostly in the hills, and I would go for long walks by myself, for hours and hours, sometimes with great happiness to be there among those great green mountains in sun and mist. But sometimes also I was full of misery and longed for something as great and beautiful as those mountains to fill my own life, which seemed, in those years, very empty. But when my dear husband left us forever, I came down from the mountains and then began that fashionable town life of which I have already spoken. But that, too, has finished. Now I get up in the mornings, I drink my tea, I walk round the garden with a peaceful heart; I pick a handful of blossoms, and these I lay at the feet of Vishnu in my prayer room. Without taking my bath or changing out of the old cotton sari in which I have spent the night, I sit for many hours on the veranda, doing nothing—only looking out at the trees and flowers and the birds. My thoughts come and go.

At about twelve o'clock, Boekelman is ready and comes out of his room. He always likes to sleep late, and after that it always takes him at least one or two hours to get ready. His face is pink and shaved, his clothes are freshly pressed, and he smells of shaving lotion and eau de cologne and all the other things he applies out of the rows of bottles on his bathroom shelf. In one hand he has his rolled English umbrella, with the other he holds Susi on a red leather lead. He is ready to go out. He looks at me, and I can see he is annoyed at the way I am sitting there, rumpled and unbathed. If he is not in a hurry to go, he may stop and talk with me for a while, usually to complain about something; he is never in a very good mood at this time of day. Sometimes he will say the washerman did not press his shirts well, another time that his coffee that morning was stone cold, or that he could not sleep all night because of noise coming from the servant quarters, or that a telephone message was not delivered to him promptly enough, or that it looked as if someone had tampered with his mail. I answer him shortly or sometimes not at all, but only go on looking out into the garden, and this always makes him angry. His face becomes very red and his voice begins to shake a little, though he tries to control it. "Surely it is not too much to ask," he says, "to have such messages delivered to me clearly and at the right time?" As he speaks, he stabs tiny holes into the ground with his umbrella to emphasize what he is saying. I watch him doing this and then I say, "Don't ruin my garden." He stares at me in surprise for a moment, after which he deliberately makes another hole with his umbrella and goes on talking. "It so happened it was an extremely urgent message—" I don't let him get far. I'm out of my chair and I shout at him, "You are ruining my garden!," and then I go on shouting about other things and I advance toward him, and he begins to retreat. "This is ridiculous," he says, and some other things as well, but he can't be heard because I am shouting so loud and the dog, too, has begun to bark. He walks faster now in order to get out of the gate more quickly, pulling the dog along with him. I follow them. I'm very excited by this time and no longer know what I'm saying. The gardener, who is cutting the hedge, pretends not to hear or see anything but concentrates on his work. At last, Boekelman is out in the street with the dog, and they walk down it very fast, with the dog turning round to bark and he pulling it along, while I stand at the gate and pursue them with my angry shouts until they have disappeared from sight.

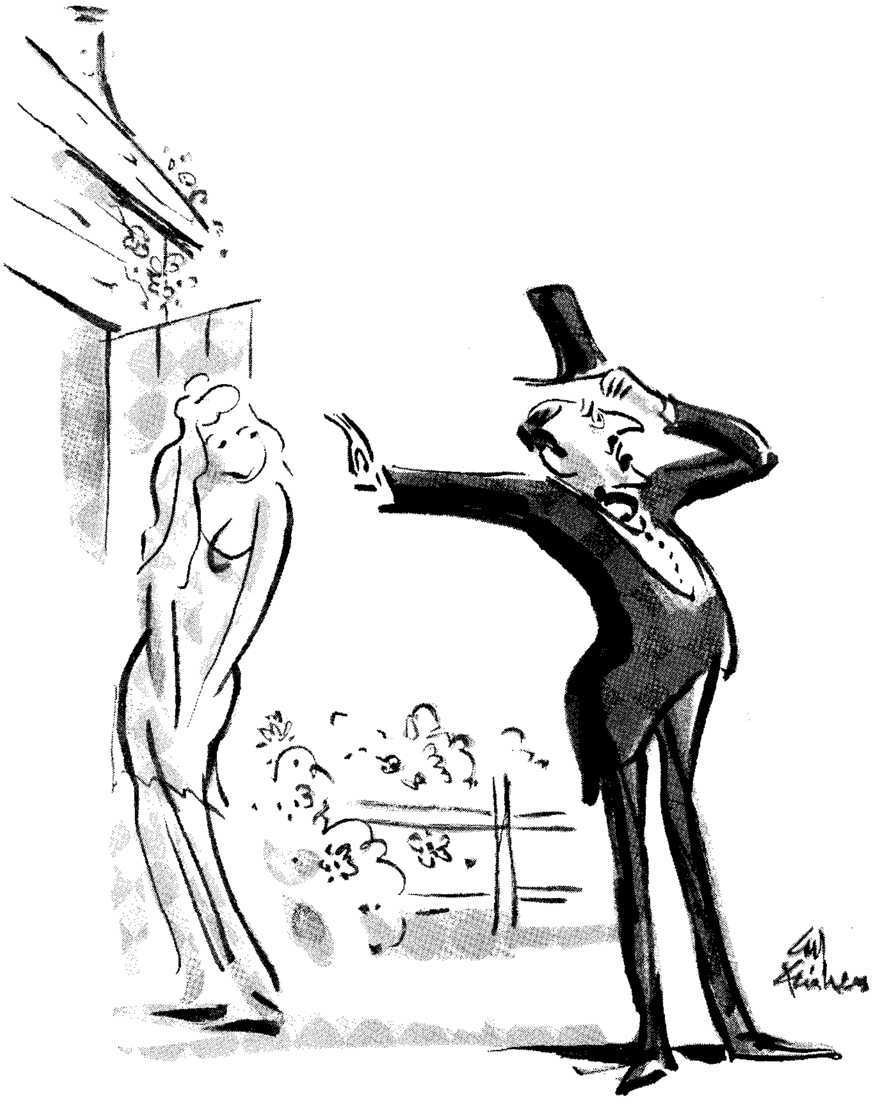
That is the end of my peace and contemplation. Now I am very upset. I walk up and down the garden and through the house, talking to myself and sometimes striking my two fists together. I think bad thoughts about him and talk to him in my thoughts, and, also in my thoughts, he is answering me, and these answers make me even more angry. If some servant comes and speaks to me at this time, I get angry with him, too, and shout so loud that he runs away, and the whole house is very quiet and everyone keeps out of my way. But slowly my feelings begin to change. My anger burns itself out, and I am left with the ashes of remorse. I remember all my promises to myself, all my resolutions never to give way to my bad temper again. I remember my beautiful morning hours, when I felt so full of peace, so close to the birds and trees and sunlight and other innocent things. And with that memory tears spring into my eyes, and I lie down sorrowfully on my bed. Lakshmi, my old woman servant who has been with me nearly forty years, comes in with a cup of tea for me. I sit up and drink it, the tears still on my face and more tears rolling down into my cup. Lakshmi begins to smooth my hair, which has come undone in the excitement, and while she is doing this I talk to her in broken words about my folly and bad character. She clicks her tongue, contradicts me, praises me, and that makes me suddenly angry again, so that I snatch the comb out of her hand and throw it against the wall and drive her out of the room.

So the day passes, now in sorrow, now in anger, and all the time I am waiting only for him to come home again. As the hour draws near, I begin to get ready. I have my bath, comb my hair, wear a new sari. I even apply a little scent. I begin to be very busy around the house, because I don't want it to be seen how much I am waiting for him. When I hear his footsteps, I am busier than ever and pretend not to hear them. He stands inside the door and raps his umbrella against it and calls out in a loud voice, "Is it safe to come in? Has the fury abated?" I try not to smile, but in spite of myself my mouth corners twitch.

AFTER we have had a quarrel and have forgiven each other, we are always very gay together. These are our best times. We walk round the garden, my arm in his, he smoking a cigar and I chewing a betel leaf. He tells me some funny stories, and makes me laugh so much that sometimes I have to stand still and hold my sides and gasp for air while begging him to stop. Nobody ever sees us like this, in this mood; if they did, they would not wonder, as they all do, why we are living together. Yes, everyone asks this question, I know it very well, not only my people but his, too—all his foreign friends who think he is miserable with me and that we do nothing but quarrel and that I am too stupid to be good company for him. Let them see us like this only once, then they would know; or afterward, when he allows me to come into his rooms and stay there with him the whole night.

It is quite different in his rooms from the rest of the house. The rest of the house doesn't have very much furniture in it, only some of our old things—some carved Kashmiri screens and little carved tables with mother-of-pearl tops. There are chairs and a few sofas, but I always feel most comfortable on the large mattress on the floor, which is covered with an embroidered cloth and many bolsters and cushions; here I recline for hours, very comfortably, playing patience or cutting betel nuts with my little silver shears. But in his rooms there is a lot of furniture, and a radio-gramophone and a cabinet for his records and another for his bottles of liquor. There are carpets and many pictures—some paintings of European countryside and one old oil painting of a pink-and-white lady with a fan and in old-fashioned dress. There is also a framed pencil sketch of Boekelman himself, which was made by a friend of his—a chemist from Vienna who was said to have been a very good artist but who died from heatstroke one very bad Delhi summer. Hanging on the walls or standing on the mantelpiece or on little tables all over the rooms are a number of photographs, and these I like to look at even better than the paintings, because they are all of him as a boy or as oh such a handsome young man, and of his parents and the hotel they owned and all lived in, in a place called Zandvoort. There are other photographs in a big album, which he sometimes allows me to look at. In this album there are also a few pictures of his wife ("Once bitten, twice shy"), which I'm very interested in, but he never lets me look at the album for long, because he is afraid I might spoil it, and he takes it away from me and puts it back in the drawer where it belongs. He is neat and careful with all his things, and gets very angry when they are disarranged by the servants during dusting; yet he also insists on very thorough dusting, and woe to the whole household if he finds some corner has been forgotten! So, although there are so many things in his rooms, it is always tidy there, and it would be a pleasure to go in there if it were not for Susi.

He has always had a dog, and it has always been the same very small, very hairy kind, and it has always been called Susi. This is the second Susi I have known. The first died of very old age. This Susi, too, is getting quite old now. Unfortunately, dogs have a nasty smell when they get old, and since Susi lives in Boekelman's rooms all the time, the rooms also have this smell, although they are so thoroughly cleaned every day. When you enter, the first thing you notice is this smell, and it always fills me with a moment's disgust, because I don't like dogs and certainly would never allow one inside a room. But for B., dogs are like children. How he fondles this smelly Susi with her long hair! He bathes her with his own



"I'm sorry, Miss Penelope, but in times of tight money, like these, I must insist on the mortgage payment."

hands and brushes her, and at night she sleeps in his bed. It is horrible. So when he lets me stay in his room in the night, Susi is always there with us, and she is the only thing that prevents me from being perfectly happy then. I think Susi also doesn't like it that I'm there. She looks at me from the end of the bed with her running eyes, and I can see that she doesn't like it. I feel like kicking her off the bed and out of the room and out of the house, but because that isn't possible I try to pretend she is not there. In any case, I don't have any time for her, because I am so busy looking at B. He is usually asleep before me, and then I sit up in bed beside him and look and look my eyes out at him. I can't describe how I feel. I have been a married woman, but I have never known such joy as I have in being there alone with him in bed and looking at him—at this old man who has taken his front teeth out, so that his upper lip sags over his gums. His skin is gray and loose; he makes ugly sounds from his mouth and nose as he sleeps. It is rapture for me to be there with him.

NO one else ever sees him like this. All those friends he has, all his European lady friends—they only see him dressed up and with his front teeth in. And although they have known him all these years, longer than I have, they don't really know anything about him. Only the outer part is theirs, the shell, but what is within, the essence—that is known only to me. But they wouldn't understand that, for what do they know of outer part and inner, of the shell and of the essence? It is all one to them. For them it is only a good time and food and drink that matter in this life, even though they are old women like me and should not have their thoughts on these things.

I have tried hard to like these friends of his, but it is not possible for me. They are very different from anyone else I know. They have all of them been in India for many, many years—at least twenty-five or thirty—but I know they would much rather be somewhere else. They only stay here because they feel too old to go anywhere else and start a new life. They came here for different reasons—some because they were married to Indians, some to do business, and others as refugees or because they couldn't get a visa for anywhere else. None of them has ever tried to learn any Hindustani, or to get to know anything about our India. They have some Indian "friends," but these are all very rich and important people like maharanis and cabinet ministers. They don't trouble with ordinary people at all. But really they are friends only with one another, and they always like each other's company best. That doesn't mean they don't quarrel together; they do it all the time, and sometimes some of them are not on speaking terms for months or even years. Whenever two of them are together, they are sure to be saying something bad about a third. Perhaps they are really more like family than friends, the way they both love and hate each other and are closely tied together whether they like it or not. None of them has any other family, so they are really dependent on each other. That's why they are always celebrating one another's birthday, the way a family does, and why they are always together on their big days, like Christmas or New Year. If one of them is sick, the others are there at once with grapes and flowers, and sit all day and half the night round the sickbed, even if they have not been on speaking terms.

I know that Boekelman has been very close with some of the women, and there are a few of them who are still fond of him and would like to start all over again with him. But he has had enough of them—at least in that way, although of course he is still on very friendly terms with them and meets them almost every day. When he and I are alone together, he speaks of them very disrespectfully and makes fun of them and tells me things about them that no woman would like any-

THE PERSISTENCE OF SONG

Although it is not yet evening,
The secretaries have changed their frocks
As if it were time for dancing,
And locked up in the scholars' books
There is a kind of rejoicing,
There is a kind of singing
That even the dark stone canyon makes
As though all fountains were going
At once, and the color flowed from bricks
In one wild, lit upsurging.

What is the weather doing?
And who arrived on a scallop shell
With the smell of the sea this morning?
—Creating a small upheaval
High above the scaffolding
By saying, "All will be well.
There is a kind of rejoicing."

Is there a kind of rejoicing
In saying, "All will be well"?
High above the scaffolding,
Creating a small upheaval,
The smell of the sea this morning
Arrived on a scallop shell.
What was the weather doing

In one wild, lit upsurging?
At once, the color flowed from bricks
As though all fountains were going,
And even the dark stone canyon makes
Here a kind of singing,
And there a kind of rejoicing,
And locked up in the scholars' books
There is a time for dancing
When the secretaries have changed their frocks,
And though it is not yet evening,

There is the persistence of song.

—HOWARD MOSS

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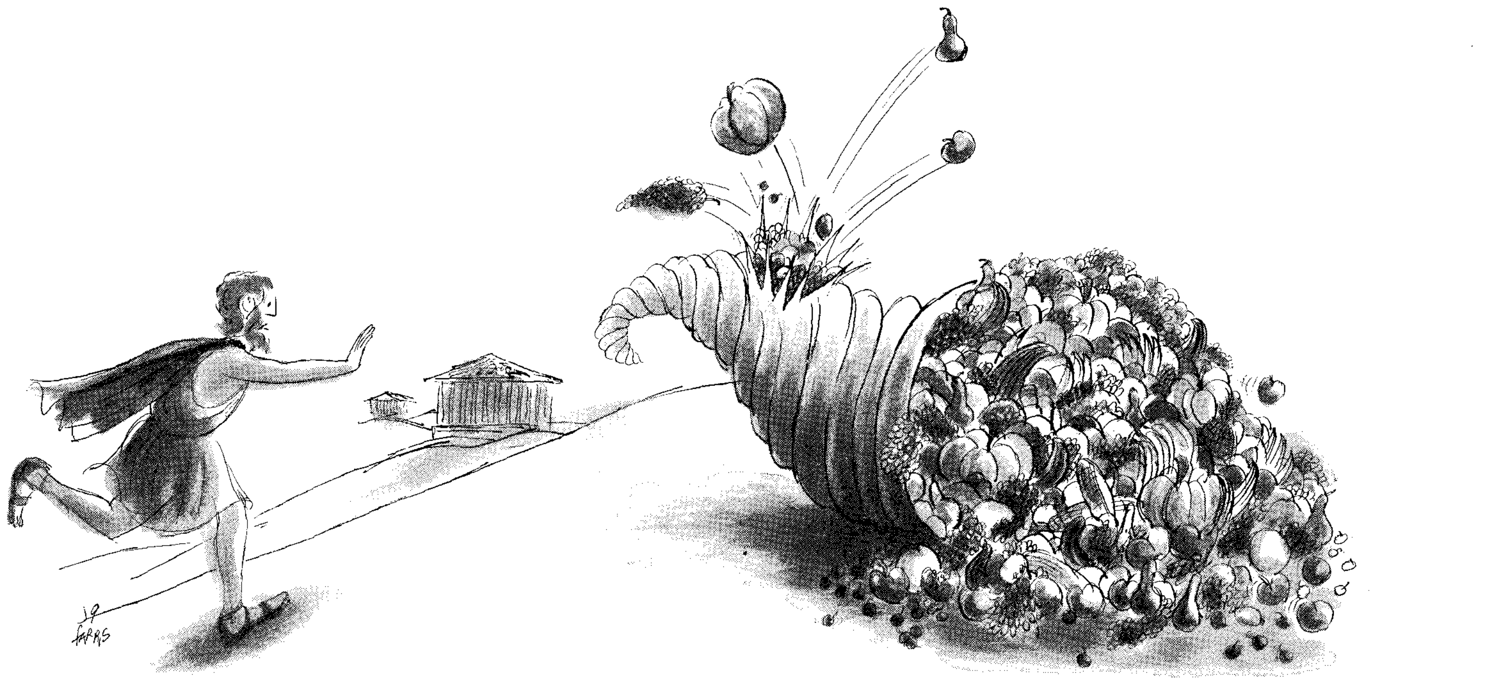


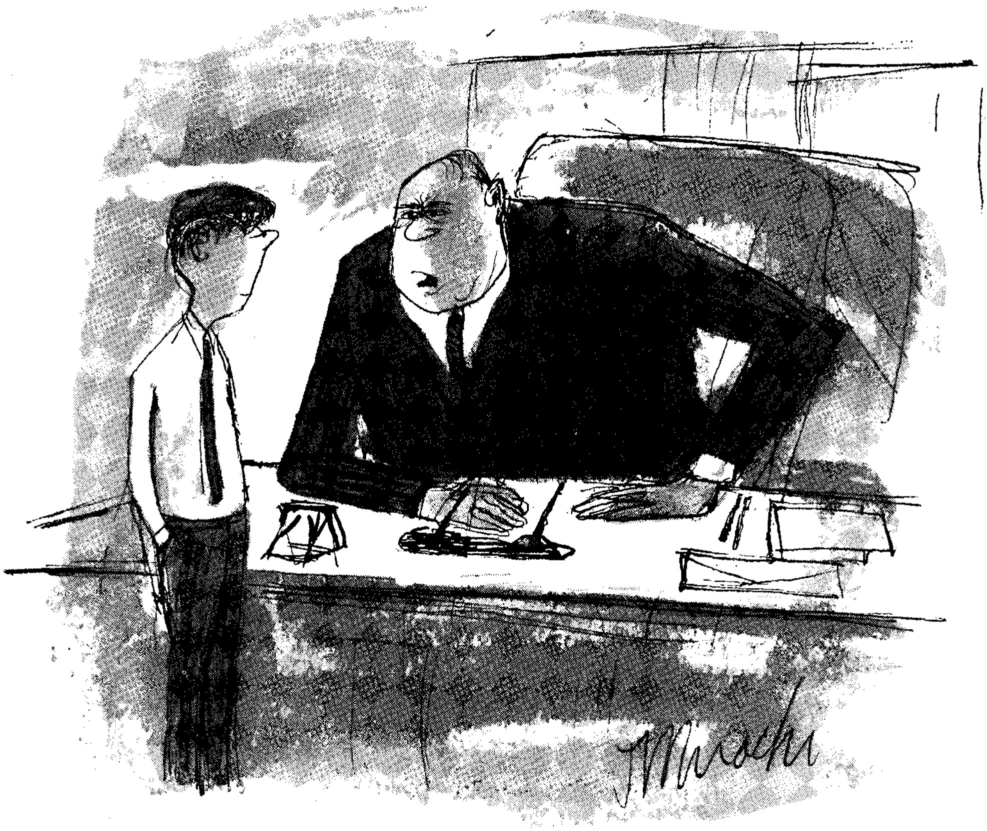
"Cool it!"

one to know. He makes me laugh, and I feel proud, triumphant, that he should be saying all this to me. But he never likes me to say anything about them. He gets very angry if I do and starts shouting that I have no right to talk, I don't know them, and don't know all they have suffered. So I keep quiet, although often I feel very annoyed with them and would like to speak my mind.

The time I feel most annoyed is when there is a party in Boekelman's rooms and I'm invited there with them. They all have a good time. They eat and drink, tell jokes, and sometimes they quarrel; they laugh a lot and kiss each other more than is necessary. No one takes much notice of me, but I don't mind that; I'm used to it with them. Anyway, I'm busy most of the time running in and out of the kitchen to see to the preparations. I am glad I have something to do, because otherwise I would be very bored just sitting there. What they say doesn't interest me, and their jokes don't make me laugh. Often, I don't understand what they are talking about, even when they are speaking in English—which is not always, for sometimes they speak in other languages, such as French or German. But I always know, whatever the language they are speaking, when they start saying things about India. Sooner or later, they always come to this subject, and then their faces change and they look mean and bitter, like people who feel they have been cheated by some shopkeeper and it is too late to return the goods. Now it becomes very difficult for me to keep calm. How I hate to hear them talking in this way, saying that India is dirty and everyone is dishonest! But because they are my guests, because they are in my house, I have to keep hold of myself and sit there with my arms folded. I must keep my eyes lowered, so that no one can see how they are blazing with fire. Once they have started on this subject, it always takes them a long time to stop, and the more they talk the more bitter they become. The expression on their faces becomes more and more unpleasant. I suffer, and yet I begin to see that they, too, are suffering. All the terrible things they are saying are not only against India but against themselves, too—because they are here and have nowhere else to go—and against the fate that has brought them here and left them here, so far from where they belong and everything they hold dear.

Boekelman often talks about India in this way, but I have got used to it with him. I know very well that whenever something is not quite right—for instance, when a button is missing from his shirt, or it is a very hot day in summer—at once he will start saying how bad everything is in India. Well, with him I just laugh and take no notice. But once my eldest son, Shammi, overheard him and was so angry with him—as angry as I get with B.'s friends when I hear them talking in this way. It happened some years ago. It is painful for me to recall this occasion. . . .

Shammi was staying with me for a few days. He was alone that time, though often he used to come with his whole family—his wife, Monica, and my three darling grandchildren. Shammi is in the Army—he was still a major then, though now he is a lieutenant colonel—which is a career he has wanted since he was a small boy and which he loves passionately. At the cadet school, he was chosen as the best cadet of the year, for there was no one whose buttons shone so bright or who saluted so smartly as my Shammi. He is a very serious boy. He loves talking to me about his regiment and about tank warfare and 11.1-bore rifles and other such things, and I love listening to him. I don't really understand what he is saying, but I love his eager voice and the way he looks when he talks—just as he looked when he was a small boy and told me about his cricket. Anyway, this is what we were doing that morning, Shammi and I—sitting on the veranda, he talking and I looking sometimes at him and sometimes out into the garden, where everything was green and cool and birds bathed themselves in a pool of water that had oozed out of the hose pipe and sunk into the lawn. This peace was broken by Boekelman. It started off with his shouting at a servant, very loudly and rudely, as he always does. Nobody minds this. I don't mind it, the servant doesn't mind it; we are so used to it and we know it never lasts very long. In any case, the servant doesn't understand what is said, for it is in English, or even in some other language that none of us understands, and afterward, if he has shouted very loudly, Boekel-



"Young man, you were hired to empty wastebaskets, sharpen pencils, and distribute mail. You were not hired to do funny impressions of me."

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man always gives the servant a little tip or one of his old shirts or a pair of old shoes. But Shammi was very surprised, for he had never heard him shout and abuse someone in this way (B. was always very careful how he behaved when any of the children were there). Shammi tried to continue talking to me about his regiment, but B. was shouting so loud that it was difficult to pretend not to hear him.

But it might still have been all right and nothing would have been said if Boekelman had not suddenly come rushing out onto the veranda. He held his shaving brush in one hand, and half his face was covered in shaving lather and on the other half there was a spot of blood where he had cut himself. He was in his undervest and trousers, and the trousers had braces dangling behind like two tails. He had completely lost control of himself, I could see at once, and he didn't care what he said, or before whom. He was so excited that he could hardly talk and he shook his shaving brush in the direction of the servant, who followed him and stood helplessly watching him from the doorway. "These people!" he screamed. "Monkeys! Animals!" I didn't know what had happened but could guess that it was something quite trivial, such as the servant's removing a razor blade before it was worn out. "Hundreds, thousands of times I tell them!" B. screamed, shaking his brush. "The whole country is like that! Idiots! Fools! Not fit to govern themselves!"

Shammi jumped up. His fists were clenched, his eyes blazed. Quickly I put my hand on his arm. I could feel him holding himself back, his whole body shaking with the effort. Boekelman did not notice anything but went on shouting, "Damn rotten backward country!" I kept my hand on Shammi's arm, though I could see he had himself under control now and was standing very straight and at attention, as if on parade, with his eyes fixed above Boekelman's head. "Go in now," I told B., trying to sound as if nothing very bad was happening. "At least finish your shaving." Boekelman opened his mouth to shout some more abuses, this time probably at me, but then he caught sight of Shammi's face and he remained with his mouth open. "Go in," I said to him again, but it was Shammi who went in and left us, turning suddenly on his heel and marching away with his strong footsteps. The screen door banged hard behind him on its spring hinges. Boekelman stood and looked after him, his mouth still open and the soap caking on his cheek. I went up close to him and shook my fist under his nose. "*Fool!*" I said to him, in Hindustani and with such violence that he took a step backward in fear. I didn't glance at him again, but turned away and swiftly followed Shammi into the house.

Shammi was packing his bag. He wouldn't talk to me and kept his head averted from me while he took neat piles of clothes out of the drawer and packed them neatly into his bag. He has always been a very orderly boy. I sat on his bed and watched him. If he had said something, if he had been angry, it would have been easier, but he was quite silent, and I knew that under his shirt his heart was beating fast. When he was small and something had happened to him, he would never cry, but when I held him close to me and put my hand under his shirt I used to feel his heart beating wildly inside his child's body, like a bird in a frail cage. And now, too, I longed to do this, to lay my hand on his chest and soothe his suffering. Only now he was grown up, a big major with a wife and children, who had no need of his foolish mother anymore. And worse, much worse—now it was not something from outside that was the cause of his suffering but I, I myself! When I thought of that, I could not restrain myself. A sob broke from me, and I cried out, "Son!," and the next moment, before I knew what I was doing, I was down on the ground holding his feet and bathing them with my tears to beg his forgiveness.

He tried to raise me, but I am a strong, heavy woman and I clung obstinately to his feet, so he, too, got down on the floor and in his effort to raise me took me in his arms. Then I broke into a storm of tears and hid my face against his chest, overcome with shame and remorse and yet also with happiness that he was so near me and holding me so tenderly. We stayed like this for some time. At last, I raised my head, and I saw tears on his lashes, like silver drops of dew. And these tender drops on his long lashes like a girl's, which always seem so strange in his soldier's face—these drops were such a burning reproach to me that at this moment I decided I must do what he wanted desperately, he and all my other children, and what I knew he had been silently asking of me since the day he came. I took the end of my sari and with it wiped the tears from his eyes, and as I did this I said, "It's all right, Son. I will tell him to go." And to reassure him, because he was silent and perhaps didn't believe me, I said, "Don't worry at all, I will tell him myself," in a firm, promising voice.

SHAMMI went home the next day. We did not mention the subject anymore, but when he left he knew that I would not break my promise. And, indeed, that very day I went to Boekelman's room and told him that he must leave. It was a very quiet scene. I spoke calmly, looking not at B. but over his head, and he answered calmly, saying very well, he would go. He asked only that I should give him time to find alternative accommodation, and of course I agreed readily to this, and we even had a quiet little discussion about what type of place he should look for. We spoke like two acquaintances, and everything seemed very nice till I noticed that although his voice was quite firm and he was talking so reasonably, his hands were slightly trembling. Then my feelings changed, and I had to leave the room quickly in order not to give way to them.

From now on, he got up earlier than usual in the mornings and went out to look for a place to rent. He would raise his hat to me as he passed me sitting on the veranda, and sometimes we would have a little talk together, mainly about the weather, before he passed on, raising his hat again and with Susi on a lead walking behind him, her tail in the air. The first few days, he seemed very cheerful, but after about a week I could see he was tired of going out so early and never finding anything, and Susi, too, seemed tired and her tail was no longer so high. I hardened my heart against them. I could guess what was happening—how he went from place to place and found everywhere that rents were very high and the accommodations very small compared with the large rooms he had had in my house all these years for almost nothing. Let him learn, I thought, and said nothing except "Good morning" and "The weather is changing fast. Soon it will be winter" as I watched him going with slower and slower footsteps day after day out of the gate.

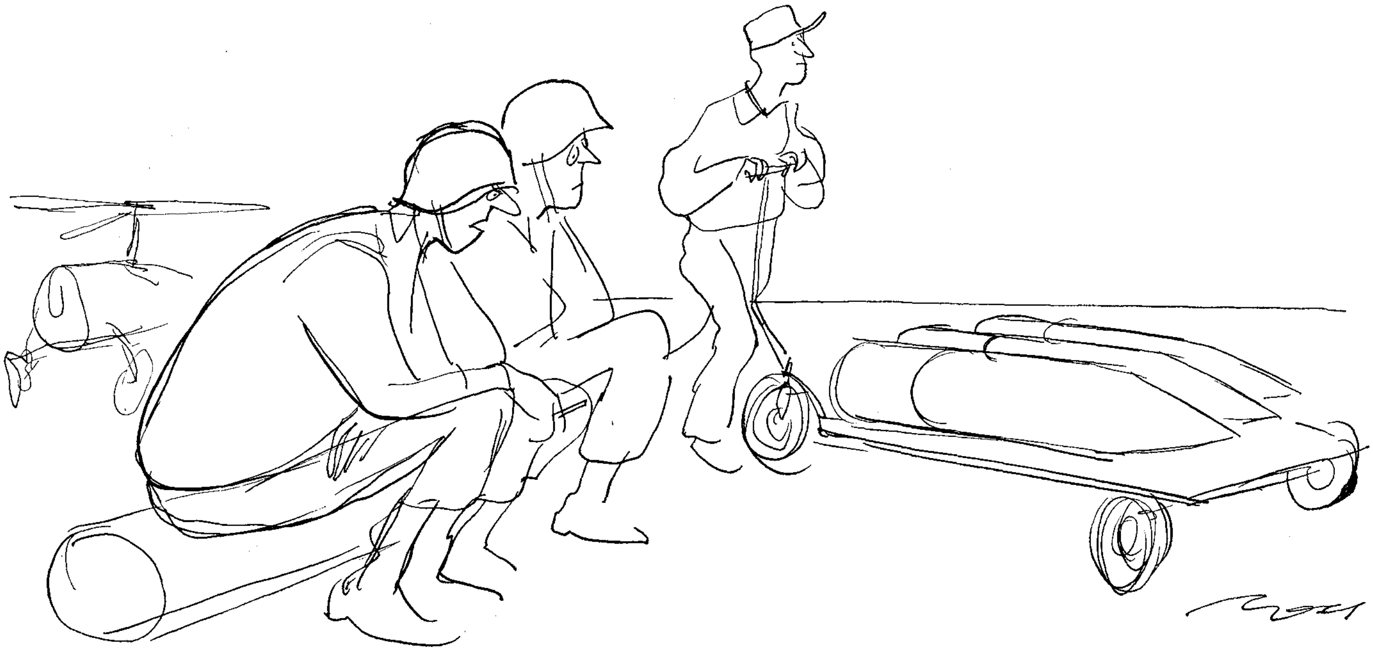
At last, one day, he confessed to me that in spite of all his efforts he had not yet succeeded in finding anything suitable. He had some hard things to say about rapacious landlords. I listened patiently but did not offer to extend his stay. My silence prompted him to stand on his pride and say that I need not worry, that very shortly he would definitely be vacating the rooms. And, indeed, only two days later he informed me that although he had not yet found any suitable place, he did not want to inconvenience me any further and had therefore made an alternative arrangement, which would enable him to leave in a day or two. Of course, I should have answered only "Very well" and inclined my head in a stately manner, but like a fool I asked, "What alternative arrangement?" This gave him the opportunity to be stately with me; he looked at me in silence for a moment and then gave a little bow and, raising his hat, proceeded toward the gate with Susi. I bit my lip in anger. I would have liked to run after him and shout, as in the old days, but instead I had to sit there by myself and brood. All day I brooded about what alternative arrangement he could have made. Perhaps he was going to a hotel, but I didn't think so, because hotels nowadays are very costly, and although he is not poor, the older he gets the less he likes to spend.

In the evening, his friend Lina came to see him. There was a lot of noise from his rooms and also some thumping, as of suitcases being taken down; Lina shouted and laughed at the top of her voice, as she always does. I crept halfway down the stairs and tried to hear what they were saying. I was very agitated. As soon as she had gone, I walked into his room—without knocking, which was against his strict orders—and said at once, standing facing him with my hands at my waist, "You are not moving in with *Lina*?" Some of his pictures had already been removed from the walls and his rugs rolled up; his suitcases stood open and ready.

Although I was very heated, he remained calm. "Why not Lina?" he asked, and looked at me in a mocking way.

I made a sound of contempt. Words failed me. To think of him living with Lina, in her two furnished rooms that were already overcrowded with her own things and always untidy! And Lina herself, also always untidy—her hair blond when she remembered to dye it, her swollen ankles, and her loud voice and laugh! She had first come to India in the nineteen-thirties to marry an Indian, a boy from a very good family, but he left her quite soon. Of course—how could a boy like that put up with her ways? She is very free with men—even now, though she is old and ugly—and I know she has liked B. for a long time. I was quite determined on one thing—never would I allow him to move to her place, even if it meant keeping him here in the house with me for some time longer.

But when I said what was the hurry, and told him he could wait till



"Did you ever realize that one of those little things will destroy everything within a half mile, regardless of race, creed, or color?"

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he found a good place of his own, he said thank you, he had made his arrangements, and—as I could see with my own eyes—he had already begun to pack up his things. He turned away and began to open and shut various drawers and take out clothes, just to show me how busy he was with packing. He had his back to me, and I stood looking at it and longed to thump it.

The next day, too, Lina came to the house and again I heard her talking and laughing very loudly, and there was some banging about, as if they were moving the suitcases. She left very late at night, but even after she had gone I could not sleep and tossed this side and that on my bed. I no longer thought of Shammi but only of B. Hours passed—one o'clock, two o'clock, three. Still I could not sleep. I walked up and down my bedroom, then I opened the door and walked up and down the landing. After a while, it seemed to me I could hear sounds from downstairs, so I crept halfway down the stairs to listen. There was some movement in his room, and then he coughed—a very weak cough—and he cleared his throat as if it were hurting him. I put my ear to the door of his room. I held my breath, but I could not hear anything further. Very slowly I opened the door. He was sitting in a chair with his head down and his arms hanging loose between his legs, like a sick person. The room was in disorder, with the rugs rolled up and the suitcases half packed, and there were glasses and an empty bottle, as if he and Lina had been having a party. There was also the stale smoke of her cigarettes; she never stops smoking and she throws the stubs, red with lipstick, anywhere she likes.

He looked up for a moment at the sound of the door opening, but when he saw it was I he looked down again without saying anything. I tiptoed over to his armchair and sat at his feet on the floor. My hand slowly and soothingly stroked his leg, and he allowed me to do this and did not stir. He stared in front of him with dull eyes; he had his teeth out and looked an old, old man. There was no need for us to say anything, to ask questions and give answers. I knew what he was thinking as he stared in front of him this way, and I, too, thought of the same thing. I thought of him gone away from here and living with Lina, or alone with his dog in some rented room—no contact with India or Indians, no words to communicate with except *"achchha"* and *"pani."* No one to care for him as he grew older and older, and perhaps sick, and his only companions people just like himself—as old, as lonely, as disappointed, and as far from home.

He sighed, and I said, "Is your indigestion troubling you?," although I knew it was something worse than indigestion. But he said yes and added, "It was the spinach you made them cook for my supper. How often do I have to tell you I can't digest spinach at night?" After a while, he allowed me to help him into bed. When I had covered him and settled his pillows the way he liked them, I threw myself on the bed and begged, "Please don't leave me."

"I've made my arrangements," he said in a firm voice. Susi, at the end of the bed, looked at me with her running eyes and wagged her tail as if she were asking for something.

"Stay," I pleaded with him. "Please stay."

There was a pause. At last, he said, as if he were doing me a big favor, "Well, we'll see," and added, "Get off my bed now. You're crushing my legs. Don't you know what a big heavy lump you are?"

None of my children ever comes to stay with me now. I know they are sad and disappointed with me. They want me to be what an old widowed mother should be, to devote myself entirely to prayer and self-sacrifice. I, too, know it is the only state fitting to this last stage of life which I have now reached. But that great all-devouring love that I should have for God I have for B. Sometimes I think, Perhaps this is the path for weak women like me. Perhaps B. is a substitute for God, whom I should be loving, just as the little brass image of Vishnu in my prayer room is a substitute for that great god himself. These are stupid thoughts that sometimes come to me when I am lying next to B. on his bed and looking at him and feeling so full of peace and joy. I wonder how I came to be so, when I am living against all right rules and the wishes of my children. How do I deserve the great happiness that I find in that old man? It is a riddle.—R. PRAWER JHABVALA

THE LITTLE ARK

SHE knew she was not going to get better, yet she had this constant urge: to buy things and have work done on her house at Nauset. She hadn't been there in three years—since she first began feeling unwell. It was a summer cottage in a pinewood, a few minutes' walk from the sands of Nauset Beach. It had a little lawn and a rock garden. She had collected the stones for the garden herself, carrying them from wherever she spotted them, often quite a distance in this the sandiest region of New England. For her, Nauset was a place for walks to pick blueberries and beach plums, for picnics on the sand, for work on the rock garden, for walks along the shore, looking at shells. She didn't want to go there feeling unwell. So she stayed home in her house near Boston, where she also had a garden, but her thoughts turned toward the other house, and often her hand reached for the telephone to place an order for it.

During the first summer of her illness, her daughter Sophie had lived in the cottage with her husband, Aldo. They kept receiving from her gallon cans of paint—barn red—and brushes. Aldo got to work painting the silvery, weathered, timeworn cedar shingles red. A shame, he thought at times, but the old lady's wishes must be observed, and he climbed up the ladder. From its last steps or, better still, astride the roof, whose ridge emerged well above the level of the pines, he could see a long stretch of the shoreline, watch the waves rising to a crest that the wind blew and stole at the same time, and perceive the grain-by-grain drifting and shifting of the dunes. In quick succession, Sophie's mother sent storm windows and screens, a portable bathtub, a complicated, antennalike clothes reel, and a birdbath.

In the winter—they were now living in Boston—she told them of another purchase. "I bought a new sink," she announced grimly one day when they went to see her. It amused Aldo the way she always said "I" and never "we," though it was money her husband had made that she was using. "Did the storm windows I bought fit tight? They ought to—I spent seventy-five dollars for them, Sophie," she said one time. "I bought that house in 1952, Aldo. . . ." Her husband, who worked in a bank, just nodded. Once, though, he took Aldo aside. "When she sees something she wants, she just goes ahead and buys it," he told him in a subdued voice—almost a whisper—and as if it were something he could do nothing about.

In June, when Aldo and Sophie went again to the house at Nauset, they found the new sink in the middle of the kitchen. It was a huge, all-metal sink, with drawers on runners. "That little old one was all right," Sophie said to Aldo. "It fitted this small house. But I guess this *is* a good one."

In the kitchen, between the gas stove and the old sink, there was an electric stove that Sophie's mother had bought at a sale two years before. Because it required a power line of a higher voltage than the one that at present served the house, it had never been connected, and it stood, a big, white thing, its units still partly covered by cardboard, not used for the purpose it was meant but as a shelf to set things on—not even as a table. The small kitchen with the two sinks and the two stoves looked ludicrous, one had to admit—rather incongruous. Soon the old sink was removed and put away, and the new one was soldered to the pipe, but the electric stove remained unconnected and continued looking unemployed.

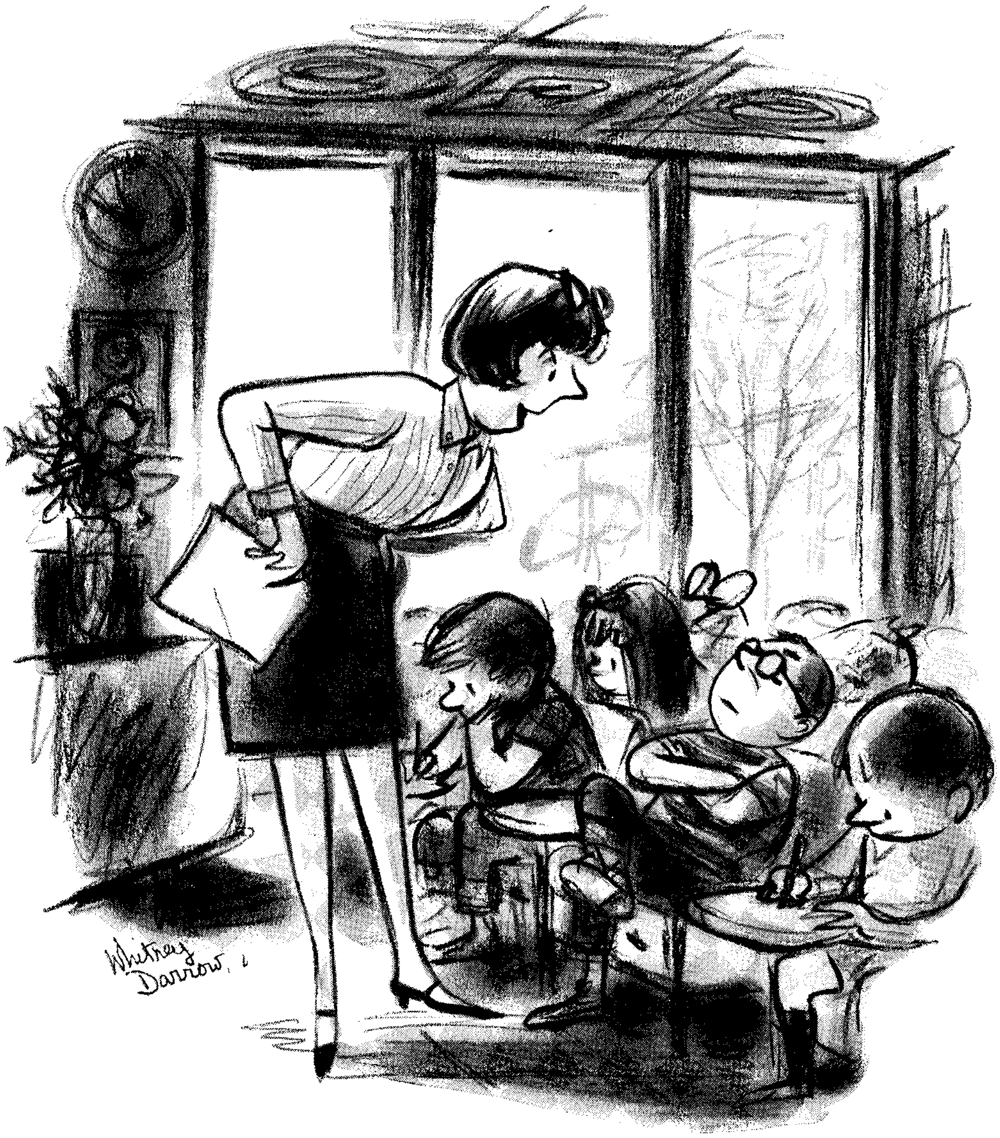
In the middle of the summer, a truckload of green asphalt shingles for the roof arrived and was left at the side of the road below the house.

"But the roof doesn't leak," Aldo said.

"My mother wants it done."

With strange determination, she wanted the things done, though the house wasn't hers to leave to whom she wished, and though she knew she wasn't getting better. "I know I can't get better. How can I get better when there are so many things wrong with me?" she said.

Aldo carried the heavy bundles up from the roadside and set them on the flagstones of the patio. Could he reshingle the roof himself, he wondered. He was tempted—manual labor, even scrubbing a floor, sometimes gave one as much satisfaction as more lofty endeavors—but Sophie prevailed on him not to try. They found a man—saw him



"But, Eugene, it's not enough to be gifted. We've got to do something with our gift."

BRAZILIAN HAPPENINGS

(THE FOLLOWING ARE BASED UPON NEWS ITEMS REPORTED
IN THE "BRAZIL HERALD" DURING 1960.)

I

Tenorio, out for the strong-arm vote
Clad in his submachine gun and black cloak,
Stumped on a local hill slum and announced:
"If you elect me governor, I tell you
Police will never set foot on this hill!"

II

Brasília's famous lack of facilities
To help out in life's small emergencies
Was proved again by the predicament
Of portly Deputy José Martíns
Who spent "long hours of affliction wandering
Among high buildings, holding up his pants
With his hands, due to the sudden rupture of
His belt, unable to locate a bit of rope
Or anything to help." At last he found a cab
That drove him to the "free zone" where he could
Purchase himself the luxury of a belt.

III

While sitting on a park bench in the Lido,
Enjoying music on his radio,
Valmoro de Morais was surprised
When two men occupying the same bench
Commanded him to tune in a sports program.
When Valmoro did not quickly turn the dial
They stabbed him, and also grabbed his radio.
Meanwhile, up in a nearby hill-slum tavern,
Cezario dos Santos was shot to death
By Manuel Procopia because he maintained
The 20th of January was a holiday
While Manuel insisted it was not.
The two crimes seem to indicate a grave
Shortage of motives among our murderers.

IV

The traffic chief, discussing traffic patterns, recently
Referred to "a crossing of two parallel streets."

V

José Candido, serving the first year
Of a ten-year term in Nieves Penitentiary,
Made "an excellent escape," though being still
In the infancy of his prison life.
He did so, as officials there agreed,
"With elegance." He forged his own release
And showed it to the prison guards, and took
Heart-rending leaving, giving many hugs
And wishes for their health and long felicity,
And left. The prison feels José's departure,
Good as it was, was somewhat premature.

—RICHARD O'CONNELL

• •

on a village roof one day, laying shingles. He came willingly enough. With a shovel and a harsh, loud creak of rusty nails, he tore the old, lichened wooden shingles off the roof and sent them crashing to the lawn, piling it with rubble. At a certain point, through the window, they saw something more substantial coming down—the man himself. He landed on his feet and was unhurt. Without a break, he began nailing the new shingles on, and in two days had finished.

ANOTHER summer passed by, and another, and Sophie's mother now was very ill. The illness had gnawed deep into her frame.

"At a certain age, it isn't a question of nature not protecting you anymore," Aldo said. "It actually devises all sorts of ways of getting rid of you—cancer, arteriosclerosis, and a host of other ways. It doesn't understand our wants, or it ignores them. Our wants are not its wants."

Pale, as if the color of the bones showed through the skin, and light from loss of weight, she sat up on her bed or in a great armchair and looked directly in front of her with large and lucid eyes, looked, it seemed, much farther than the bedposts, right through whoever kept her company—beyond the walls, the windows, beyond even the little patch of sky that was in view. Sometimes she rose and with help walked into the garden. Except for a few tall trees, she had planted everything herself. In dressing gown and slippers, taking short, unsteady steps as if she were on strange and unsafe ground, she toured her garden, pausing here and there. At times she pointed at a plant.

"Yes, Mother? What is it you want done?"

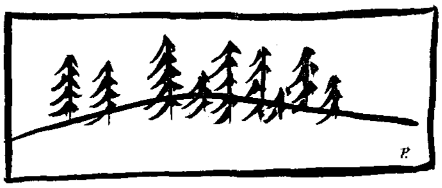
Her lips would move a little. Sometimes she would explain; sometimes she wouldn't bother.

"This weed? Do you want it pulled?"

"No, Sophie, put a stick in there, don't you see?"

Sophie was staying with her. Aldo stayed in Nauset, but drove over every week.

One day, he found her in bed, in pain. She couldn't go into the garden anymore. She couldn't stand or sit; she could only lie in bed propped up by many pillows. Once, Aldo arranged the pillows for her. "Aldo is the only one who can arrange them," she said. From that time on, whenever he was present he was always called upon to do it. Then he, too, seemed to fail. With each week, the bed became more and more uncomfortable for her. The slightest movement of her spine brought pain. Yet she eyed the great armchair, and suddenly one day she wanted to sit in it. Her husband and Sophie and Aldo looked at one another. She was in no condition to sit up. And she looked very heavy there on the bed, despite the weight she had lost. Pain-heavy she looked, pain-bound, stilled, fixed by pain in that position. As unmovable as something that can brook no motion. Worse than fragile or than frail.



"Oh, Mother, wouldn't it be better if you stayed in bed?"

But the old lady insisted. "Put me there."

And Aldo, who was strong, slid his arms under her legs, under her shoulders, and gently lifted her and brought her to the armchair. She sat awhile, propped up by two or three pillows. Sophie, meantime, led Aldo to the sunroom and, in a voice so sad it seemed on the verge of breaking, said that she remembered long ago her mother's having told her that sick people soon before they died often had an urge to sit or

"What I don't see is why you can't work at some kind of job in the daytime, and smash icons and stuff at night."

• •

stand or walk or, if they possibly could, immerse themselves in some other form of active life, and, summoning all their strength and will power, made the effort. Sophie looked at him, a question and an answer in her eyes. And Aldo looked back at her. What she said was novel to him, but it was one of those things that sounded true, and his thoughts raced to his own mother, sixty-seven, who, having recently, and perhaps only apparently, recovered from a serious operation, suddenly had wanted to get a driver's license and had taken lessons. He had, in fact, given her the first few lessons himself.

He now put the old lady back on her bed, and in the evening he returned to Nauset.

There was, next to the cottage, a tool shed, which still had the old wood shingles on its roof. Using some asphalt shingles left over from the house and others like them that he bought, Aldo reshingled it himself, and the next time he saw Sophie's mother he told her about it.

"Thank you, Aldo," she said. Some of her teeth were missing; not every word was spoken distinctly. "Sophie, have that electric range connected. Tell Mr. Smith to put in a new power line. I bought that range five years ago, Aldo."

Back at Nauset, Aldo went to Mr. Smith's. It was the busy season—many new houses were going up—and Mr. Smith said he couldn't do it. "Not till after Labor Day." Aldo got the same answer from two other electricians. And so the electric range must wait.

Sophie's mother inquired about it every week. It seemed as if with new roof, sink, birdbath, and electric range she wanted to prepare herself the little house.

At last, after Labor Day, Mr. Smith came, with two young assistants and a truck so full of equipment it seemed a shop on wheels. They worked briskly, gaily, in a way that Aldo had almost forgotten, with a two-way radio blaring in the truck and the boys calling Mr. Smith "Daddy-o." They climbed up a power pole, made holes in walls and floor, then put in a new wire, a new meter, and a new plug in the kitchen.

"Can I plug the electric range in now?" Aldo asked, seeing they weren't about to do it.

"No, before the power can be turned on the work has to be inspected."

Aldo went to the village, looking for the inspector. When he found him, the inspector took note of what he had said, but didn't answer. "It's rather urgent. Do you think you could come soon?"

The inspector nodded.

"When do you think you might be able to come?"

The inspector shrugged his shoulders in dismissal. Aldo went back to the cottage. He waited three days, then telephoned him.

"I'll come," the inspector murmured on the telephone, and hung up.

At last, after three more days, he came.

"Is it all right?" Aldo asked. "Can it be turned on?"

The inspector made no answer. But a few days later a man from the power company came and turned the current on to the new line. "You are all set," he said.

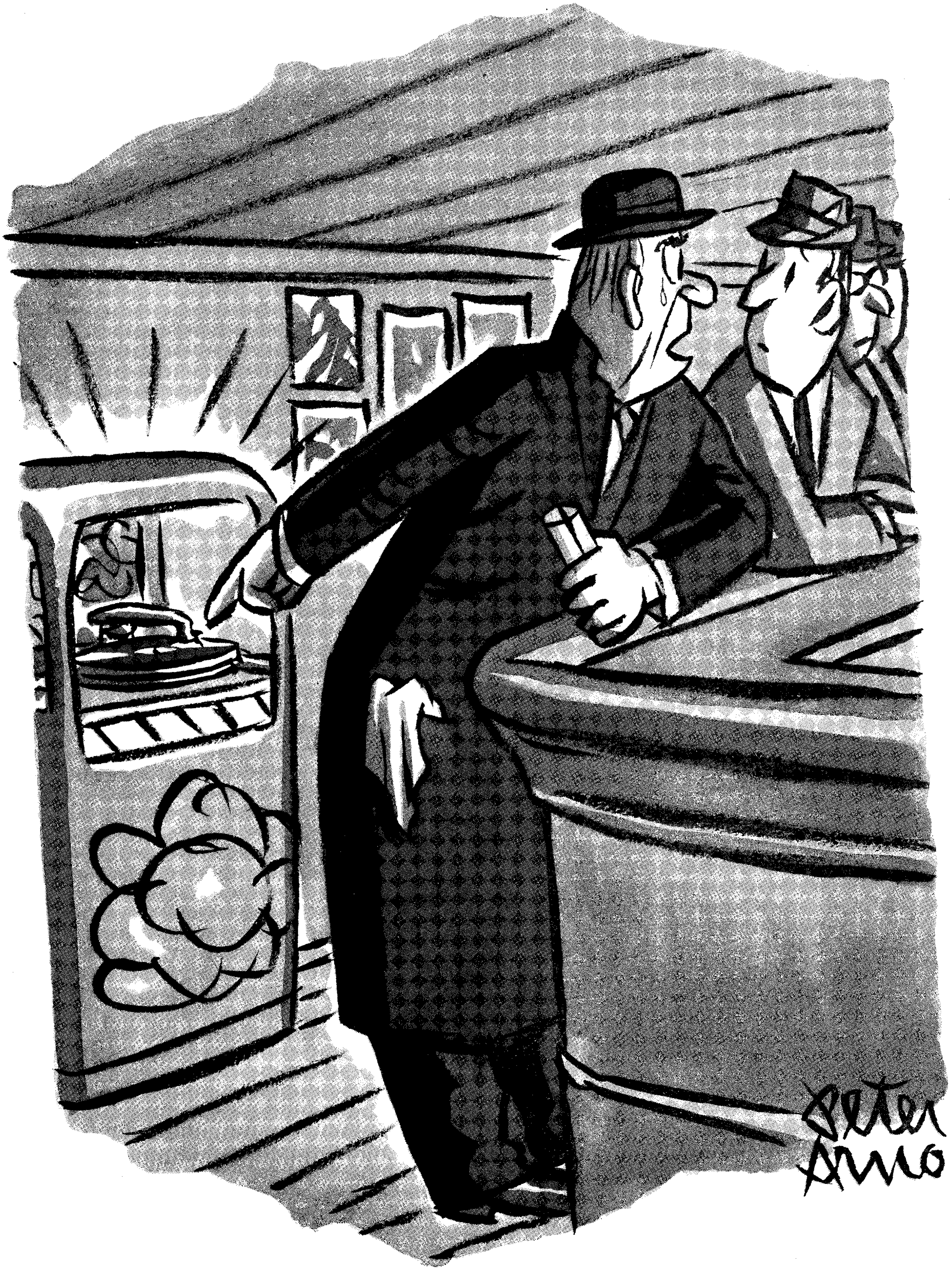
It was nearly the end of September. Aldo plugged in the cord and switched on a unit of the range. The coil reddened. Quickly he packed a bag, closed the front door behind him, ran down to the car, and drove to Sophie's mother's to say how well the new range worked. "It heats up a pan of water in no time—you no sooner put it on than you can hear it groan."

She was breathing with difficulty, but a satisfied look came over her face. And Aldo thought, Now the house is ready; the house is ready for her; she can die. And verses he had read came to his mind:

Oh build your ship of death, your
little ark
and furnish it with food, with
little cakes, and wine
for the dark flight down oblivion . . .
A little ship, with oars and food
and little dishes, and all accoutrements fitting and ready. . . .

She passed her last few days at the hospital. One afternoon, in the middle of October, Aldo went to see her. She was beyond recognizing anybody. But still she breathed—at intervals of several seconds, there was a heaving of the chest and a big breath took place. Little by little, the breathing became shallower. Then a breath came that was not followed, that had no next. Sophie and Aldo waited for the breath that did not come. Her last breath, Aldo thought, more than a breath was a long sigh of relief.

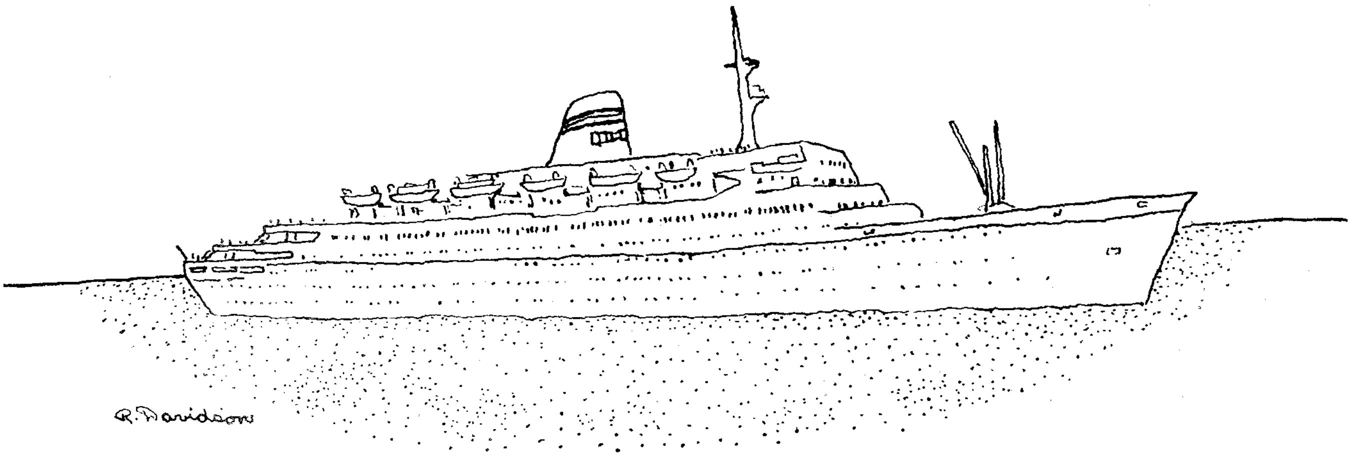
—ARTURO VIVANTE



"That's 'Danny Boy,' Mister. Let's see a tear run down that cheek!"

PROFILES

YOU NEVER LEARN TO SAY GOODBYE



SCENE: The waterfront at Oslo, Norway, on the fjord leading to the Skagerrak Sea. A brand-new flagship, the motor ship Sagafjord, is tied up at the Norwegian America Line pier, barely rocking. It is a bleak, rainy, bone-chilling early fall afternoon, twenty-four hours before the Sagafjord is due to set out on her maiden voyage. Destination: New York. Distance: 3,826 nautical miles. Sailing route: The North Sea and the Atlantic Ocean.

The Sagafjord is facing forward at the pier, her bow pointing toward the city of Oslo. She looks like a large, clean white yacht. She has a gross tonnage of twenty-four thousand, making her the biggest of the N.A.L. ships. Her hull, freshly painted, and without a scratch, is light gray, and she has an impeccable all-white superstructure. She has a single, streamlined funnel, painted buff with bands of red, white, and blue. She has a single, telescopic mast, mounted on top of the bridge. Her stem is raked. One of her two anchors has been dropped from its box, recessed in the forward hull. She waits alongside the N.A.L.'s pier building—a five-story concrete and red-brick structure in the old Scandinavian style, with casement windows and a peaked roof. On the building is a sign in large brass letters: "DEN NORSKE AMERIKALINJE." Just over the sign, there is a clock showing the time: 1:25 P.M. A third hand on the clock is ticking off each passing second.

Lined up at the entrance to the old building are several thousand of the three million seven hundred and eight thousand citizens of Norway, whose merchant fleet is the third largest in the world—next to the fleets of the United States, which is the largest, and Great Britain, the second largest. The people waiting in line are quiet and orderly. Each of them has paid five kroner (about seventy cents) for the privilege of boarding the Sagafjord for a tour of inspection. They do not seem to be bothered by the rain. Most of them are holding large black umbrellas over their heads. The women outnumber the men three to one. Both men and women are of all ages. The men are wearing either tan raincoats or heavy rubberized slickers, and just about all of them are holding briefcases. The women seem to favor thick suits with fur collars and a type of shapeless felt hat that is very popular in Norway. Many of the women are accompanied by babies and small children, all of them as solemn and as patient as their mothers, some of them sitting in small, low-to-the-ground prams. The people keep their eyes fixed on the hull of the Sagafjord. They may glance occasionally at the N.A.L. clock ticking off the seconds, but they immediately look back at the Sagafjord. The line moves slowly. A small group of people at a time are admitted into the building, from which they will board the ship. When a mother with a pram is admitted, she picks her child up and leaves the pram outside. There is a big cluster of prams ranged neatly to one side of the entrance.

The Sagafjord is more or less ready for her visitors. She is six hundred and twenty feet long, and she is eighty-two feet wide amidships—about one-third the size of the Queen Mary. She has a service speed of twenty knots—about two-thirds the speed of the Queen. She has the latest radar equipment fixed on her telescopic mast. Her transatlantic passenger capacity is seven hundred and eighty-nine (seventy in *Første Klasse* and seven hundred and nineteen in *Turist*), and her cruise passenger capacity is four hundred and fifty (only one *Klasse*). Her crew numbers three hundred and fifty. Her cargo capacity is five hundred tons. She has two main propellers, each weighing twelve tons. She has two Sulzer diesel engines, each weighing several hundred tons. She has eleven decks—Top of the Bridge Deck, Bridge Deck, Sun Deck, Veranda Deck, Upper Deck, Main Deck, A Deck, B Deck, C Deck, D Deck, and Holds Deck. The aft section of her Veranda Deck, a broad arc with an ivory-and-blue-tiled outdoor swimming pool and plenty of space for deck chairs, is outlined along the rail with a festive smile of colored lights. Over the Sun Deck, twelve white lifeboats are fixed in place along the ship on both sides. The Sagafjord is flying the banner of the N.A.L.—blue letters on a field of white edged with two red horizontal stripes. She is also flying the flag of Norway—a dark-blue cross bordered with white on a field of red. Hardly a sound is heard from the ship. What with the quietness of the calm, waiting people, the loudest noise on the scene is the occasional slapping of a mild wave against the ship.

THE Norwegian America Line headquarters building, across from the railway station on Jernbanetorget Square. A ten-minute walk along the waterfront from the N.A.L. pier. The headquarters building is of the same period as the building at the pier, but it has a front suggestive of the prow of an old-time ship. The building flies the banner of the N.A.L. Glass entrance doors are embossed with a replica of the banner, the name of the line, and the notation "PASSASJERAVDEL-

"Don't be upset. Just think of this as one of Mr. Hoving's Happenings."

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ING." Flanking the entrance doors are large glass windows displaying travel posters, among them a blown-up photograph of our Capitol, entitled "WASHINGTON," and a blown-up photograph of a cowboy on a bucking bronco, entitled "RODEO." Inside, there is a long ticket counter of birchwood, behind which stand serious-looking clerks working out accommodations with would-be passengers, one of them a good-looking American in his late forties, wearing gray flannel slacks and a brown tweed sports jacket with side vents. One clerk, a young man wearing round, steel-rimmed spectacles, is bending over the counter as though he were having a hard time trying to hear a very small and very old woman with a weather-beaten face who is speaking in Norwegian. The woman, who looks frightened, is wearing a long wool coat with a scraggly fur collar, and one of those shapeless Norwegian hats. The room has birch-panelled walls and doors, with a high ceiling partly panelled to match. Suspended from the center of the ceiling is a model of an old-time man-of-war. In a glass case on the floor directly under the model of the old ship stands a model of the Sagafjord, complete with gray hull, white superstructure, funnel striped in red, white, and blue, telescopic mast, twelve white lifeboats, and ivory-and-blue-tiled outdoor swimming pool. On the walls are old-fashioned paintings, mostly in several shades of brown, of babushka-wearing and cap-wearing immigrants waving goodbye from decks of dark-brown ships. There are also several travel posters on the walls. One, without a title, shows an American cowboy sitting with a little boy and a little girl and a pretty woman near an open fire on a prairie. Another, across from it, is entitled "TRAVEL A NEW WORLD—SEE THE U.S.A.," and has a number of colored illustrations, one for each of the following listings:

1. Golden Gate Bridge, San Francisco, California.
2. "VistaDome" Train in the Rocky Mountains.
3. Blue Ridge Mountains, Tryon, North Carolina.
4. Niagara Falls, New York.
5. Surf Bathing at Miami Beach, Florida.
6. Bryce Canyon, Utah.
7. Fishing on Maroon Lake, Colorado.
8. Orange Bowl Football Game, Miami, Florida.
9. Platt National Park, Oklahoma.
10. "Scenicruiser" Touring Bus.
11. Steel Mills, Gary, Indiana.

Between the two posters is another glass case, containing a model of a half-century-old ship of the N.A.L., the S.S. Stavangerfjord.

At the counter, the young clerk bending over toward the elderly woman is looking very sympathetic. After a few minutes, he turns to an associate behind the counter—this one is talking to the American, in excellent English—and asks him a question in Norwegian. He addresses the associate as "Herr Brun," pronouncing it "Broon." They have a fast exchange in Norwegian, and then the young clerk smiles, writes something on a ticket, and hands it to the elderly woman, who hurries away, looking very happy.

Young Clerk (*speaking in English and addressing both Mr. Brun and the American*): She travelled for over an hour on the bus, from Moss, a small city thirty-five miles from here, just to come to see the Sagafjord, only to discover when she arrived here that all the visiting tickets were gone. But now she is happy. Now she will be able to visit the Sagafjord, with the special permission (*he addresses the American*) of Mr. Brun.

Mr. Brun (*a tall, authoritative man with a long, Scandinavian face, blond hair slicked back on his head, and a hearty, Kiwanis-type manner, which he picked up during thirteen years he spent as branch manager of the N.A.L. in San Francisco*): Everybody wants to see the Sagafjord! (*He holds up his hands, palms outward, and he glances at the ceiling, looking very much pleased.*) The whole country!

Young Clerk (*also looking very much pleased*): They are going aboard the ship at the rate of one thousand visitors an hour!

Mr. Brun (*to the American*): A week ago, we took the King—King Olav V—and his whole gang for a ride on the Sagafjord. So you can imagine what we had on the ship that day. More than three hundred and fifty guests. The most prominent people in government. Exporters and importers. Heads of travel bureaus. Police. The editors-in-chief of the Oslo newspapers. We were out for six hours. It rained. It poured. It didn't let up for a minute. (*Mr. Brun laughs.*) But nobody cared. The King had a wonderful time. The Crown Prince—Crown Prince Harald—will meet the Sagafjord in New York. I guess you know the Crown Prince is a bachelor—one of the most eligible bachelors in Europe. Twenty-nine years old. A terrific sailor. A terrific skier. A terrific sportsman. A terrific Crown Prince.

American (*picking up a large folder that contains a deck and stateroom plan, studying it, and looking a little wary*): I understand you don't have stewards—you have stewardesses.

Mr. Brun: Right. Other lines have stewards and waitresses. We say no. We say taking care of the passengers in the staterooms is girls' work. Serving the meals is for men. In the kitchen we have women. We say a salad needs the woman's touch! (*He smiles at the American, who is frowning as he studies the stateroom plan.*) Tonight we entertain six hundred people at a cocktail party. For the second echelon. (*He laughs.*) A kind of open house for all our shareholders—the man in the street. What a mob we'll have tonight! And, afterward, the cleaning up! We've got wall-to-wall carpets all over the place. It's a regular floating Hilton. What a mess! The vacuuming we'll have to do tonight! (*He nods at the model of the S.S. Stavangerfjord.*) The Sagafjord is a far cry from the old lady over there. We retired the old lady in 1963, after forty-five years of service. Sent her away to Japan to be chopped up. (*He looks downcast.*) Now she's razor blades.

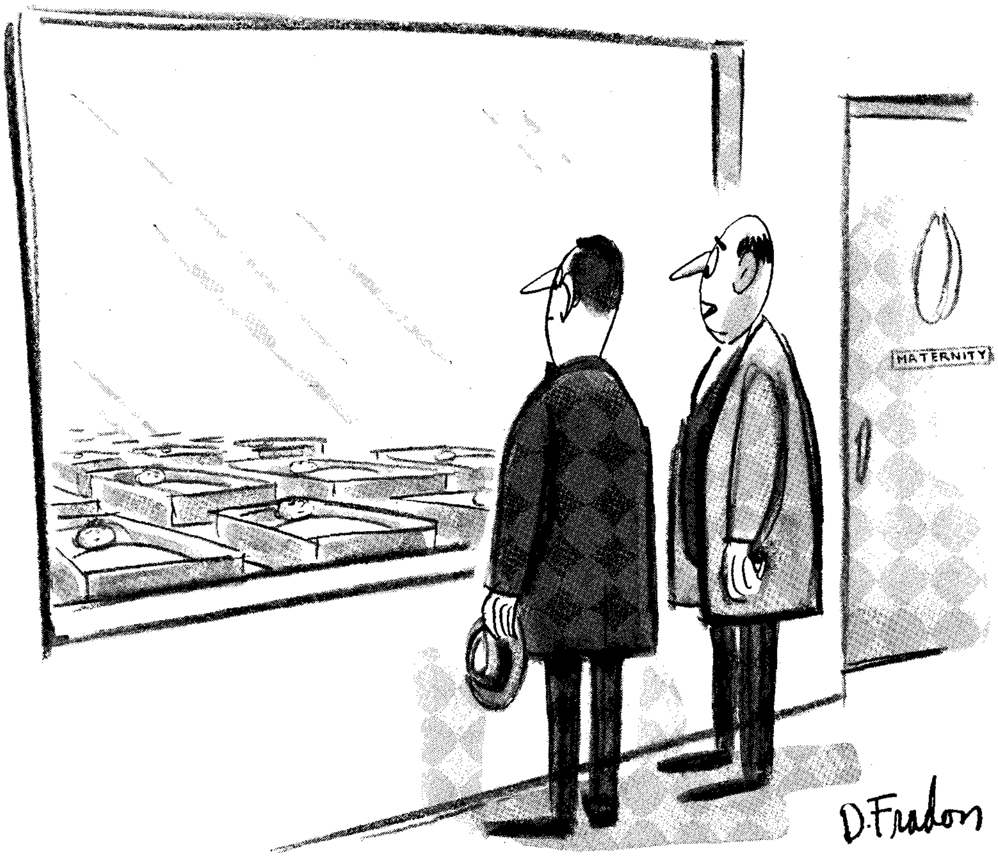
AMERICAN: I meant to ask you. The Stavangerfjord. The Oslofjord. The Bergensfjord. The Sagafjord. Why do you name them all something-fjord?

MR. BRUN (*very quickly*): Because there's a fjord in your future! (*He winks, his spirits high again, and laughs in a self-appreciative manner reminiscent of Milton Berle.*)

THE Sagafjord. About ten minutes later. Entrance from shore. A gangway leading from the pier to the Upper Deck port side.

The elderly woman from Moss comes aboard with a group of other visitors and finds herself in a spacious reception room facing the purser's office. The chief purser, Finn Bjerva, a youngish man in a navy-blue uniform with gold stripes (three wide, one narrow) who has a large red face and is six feet six inches tall, is standing behind his desk, smiling at one and all. He smiles at the elderly woman. Bashfully, she smiles back. Painters and carpenters are working all around, and white-smocked stewardesses are rushing about as the elderly woman moves, with the other visitors, along a narrow stateroom corridor, carpeted in red, wall to wall. A young stewardess with bright-red hair is carrying towels—brand-new, hard, shiny, never laundered—to suites labelled "Henrik Ibsen" and "Olav Trygvason." The visitors don't talk. They just look. The elderly woman and a few of the other visitors follow the stewardess into the Henrik Ibsen Suite and look around quickly, as though trying not to miss anything: gray wall-to-wall carpeting, teak-panelled walls, silver-blue window curtains, gay print draperies, modern furniture, large beds, fluorescent lighting, full-length mirrors, individually controlled air-conditioning, telephone, radio selector, television set (closed circuit), two bathrooms (one with a tub-shower, one with a shower stall). The elderly woman and the other visitors leave the suite and walk up a modern stairway, carpeted in bright blue and with glass mosaics on the wall alongside. On the Veranda Deck, the visitors go from fore to aft. They enter a tremendous lounge surrounded by a curving sweep of windows, below which is an elevated section of floor. Up here there is cane furniture, upholstered in mustard color, with matching wall-to-wall carpet. On the lower level, modern upholstered chairs and sofas are grouped around a circular dance floor of Italian marble. There are gold-anodized aluminum columns in the room, with white marble boxes at their bases. In the marble boxes are potted plants. This group of visitors—mostly ladies, *all* wearing those hats—move along to a bar next to the lounge. The bar is of gleaming rosewood, and its back wall is finished in bronze glass mosaic; the inner wall of the adjoining lounge area has large niches in which stand light-mahogany carvings by a Norwegian artist. There are tan leather stools at the bar, and tan leather sofas and black leather chairs in the adjoining lounge area. Next, the library lounge, with lamps of Swedish brass and crystal, and a yellow-green carpet matching the upholstery and the draperies. The room is circular, with bookshelves around the walls, and in the middle stands a round rosewood table that has a revolving globe of the world mounted in its center. There is a semicircular high-backed sofa of black leather along the circular wall of this room. The books on the bookshelves include "Krig og Fred," by Leo Tolstoy; Modern American Encyclopedia, Vols. 1–7; "Samlede Verker," by Knut Hamsun; Harvard Classics Shelf of Fiction by Ivan Turgenev, Sir Walter Scott, George Eliot, and Henry Fielding; Britannica Book of the Year, 1962; and "Haakon VII, 1872-1957" (Haakon VII was King Olav's father, having been elected by the Norwegians in 1905 when they decided to have a king, after they won their independence from Sweden). Another section of the library has rosewood card tables and five writing tables.

On to the theatre, an elegant two-hundred-and-forty-seat auditorium designed by Georges Peynet, a designer of French cinemas. It has a domed ceiling and deep-cushioned seats upholstered in gold-colored velours. The floor, carpeted in green, slopes down toward the stage. There is a wide screen, adaptable to films of all sizes



"You know what we're looking at? We're looking at the beginning of the rat race."

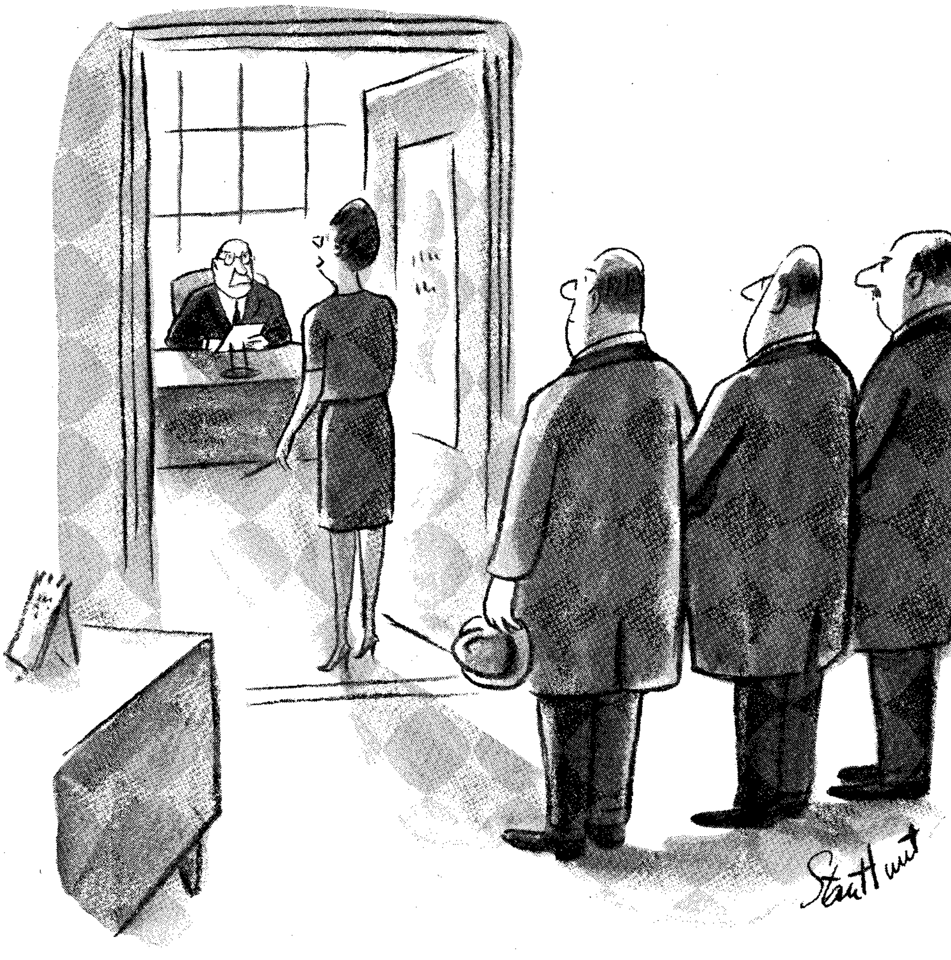
up to seventy-millimetre wide-angle. Standing on the stage are four handsome young English-speaking men wearing blue jeans, sneakers, and Norwegian turtleneck sweaters. They are Richard Svare (U.S.A.), Thane Bettany (England), Barry Ferguson (New Zealand), and Robert Wylam (Scotland). They call themselves the English Theatre Company of Norway, Ltd., and for the past year, in Oslo and elsewhere in the country, they have been successfully presenting in repertory a choice of plays, including plays by William Shakespeare and Arthur Miller, and other entertainments of the English-speaking world, of which they consider Norway an integral part. Svare, who has curly blond hair and bright-red apple cheeks, and who seems to be the leader, is telling the others that he is going to try to get a contract for the four of them to serve as the resident theatre company aboard the ship the following summer. Chief Purser Bjerva appears, smiles paternally at the actors, and informs them that for the maiden voyage the theatre will feature films—"The Yellow Rolls-Royce," "The Ipcress File," and travelogues.

The visitors now go aft, past a shopping center with glass cases displaying Norwegian sweaters, silver, and trolls, to the ballroom, the ship's largest lounge, measuring eight thousand and seventy-three square feet. It has a domed ceiling over a palisander dance floor. It has a bandstand. Broad windows run the full length of the room on both sides. It is carpeted in two tones of red and draped in two tones of gold. Behind the bandstand is a mural by a Norwegian artist, Torstein Rittun, entitled "Water Music." The mural is very modern. Surrounding the dance floor are stationary round tables of polished palisander with silver-anodized aluminum frames, and movable modern Norwegian chairs and sofas upholstered in dark green or bright yellow. Directly aft of the ballroom the visitors come to a café-lounge with cane furniture upholstered in a bright-blue print. The lounge has peach-colored walls, a sky-blue ceiling, and two bright-colored mosaics by a French artist, entitled "Pleasures of the Mediterranean." From this lounge folding floor-to-ceiling glass doors lead to the outdoor swimming pool.

The visitors go down two decks. They look over the Saga Dining Room. It is even bigger than the ballroom, and it has brilliant-red carpeting, white walls, and a gold domed ceiling. Outside the dining room is a grand stairway, near the bottom of which is a gold-and-red sculpture in forged iron by the Norwegian artist Carl B. Gunnarson and based on an old Norse stone carving.

Up three decks to the Club Polaris, a night club that will serve as the *Første Klasse* dining room during transatlantic crossings. At one end of the night club is a freestanding bar, done in charcoal gray, with matching stools. The floor where the bartenders will stand is ten inches lower than the rest of the room, to give the bar patrons an unobstructed view of the dance floor. The dance floor is a checkerboard pattern of twelve-inch copper and stainless-steel squares. At the end of the room opposite the bar is a floor-to-ceiling glass wall of doors and windows, affording a view of the light-festooned Veranda Deck.

Time is getting short. The visitors have to move fast. There are escalators. There are self-service elevators. The elderly woman from Moss and six other ladies squeeze into a small elevator and push the button for C Deck. They get out and look, without talking. There is an indoor swimming pool, a gymnasium, a sauna. The visitors keep going up. On B Deck, there is a hospital. They skip A Deck, which is all staterooms, and go on to Main Deck, where there is a barbershop and a beauty parlor. They have seen Main Deck before. The next is the Upper Deck, and since they have seen the Veranda and Sun Decks above it, they get out here. And that's all that the visitors have time to see. The elderly woman from Moss departs with the other visitors, slowly, reluctantly, but looking satisfied and proud.



"An interlocking directorate to see you."

ABOARD the Sagafjord. On B Deck, the crew's quarters, just above the waterline. A cabin marked MA-2, which is the closetlike quarters—with upper and lower bunks, a small sofa, a wardrobe, and, under the bunks, a chest of drawers—of the two youngest and newest members of the crew, who, as "engine boys," are also the lowest in rank. They are Jon Brenne, who has just turned twenty, and Erling Larsen, who is sixteen. Both are clear-eyed and pink-cheeked, and both have blond hair, which they wear long in the back and in an impressive sweep over their foreheads. Both are dressed in white T shirts and blue jeans. Jon Brenne has on horn-rimmed glasses. Erling Larsen is lying in the

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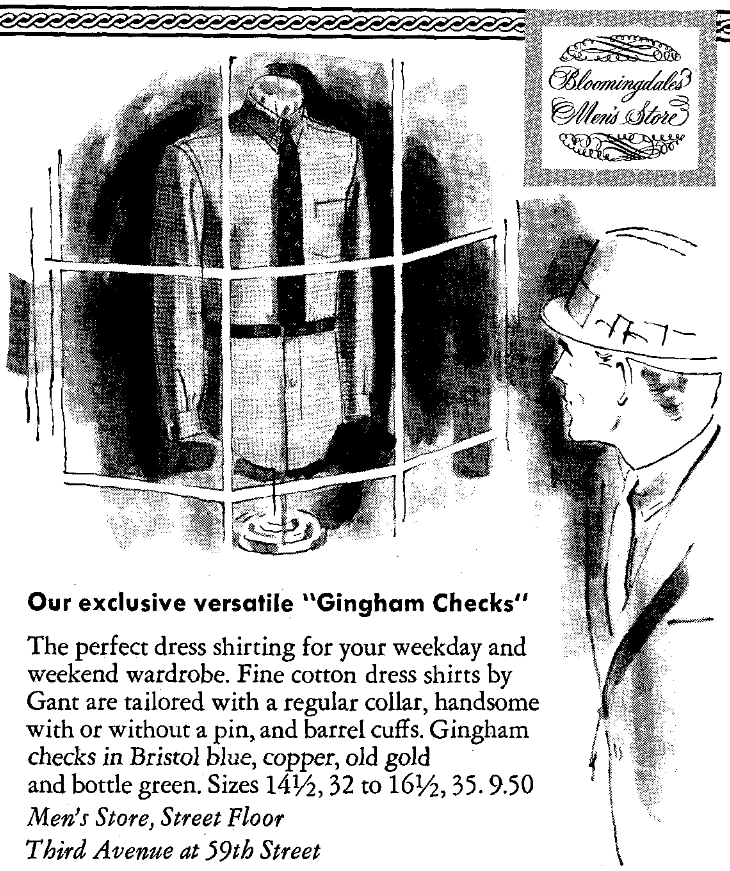

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upper bunk reading a magazine called *Coctail*, the Norwegian equivalent of *Playboy*. Both young men were hired just the day before, and they have just met, in MA-2. Neither has had any seagoing experience. Neither has ever been to America. They are giving each other a few basic facts about themselves, including the fact that they intend, from this moment on, to speak to each other, and to everybody else whenever possible, in English, in order to improve their facility in the language.

JON BRENNE (*folding a suit carefully and stowing it in the chest under the bunk*): I was turned down by the Army because of these (*he points to his glasses*), and I wanted to do something besides go back to the *Gymnasium.*

ERLING LARSEN (*without looking up from his magazine*): Which?

JON BRENNE: Persbraaten *Gymnasium.* After this trip, though, I might go back to school and finish. I'm in my last year.

ERLING LARSEN: Not me. I don't want any more school. (*He still doesn't look up.*) Here I start as an engine boy. But in a few months they'll promote me to greaser. Then to motor man. And then, after further schooling, I'll be a quartermaster. You know what I'm going to do as soon as they let us off the ship in New York? (*Finally, he looks up and at his roommate.*) I'm going to walk off the ship and walk out on the street and walk into the first bar I find. I'm going to get *drunk!*

JON BRENNE (*giving Erling Larsen a look expressive of the extra years of wisdom he has on him*): Not me. I'm going to the Hayden Planetarium. I'm going to the Museum of Modern Art. Did you ever drink whiskey?

ERLING LARSEN: Never. They won't give it to me in Oslo. But in New York I'll tell them I'm eighteen, and they'll give it to me, and I'll get *drunk!*

ABOARD the Sagafjord. Very late that night. The cocktail party for the N.A.L. stockholders is over, and the crew members are cleaning the ship to make her ready for the embarkation of passengers. The chief steward, John Lindstad, in a blue uniform with three wide silver stripes, is directing the vacuum-cleaning of the two-tone red carpet in the ballroom. His assistants, in shirtsleeves, are vacuuming hallways and stairways. They look bewildered. The vacuum cleaners are not cleaning. Something seems to be wrong. No lint is getting picked up. The carpets remain dirty. In the purser's office, Finn Bjerva and half a dozen assistants, all

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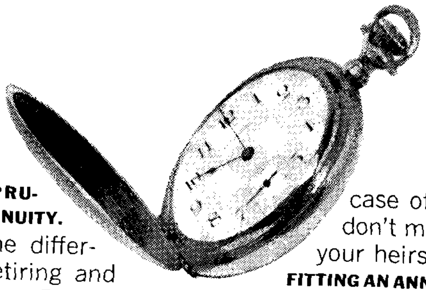

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in shirtsleeves, all smoking incessantly, are doing paperwork, which includes the preparation of the final passenger list. On B Deck, the ship's surgeon, a short, bustling, healthy-looking man named Olaf Bugge-Asperheim, is in his little self-contained hospital, checking his equipment and supplies against a list being held by his nurse. She is the kind of fairy-tale nurse almost everybody has in visions, whether Scandinavian or non-Scandinavian: motherly and pretty, efficient and kind, serious and eager to give comfort. She is wearing a clean, crisply starched white uniform with a blue-and-white candy-striped top, and a tiny winged cap, and she looks like the most germfree nurse in history. Like more than three-quarters of the ship's personnel, she has the pink-cheeked complexion that seems to prevail in Norway. Dr. Bugge-Asperheim's manner with the nurse is impersonal. He is about sixty. He owns and directs, and practices and does surgery in, the Wergelandsveiens Klinikk, in Oslo. It is one of the few private hospitals in the city, whose population (four hundred and eighty-five thousand), like the rest of Norway, enjoys a system of compulsory medical insurance that has been in effect for the entire country since the end of the Second World War. The Doctor has left his *Klinikk* to make the maiden voyage on the Sagafjord partly as a vacation, partly as a duty, since he took part in designing the ship's hospital. He is a widower with four married children and five grandchildren. Like the nurse, he looks spectacularly antiseptic. He has on a long white coat, which reaches well below his knees. In Oslo, he takes steam baths twice a day. On the Sagafjord, he plans to continue this routine in the sauna, and go swimming afterward. The Doctor clearly enjoys his good health.

On the bridge, Captain Odd Aspelund, master of the Sagafjord, is looking things over. He is in full uniform—white shirt, black tie, navy-blue trousers, a navy-blue jacket with a double row of eight gold buttons and with gold-braid sleeve stripes (three wide and one double width, plus a gold diamond), and a navy cap with gold braid on the visor. He is tall, handsome, deeply suntanned, blond-haired and blue-eyed, and he gives an impression of being simultaneously wistful and trollish. As he looks over his new bridge, his manner is not exactly approving. The bridge is equipped with every modern navigational instrument; it is actually a combined bridge and chartroom, occupying a large space, fronted by a broad, curved expanse of windows; on

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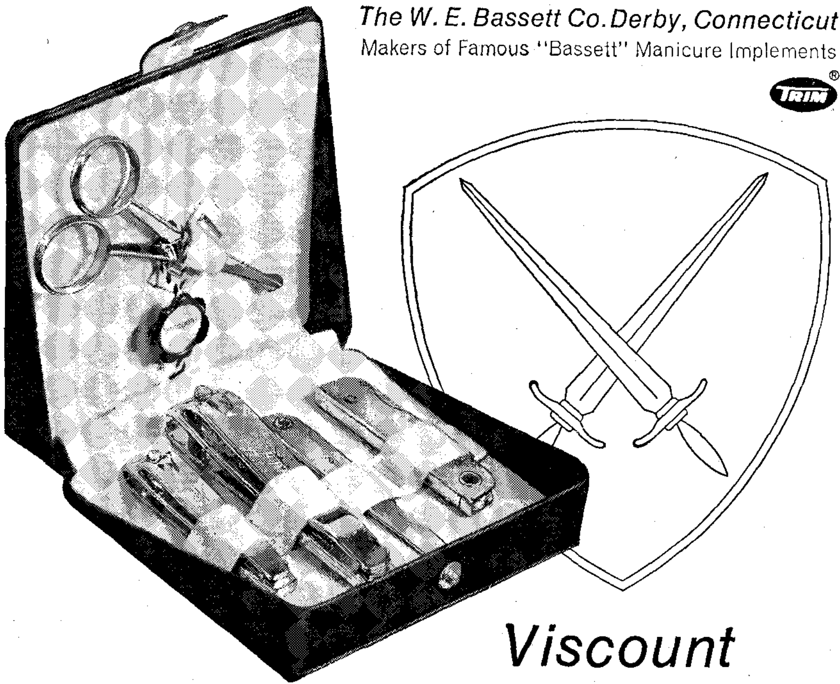

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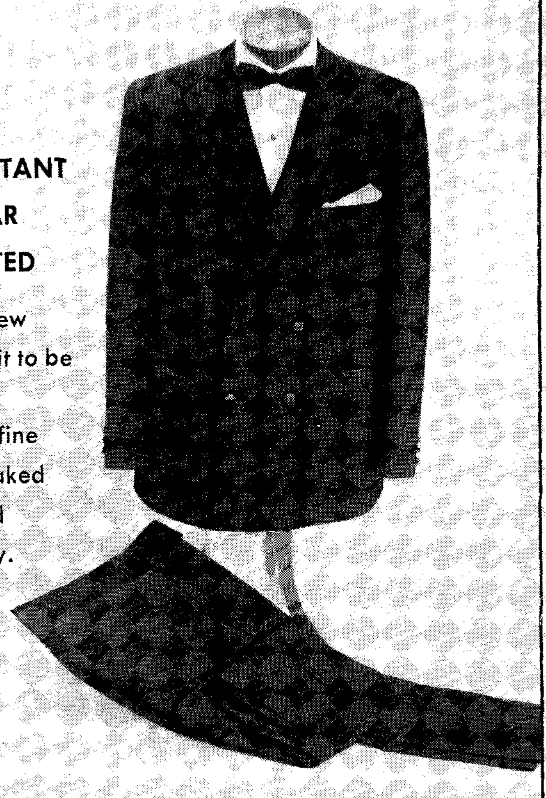

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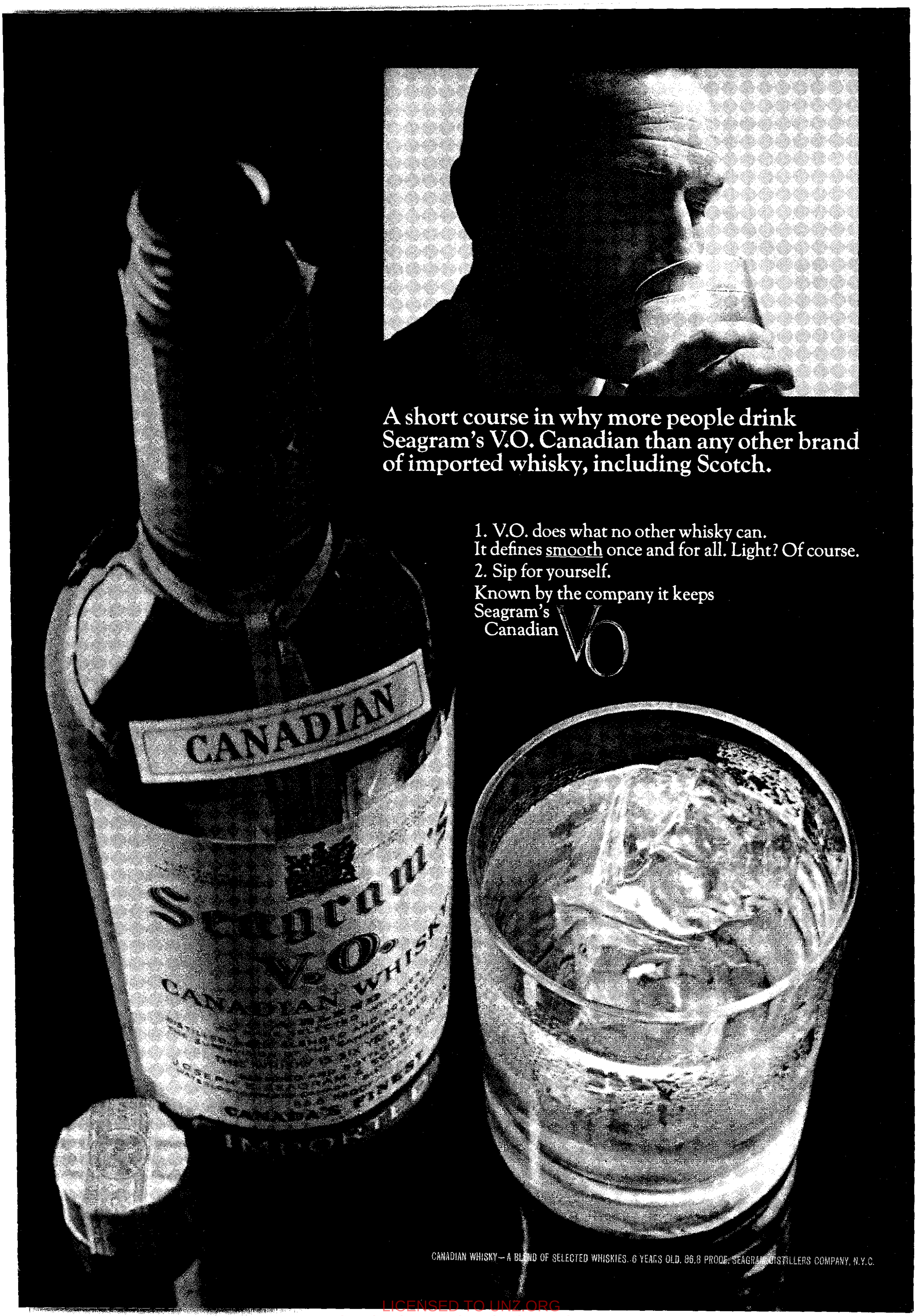
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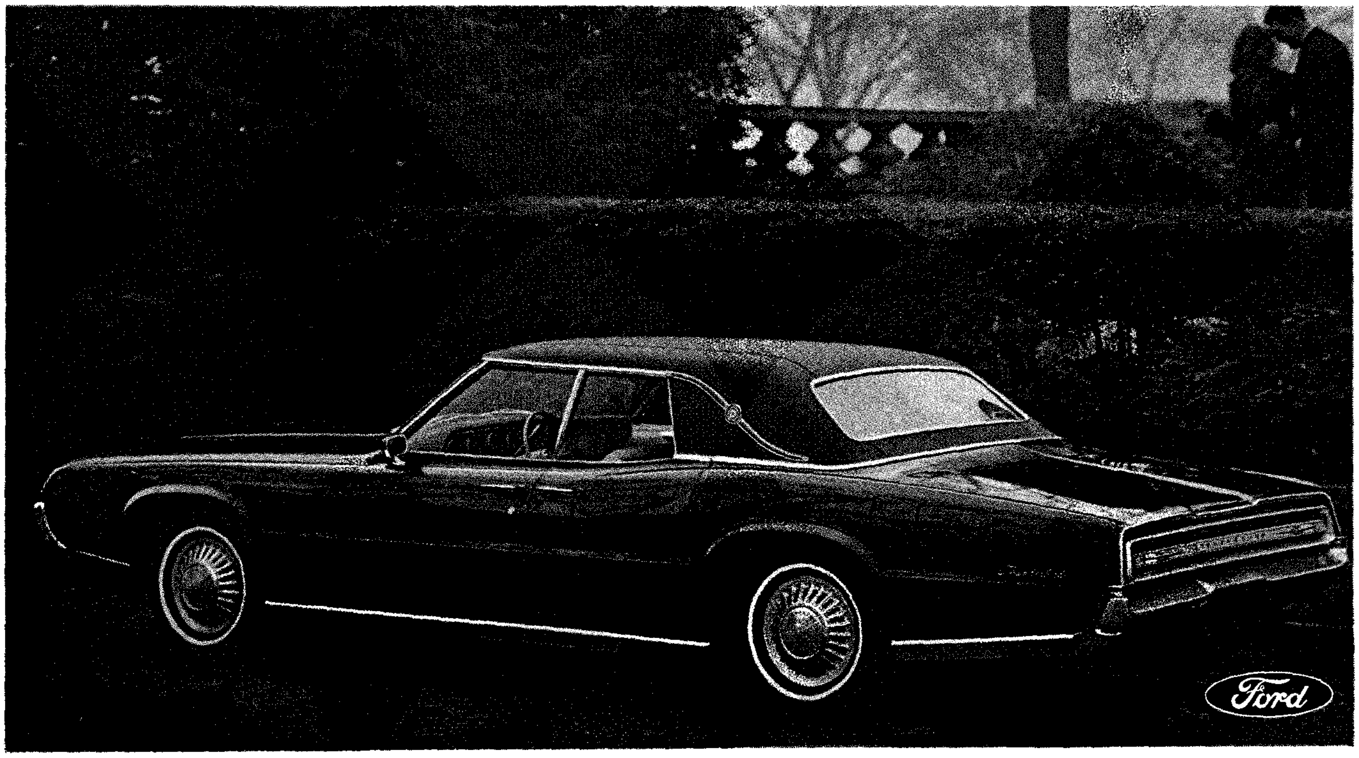

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each side a sliding glass door leads to an open deck area. In the center of the bridge area, at the front, is the wheel. A young seaman in a black turtleneck sweater and a flat-topped black hat stands very straight and very stiff and very serious, holding the wheel in his regular post position and looking attentively forward, even though there is no need for him to look at anything, since the ship is not moving. Captain Aspelund regards him sadly, almost reproachfully. Without changing his expression, he looks around at the brand-new instruments. The three sets of radar. The echo-sounding equipment. The speedometer. The revolution counters. The gyro and loran navigation systems. The controls for the stabilizers. The control for the bow propeller. The large panels with a multitude of flashing buttons, for the cargo holds, for the electric lights, for the watertight doors, for the fire doors, for the telephones, and for several dozen other controls. Captain Aspelund is holding a large pair of binoculars. He puts them down on a narrow shelf under a front window. From the same shelf, he picks up a cardboard-covered notebook of the kind used for school compositions the world over. From his inner coat pocket he takes a yellow wooden pencil. He licks the tip of it and on the cover of the notebook he slowly prints:

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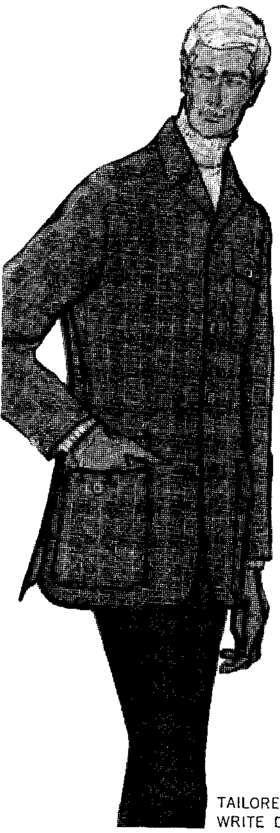
Over the public-address system comes a variety of static—a whistling, a buzzing, a shrieking, a clanking—and, finally, a voice, deep and resonant, is heard. The language the voice is speaking is French. A look of definite disapproval passes over the face of Captain Aspelund as the voice calls out the name of one of the French engineers who have been sent by the French shipbuilders—the Société des Forges et Chantiers de la Méditerranée—to accompany their newest product on her maiden voyage. "Monsieur Assaiante! Monsieur Assaiante! Monsieur Assaiante!" the voice pleads over the p.a., sounding almost desperately anxious. M. Assaiante accompanied the Sagafjord on her trip from the shipyard, at La Seyne sur Mer, near Toulon. The voice explains briefly over the p.a. that the ship does not have the proper outlets for the vacuum cleaners and that the stewards are very much upset.

"Monsieur Assaiante!" the voice cries out once more, and then it is abruptly lost in a cacophony of static. Recovering, the p.a. system starts up again, this time with the voice calling,



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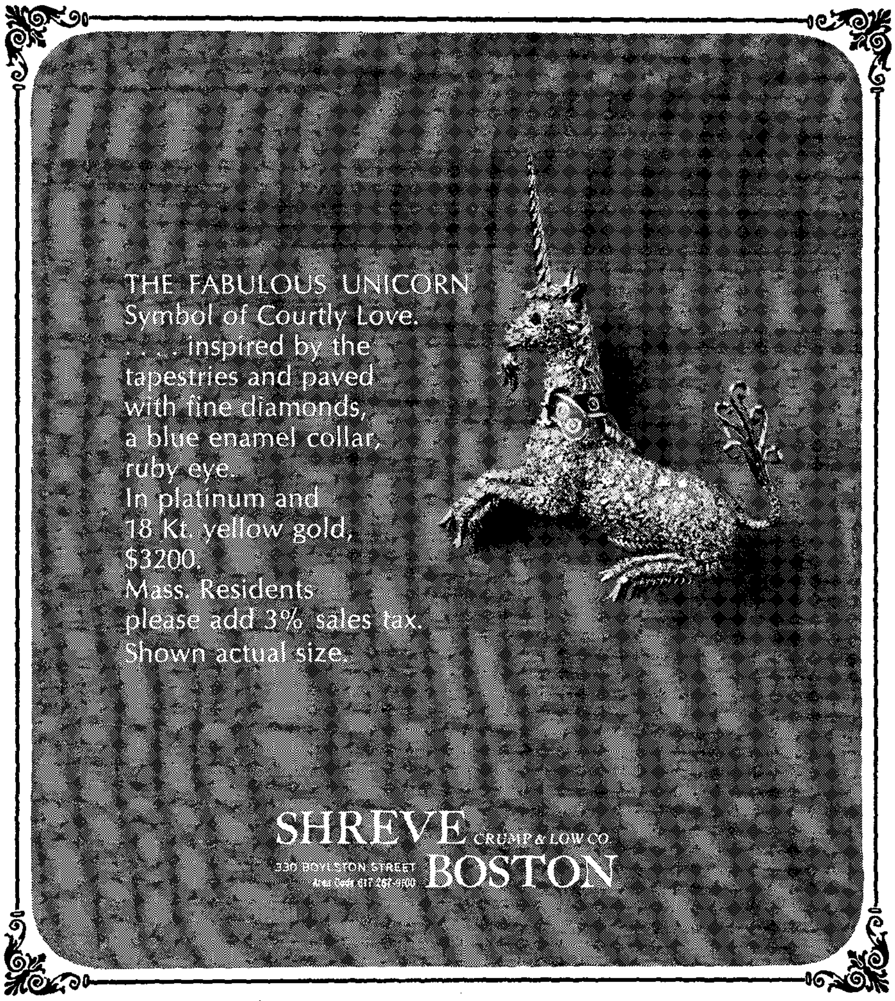
in the same desperate tone, "*Un, deux, trois! Un, deux, trois! Un, deux* . . ."

Captain Aspelund lays down the *Dekksdagbok* and leaves the bridge, looking discouraged. He goes down a narrow stairway leading to the Sun Deck forward, where he has his quarters—a large sitting room, a bedroom, and a bath, all streamlined and modern. The air-conditioning system has been switched on, and the sitting room is extremely chilly—at least ten degrees colder than the air outside. The Captain, who has started to remove his coat, puts it back on. The radio in the suite has been left on, and a Western number is being played over the closed-circuit system—Tex Ritter singing a song that sounds like "No Moh' Haht."

Captain Aspelund is part of a seafaring tradition that goes back to the ninth century, when the Vikings first sailed westward across the then unknown Atlantic to Iceland, before sailing, a century later, to Greenland and to North America. At the age of five, Captain Aspelund was introduced to old Norse sagas telling, among other things, how Leif Ericson sailed to North America five hundred years before Columbus and founded a tiny settlement called Vinland. (No one seems to be sure exactly where Vinland was. Some guesses have placed it as far south as Rhode Island. Norway's explorer and Arctic authority Helge Ingstad maintains that Vinland was on the northern tip of present-day Newfoundland.) He first went to sea at the age of fifteen, in 1928, as a pantry boy on the Stavangerfjord. Even with all that in his background, however, Captain Aspelund's feeling for the sea is less than total. He was born in a small town called Asker, just outside Oslo, and he still lives there. He has one child, a seventeen-year-old son named Ole Christian Aspelund. The Captain hopes fervently that Ole Christian will not choose a seafaring career, and he often tells his officers and crew that the sea robs a man of a family life. When his son was a little boy, the Captain says, he never once gave him a boat as a toy, though he has taken both his wife and his son along on vacation trips to French, English, and African ports. On this maiden voyage, Captain Aspelund will be alone. His wife is at home. His son is at school. The Captain feels strange in his new quarters. He moves to turn off Tex Ritter, and he knocks his knees against the unfamiliar furniture. He has three modern armchairs and a modern sofa, two modern end tables, a low round coffee table, modern cabinets and bookshelves, and a



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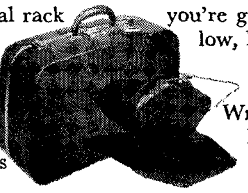

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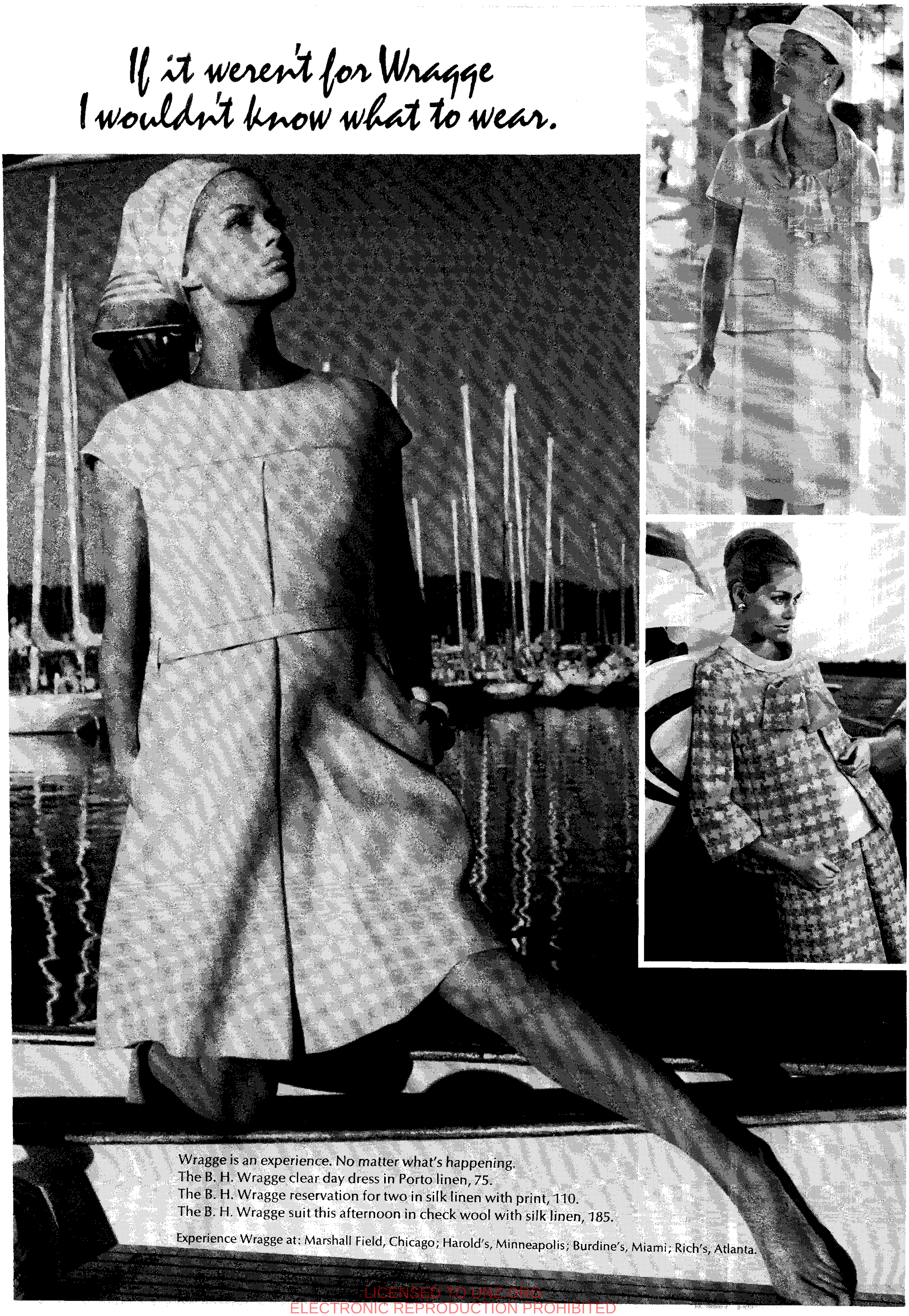
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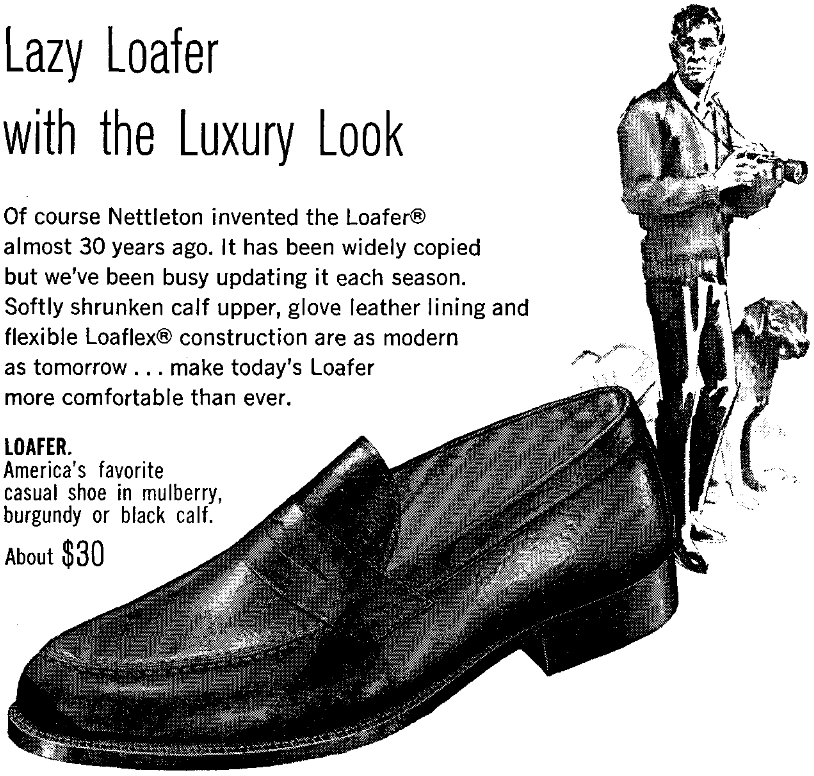

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potted plant. Some stranger has hung abstract paintings on his walls. Another stranger, or possibly the same one, has begun to fill the shelves with modern books, entitled "Hurry Sundown," by K. B. Gilden; "A Shade of Difference," by Allen Drury; and "A Pillar of Iron," by Taylor Caldwell. There are only two articles of Captain Aspelund's own selection in the room: on an end table is a framed photograph of his wife, and stuck in the dirt of the potted plant is a Peer Gynt troll, of a kind known as a "happiness maker," which the Captain has carried with him on voyages for the past twenty years. From pantry boy on the Stavangerfjord, Captain Aspelund wound up as the ship's last captain. He went to nautical school in Oslo for three years to obtain various deck-officer and radio-operator licenses. In 1954, he was given his first command, of a cargo vessel called the Trondheimsfjord. He commanded eight other ships before being appointed to the Sagafjord, but the ship he loved most dearly was the Stavangerfjord—the "old lady" who, according to Mr. Brun, is "now razor blades."

Finn Bjerva, the tall chief purser, enters the Captain's suite, whose door has been left open. Bjerva has put on his coat. The Captain does not notice him immediately, and Bjerva, already inside, knocks at the top of the doorframe. Captain Aspelund turns and greets him, and Bjerva comes farther inside, crossing his arms in front and slapping himself to demonstrate his awareness of the air-conditioned cold. The two men speak in Norwegian but now and then, with overtones of irony, switch to English.

CAPTAIN ASPELUND (*shrugging*): In the old days, we had good fresh air. And when we got to New York (*he laughs*), it was so hot. And so humid!

BJERVA (*still slapping himself*): What will happen when we reach New York at the end of this voyage?

CAPTAIN: More or less what always happens on a maiden voyage. The tugs. The fireboats, with the water spurts. The toots and whistles. The reception. The show.

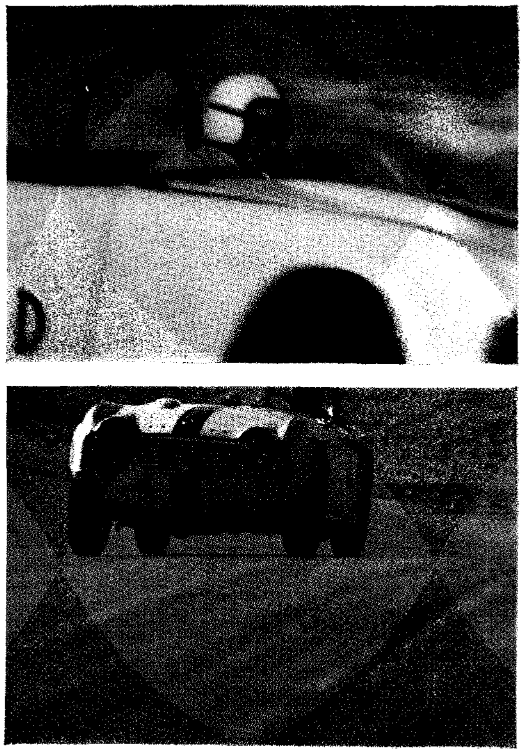
BJERVA (*enthusiastically expectant*): It will be O.K. Very O.K.

CAPTAIN (*with another shrug*): O.K. I've never been too much interested in all this fanfare. The welcome to the Sagafjord will be like the farewell to the Stavangerfjord.

BJERVA (*genuinely interested*): When was that?

CAPTAIN: The third of December, 1963.

BJERVA (*wisely*): Maybe it was the



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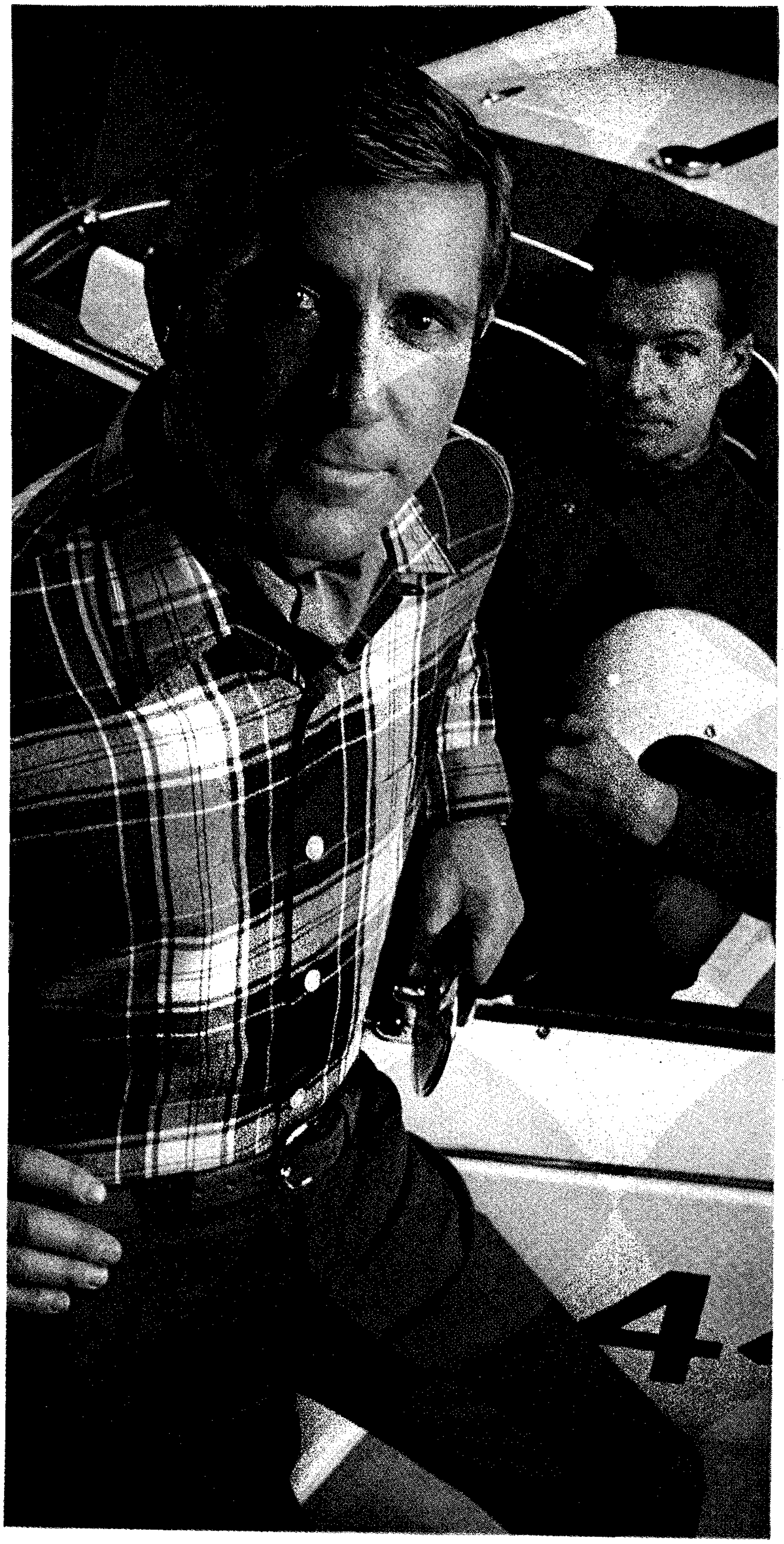

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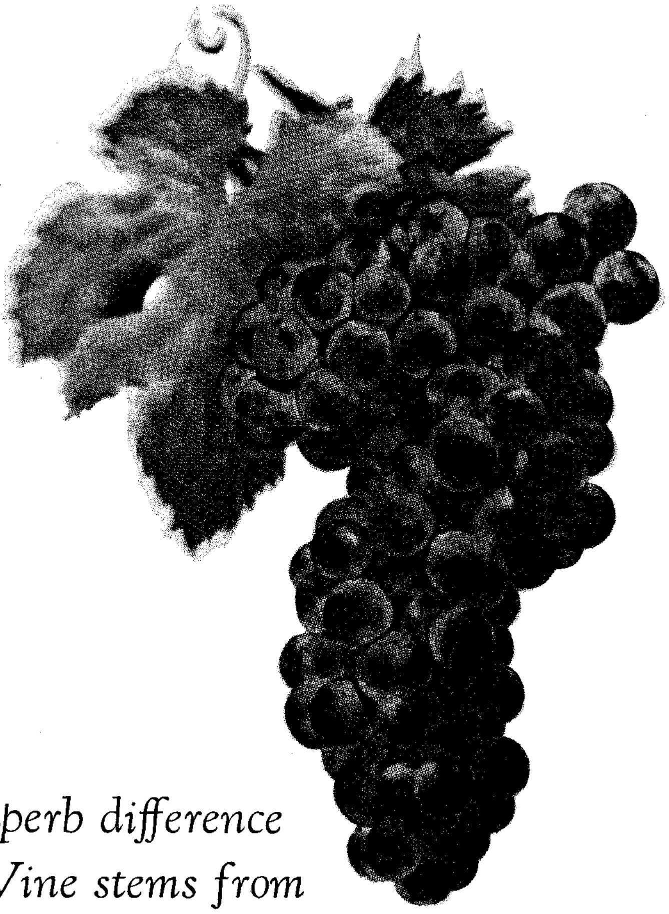

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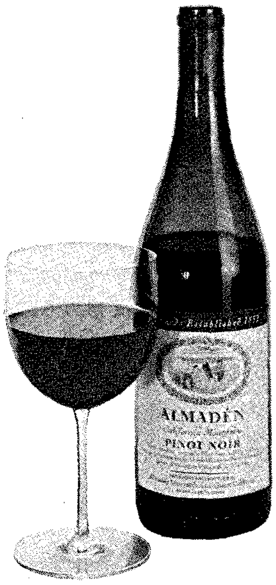

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same for New York, the farewell, but not the same for *you?*

Captain (*moodily changing the subject*): On my first trip on the old lady, we had six or eight in a cabin—a total of fourteen hundred and forty passengers. Immigrants. No bathtub. No showers. Just a washbasin, and not even a sink in some of the cabins. No *swimming pool.* (*He says the words almost with sarcasm.*) No social hall. When we danced, everybody danced on deck, outside. The waltz. The Reinlender. Now we have a luxury ship. For *cruises.* For *pleasure.* (*Again he sounds sarcastic.*)

Bjerva: You think the day of the transatlantic ship is over?

Captain (*almost angrily*): We'll always need ships. A lot of people will never fly. A lot of people, to cross the sea, to have a really good vacation, will always take a ship.

Bjerva: But on the Stavangerfjord it was different? You did not like it when you had to leave her?

Captain: I brought her back to Oslo on December 14, 1963. I did not want to be the one to take her to Japan. (*Both men are quiet for a moment.*) I started my life at sea aboard that ship. We were good friends.

Bjerva (*apparently trying to conceal deep sympathy*): That's the way it is.

Captain: I just patted her on the bridge and said, "Thanks. We have been good friends."

Bjerva: This ship will be different. She has everything. Beautiful.

Captain: A ship is like any other woman. You expect *more* of her than just being pretty.

The Sagafjord. The next day. The rain has stopped. The clock on the N.A.L. pier building stands at 2:45 P.M. The ship is scheduled to sail at 3 P.M. On the side of the building near the ship, there are four open tiers—one for each floor above the second. Every tier is jammed with people waving to friends and relatives aboard. The public-address system aboard ship is playing a recording of "Sail Along, Silvery Moon" sung by Bing Crosby. A stairway leading from the Sun Deck to the bridge has a large sign on it: "INGEN ADGANG—NO ADMITTANCE." None of the passengers seem to be interested in the bridge. They are lined up on the upper decks waving to the people on the tiers. Members of the crew are standing with the passengers: officers, engineers, electricians, assistant pursers; Chief Purser Bjerva, Chief Steward Lindstad, Ship's Sur-

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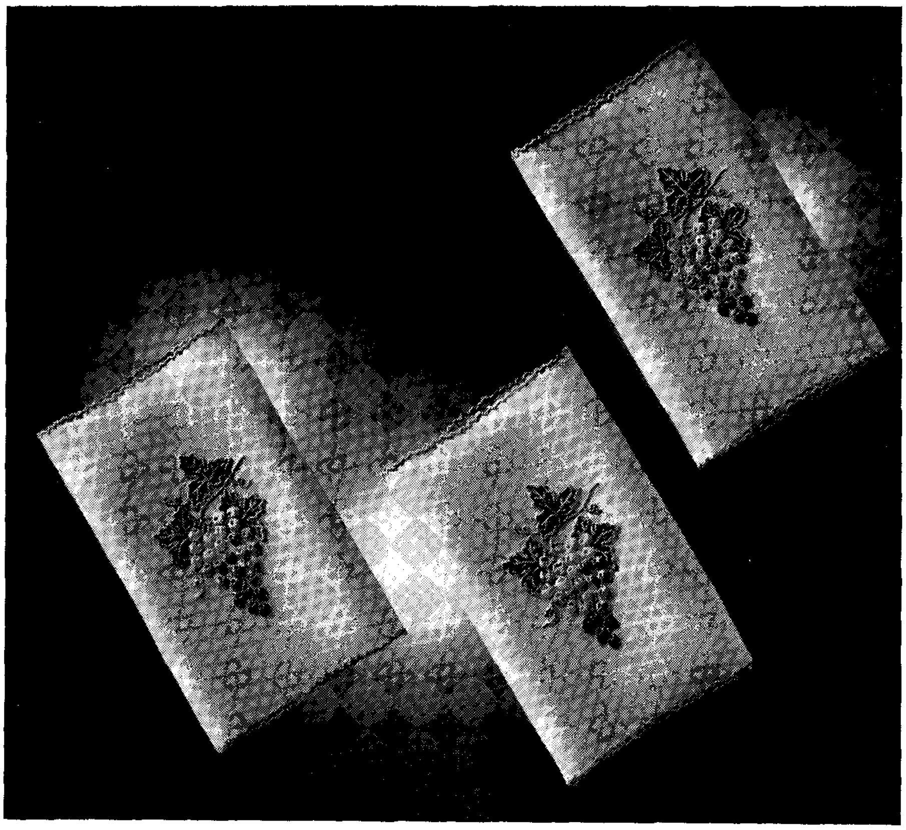

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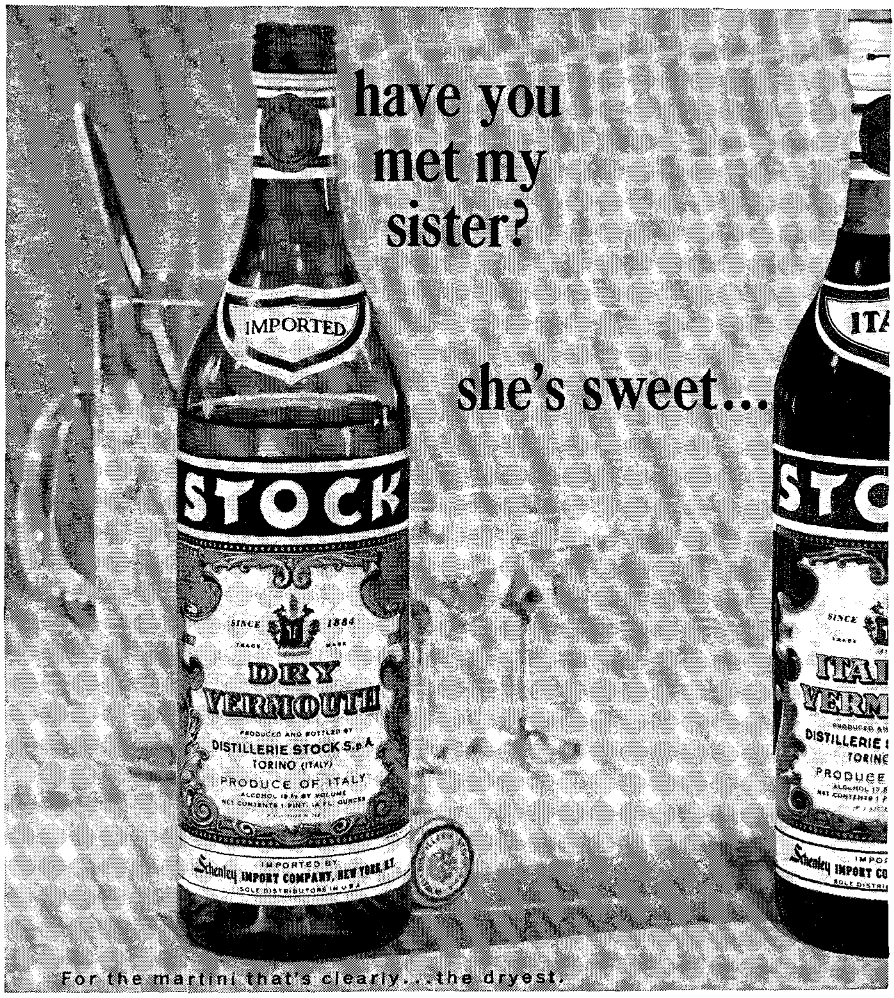

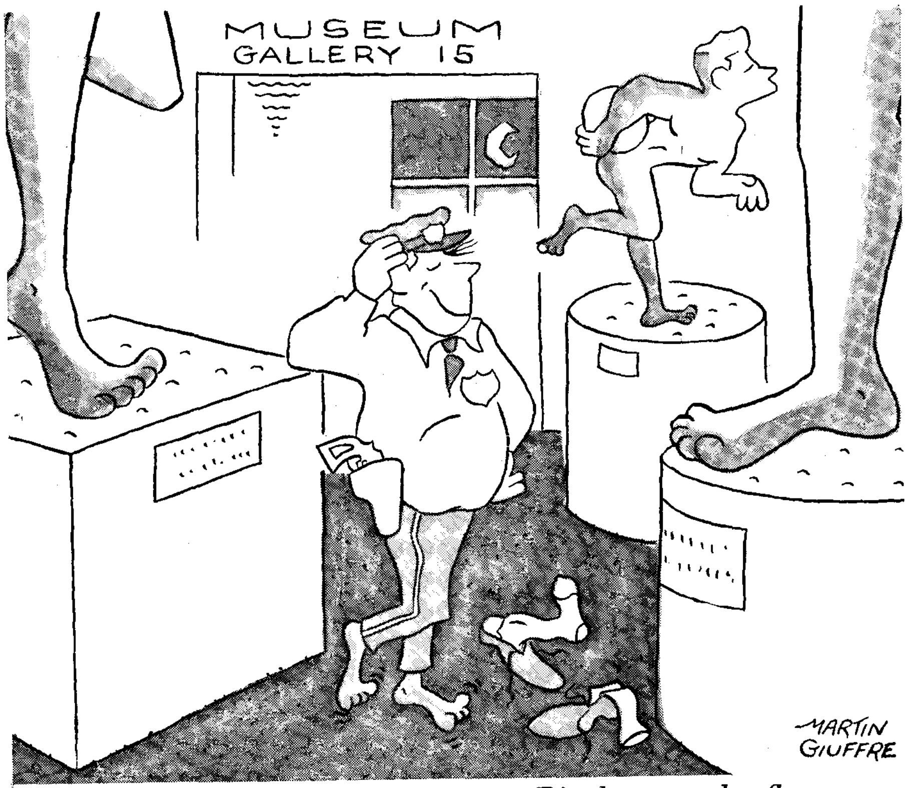

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geon Bugge-Asperheim, and the nurse; waiters, cooks, kitchen boys, and the engine boys Jon Brenne and Erling Larsen. An American known as Nick, who operates a photo service called Nick's Travel Photo Service, in Westport, Connecticut, and who is the ship's official photographer, is running around with a flash-bulb Graphlex, taking photographs of passengers. Nick is a short, pudgy man with graying hair and a brush mustache; he wears a dark fedora and a tan raincoat.

"Sail Along, Silvery Moon" suddenly stops in the middle, and a frantic voice comes on over the p.a. system, announcing, first in Norwegian, then in English, that an eight-year-old boy named Asbjørn who was supposed to have gone ashore with his parents has not done so. Asbjørn is lost. Everyone on the ship is asked to coöperate in looking for Asbjørn and bringing him to the gangway. The p.a. then falls silent as the passengers give each other indulgent, understanding smiles about Asbjørn. A group of ladies standing together at the rail on the Sun Deck, all wearing shapeless hats, heavy suits, and fur stoles with little tails hanging from them, turn around as if to search the deck for Asbjørn. The p.a. sputters, rasps, and bangs, and then the voice comes on again to say that Asbjørn has been found and has been taken ashore. Almost immediately, a recording is put on the p.a. of a band playing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Everybody becomes quiet and stands at attention. Nick the photographer stops photographing and stands at attention alongside Chief Steward Lindstad, who is in uniform and is saluting. The American who was consulting Mr. Brun at the N.A.L. office the day before is standing at the rail nearby, wearing the same double-vented sports jacket and flannel slacks, and he stands the straightest of all the male passengers. Many of the other passengers seem to be Norwegians. Near the end of the playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner," people aboard ship and on shore start to cry. More than half of them take out large handkerchiefs, which seem to have been at the ready. There are a few seconds of silence on the p.a. system, and then a recording is put on of a band playing "Yes, We Love This Country," the Norwegian national anthem. Everybody again stands respectfully at attention or saluting. Then the music stops. The ship starts to move away from the pier. The people on the four tiers ashore strain toward the ship, waving handkerchiefs, scarves, hats, and hands. The people

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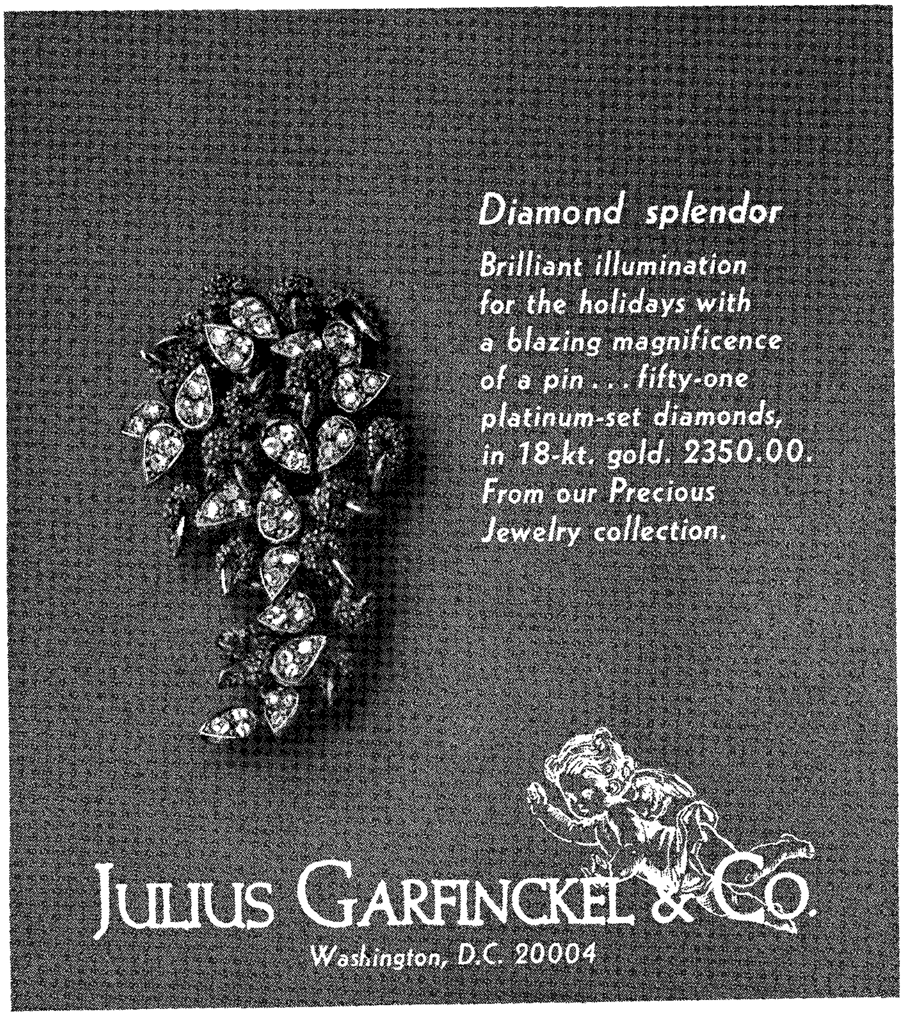
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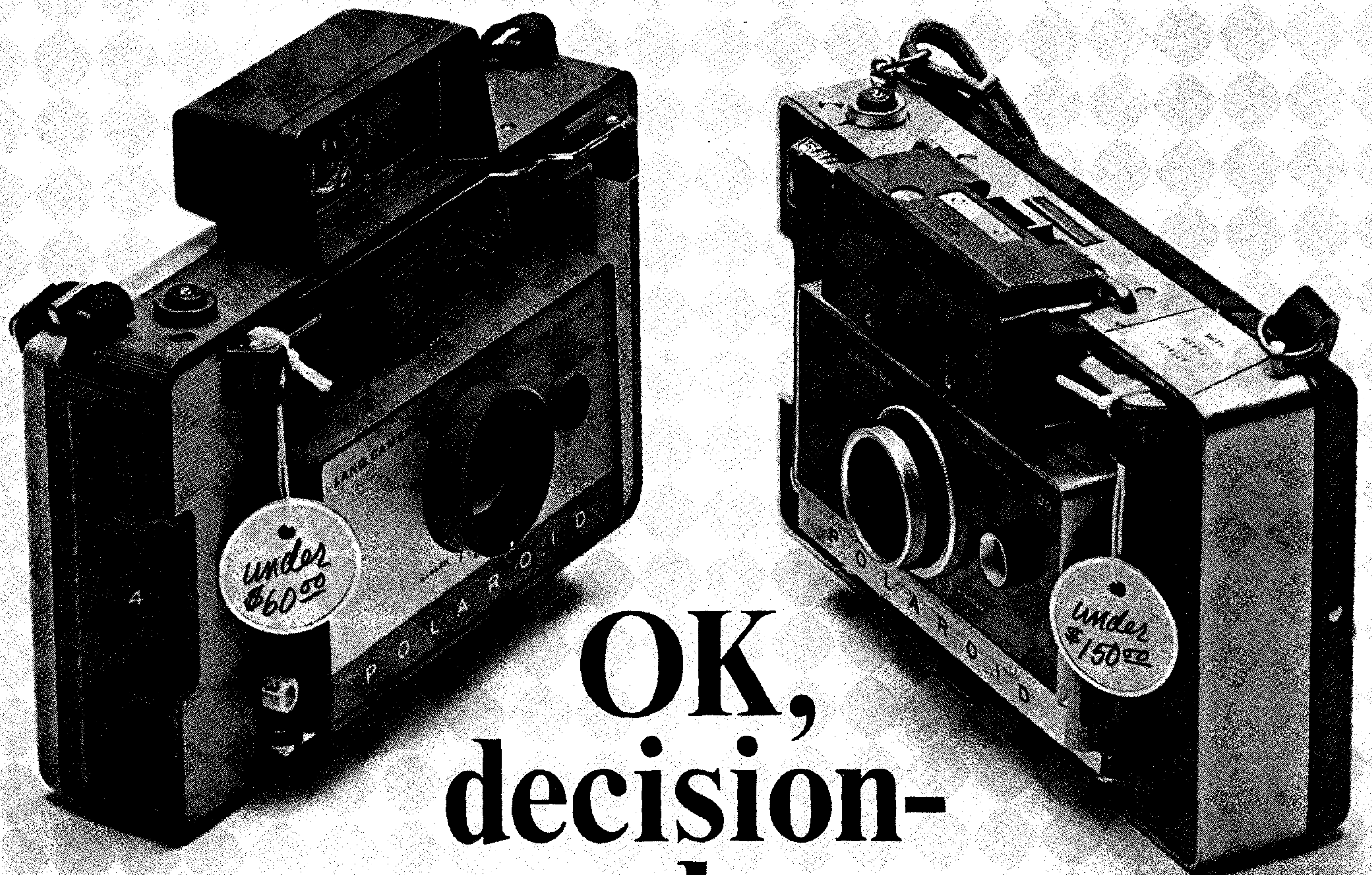
aboard strain toward shore, weeping and waving back. As the Sagafjord moves out into the fjord, people on shore run from the tiers out to the end of the pier, waving and weeping as vehemently as though the Sagafjord were going off forever with a load of immigrants from Norway.

As the ship, accompanied by two tugboats, moves smoothly out toward the Skagerrak, a recording of "The Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz is being played over the p.a. system. The Sagafjord overtakes and passes small sailboats and motorboats, whose occupants wave happily to the people still standing on the decks of the ship. A shell being stroked by a six-man crew wearing the red, blue, and white colors of Norway is passed and left in the distance. A few Sagafjord passengers, still holding handkerchiefs and scarves, wave them hopefully at the crew, who, concentrating on their rowing, do not give the ship a single look. Then the tugboats that have been accompanying the Sagafjord turn around and go back toward Oslo. Gradually, as the Sagafjord is left alone on the water, passengers and crew head for their quarters. The light is beginning to dim. The clouds are low. It is cool on deck. A mist closes in. The Sun Deck is deserted. On the bridge, Captain Aspelund walks out onto the open deck area and peers at the sunless horizon. Over the p.a. system, an organ is playing "Sheep May Safely Graze," by Johann Sebastian Bach.

INSIDE the ship, the carpets have still not been cleaned. They are now covered not only with lint and the remains of the cocktail party but with the marks of hundreds of trampling shoes and pieces of luggage. Chief Purser Bjerva and Chief Steward Lindstad are having a conference outside the Captain's stateroom with M. Assaiante, the French shipyard engineer, and with Kaare Haug, the technical director and chief naval architect and designer for the N.A.L., who was the main designer of the Sagafjord. M. Assaiante is a slightly built, very French-looking man with a narrow fringe of beard travelling from one of his ears to the other. He maintains his calm. The others are excited. Mr. Haug is a sturdy type, blond and healthy-looking, with a long, large-chinned face and an open manner. The Sagafjord is the twenty-first ship he has designed for the N.A.L., and this maiden voyage is his twenty-first, too. Since the keel of the ship was laid in the French shipyard, in June, 1963, POLAROID®



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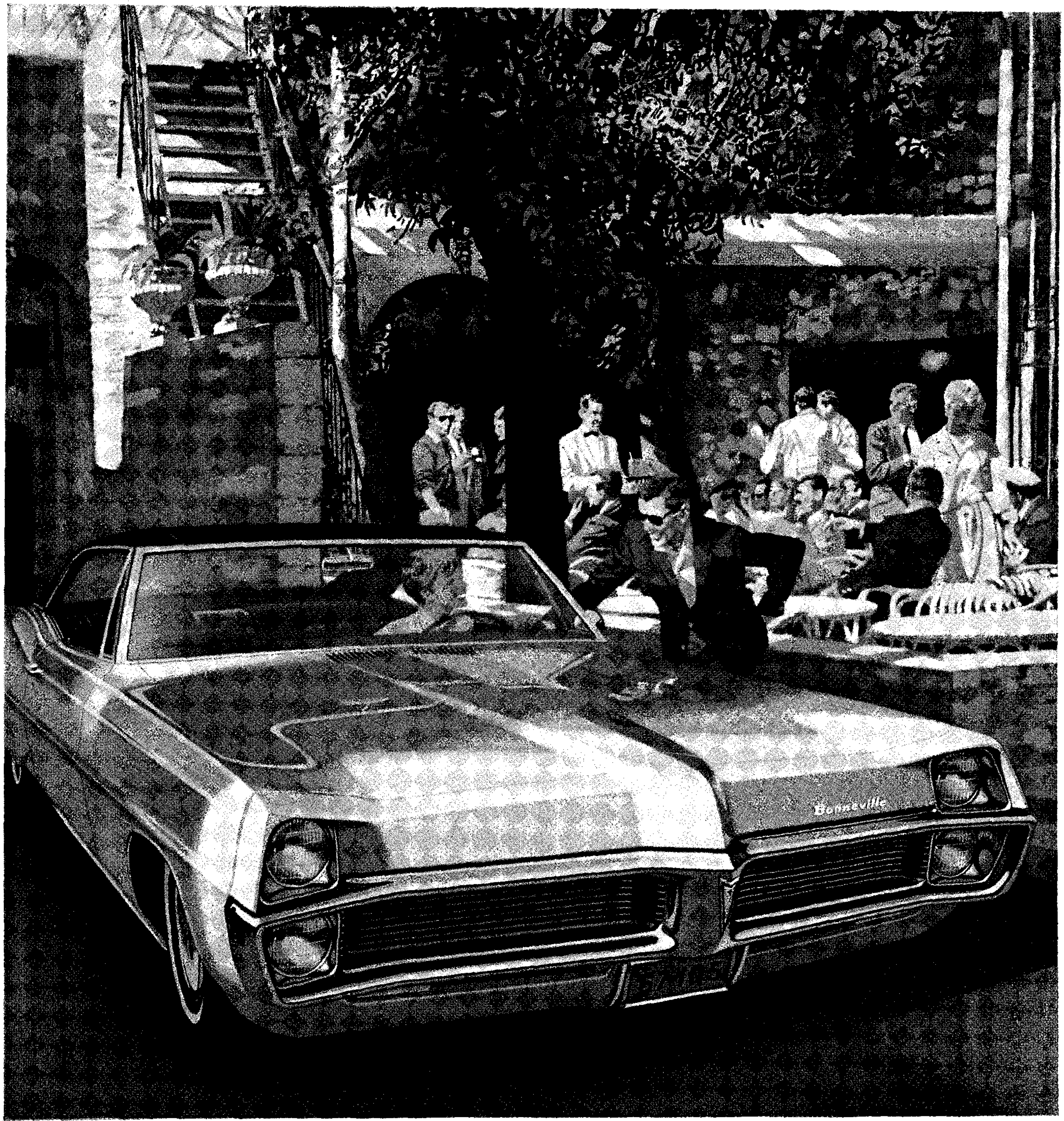

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In fact, if they keep coming up with winners like this, someone's bound to insist that our engineers take a year off and give the competition a chance to catch up. That'll be the day.

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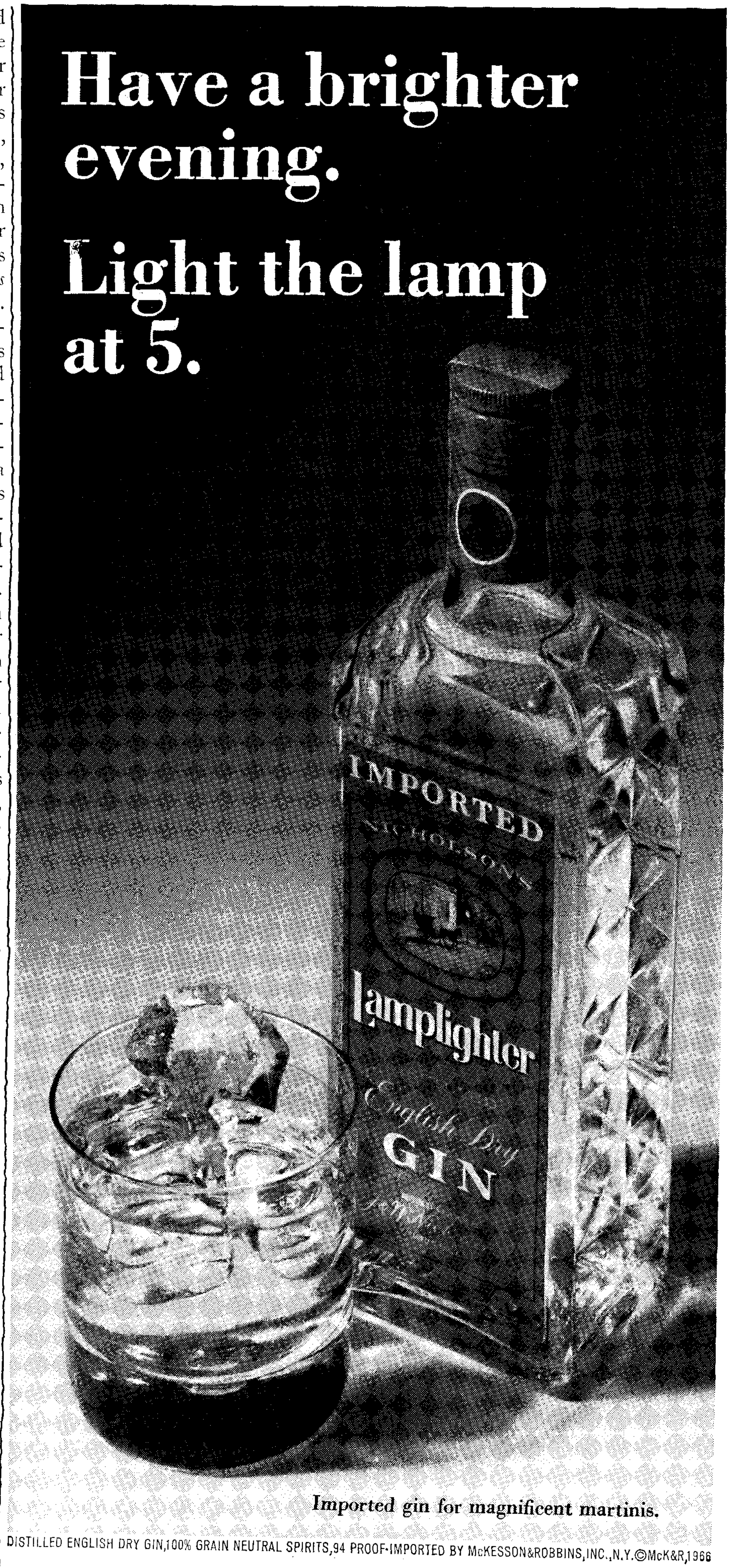
Mr. Haug has made forty-nine round trips from Oslo to Toulon, and he likes to say that if it hadn't been for the airplane, the Sagafjord could never have been built. Mr. Haug's other ships include the Oslofjord, built in 1949, in Amsterdam, and the Bergensfjord, built in 1956, in Wallsend, Newcastle-on-Tyne. His background teems with ships and shipbuilding. His father was a well-known naval architect. His grandfather was a shipbuilder, and *his* father was captain of a sailing bark. His wife's grandfather was also a captain of a sailing ship. Mr. Haug has three children: a twenty-five-year-old son, who is studying mechanical engineering at the University of Wisconsin, and who wants to go into aviation, because shipping is too "slow;" a twenty-one-year-old daughter, who is studying mathematics at the University of Oslo; and a nineteen-year-old daughter, who is studying occupational-therapy methods in England. Mr. Haug lives in Oslo, and on the southern coast of Norway he has a summer home dating from the mid-nineteenth century. He owns a forty-horsepower motorboat, which he likes to use when he and his wife and children go water-skiing. The Sagafjord's vacuum-cleaning problem has made him nervous and impatient. M. Assaiante, however, calmly explains that the central vacuum system has two hundred and ten outlets, none of them specially adjusted for the cleaning of nylon, which the carpets are made of. The nylon has created static electricity, which makes the carpets lock up and resist cleaning. M. Assaiante assures the others that an adjustment will quickly be made in each outlet to bring about an unlocking of the carpets.

MAIN DECK. The passageway outside Cabin M-43. A wiry, blond-haired man in his middle thirties, wearing a heavy black-and-white cardigan with silver buttons, and black pants, is putting his name up in the door slot directly under the number "M-43." The name is printed in pencil: "ARNE MADSEN." He is a new-style immigrant, from Stige, Fyn, Denmark. With his wife, Inger, who is twenty-eight, and their daughters, Berit and Dorthe, four and two, respectively, he has left the old country and is on his way to a new life in Watsonville, California. His wife has red hair, and the two little girls are blondes, and all three are wearing heavy Danish cardigans of mixed colors, predominantly red. They come out of the cabin to watch as Madsen fixes the name on the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door. Then Madsen stands back, holds out his hands, one to each little girl, and starts to dance with them. Mrs. Madsen joins them, and they make a circle, dancing in the narrow passageway to music coming from the closed-circuit radio in their cabin. It is playing a medley from "My Fair Lady." The number they are dancing to is "Get Me to the Church on Time."

A middle-aged, plump, friendly man in a dark business suit comes along and pauses to watch the dancing family for a while. When they stop, out of breath, he applauds.

Man: That's what I like to see. You never see dancers in a circle anymore, except in our folk dances. (*He speaks English with an American accent.*)

Madsen: We always dance. We are having a very good life together.

Man: I'm Willy Olsen. You speak English beautifully. (*Madsen's wife and children have drawn back a little in shyness, but Madsen, looking radiantly happy, obviously welcomes the conversation.*)

Madsen: We try to speak English. My wife went to night school for three years—one night every week for two hours—to learn English. We try to speak English in front of the children. We want them to get along with other children in America. We feel it is wrong to isolate children. (*He puts a hand on the head of Dorthe, his two-year-old.*) She just learned to talk Danish. She has just started saying "*far*" for "father" and "*mor*" for "mother." Maybe now she will never learn Danish.

Olsen (*with the wholehearted enthusiasm and interest often shown by bachelors who enter the lives of others easily*): My parents thought that might happen to me. My mother was from Oslo, and my father was from Trondheim, and I was born there. In America, I grew up speaking Norwegian as well as English. And now I'm glad. Now I travel to Norway every year. I spend six months in Europe and six months in New York.

Madsen: It was a big step for us to say goodbye to Denmark. My wife is a very good girl. She is not dependent on her family. We know it is going to be hard work for us for a long time, but I am quite sure it will work out all right if we don't have any accidents. I like the way of living in America. I don't want to say anything against Denmark, but in America there is more freedom. There is not so much tradition as we have in Denmark. In America, you dress any way you want to dress. In Denmark, if you dress the

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way you want to, you are not accepted by other people. And there are so many people from different countries in America. The children will get a better chance to mix and to understand the world.

OLSEN: Don't forget to come on deck in time to see the Statue of Liberty. And as we get close to the Wall Street neighborhood I'll show you the building I used to work in, on lower Broadway. The Chase Ribbon Company. On the nineteenth floor. I worked there for thirty-eight years. I'm now retired. I hope we don't get in before nine in the morning, because any time after nine my co-workers will all be waving to me. From the nineteenth floor. I'm sure my co-workers will be watching for me. I'll visit there in a few days. They'll all be glad to see me.

MADSEN (*looking genuinely impressed*): There is better security in America. At home, we could never afford a trip like this. For us, it is a vacation—our first vacation in three years. We will swim and take the steam baths every day, while the children play in the playroom. We like to swim. In Denmark, it is necessary to swim, because we have so much water.

OLSEN: I was in charge of the secretarial pool at the Chase Ribbon Company. What business are you in?

MADSEN: Flower growing. In Odense, the town where Hans Christian Andersen was born, I owned a greenhouse with my twin brother, but I sold my interest to my brother. Flower growing in Denmark has been a bad business, because we are not a member of the Common Market. I was in California for two and a half years studying carnation growing. I am going to work for a man in California who is our sponsor. He put up the security for us. He is a good friend, and he knows I am very experienced with flowers. We have been planning to come to America for one year. Last February, we put in our papers. It took eight months to be approved. It was very easy. They were very careful to be sure we were not Communists, and that was all. We sold our house. It is almost new. A one-story house, but with a basement, and with two bedrooms and a dining room and a kitchen. It cost about twelve thousand dollars. We have shipped all our furniture to California. It is quite beautiful—teak, Danish furniture—and we did not want to give it up. We bought it when we got married. We shipped two big easy chairs and a sofa, and a dining-room table with six chairs, and

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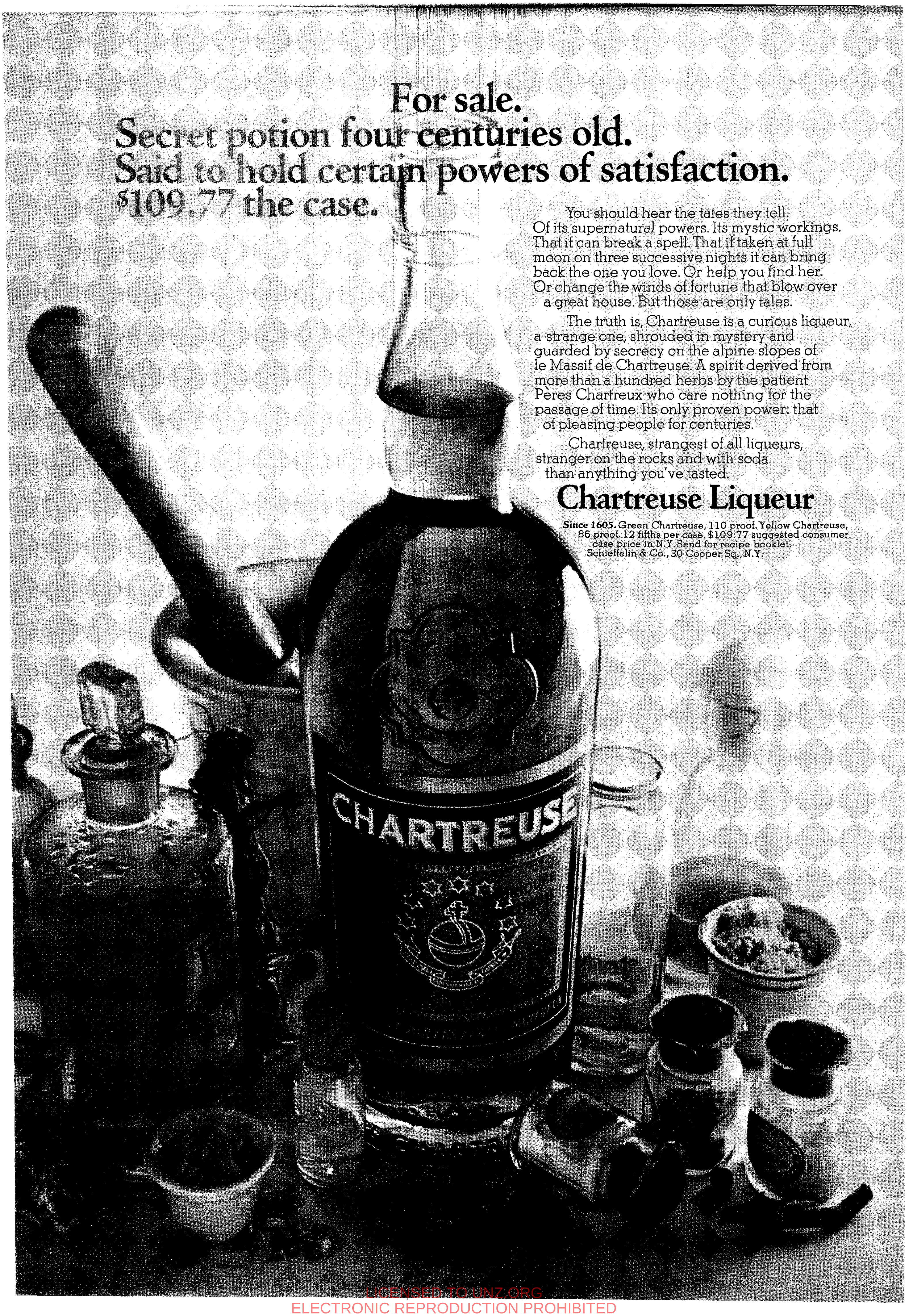

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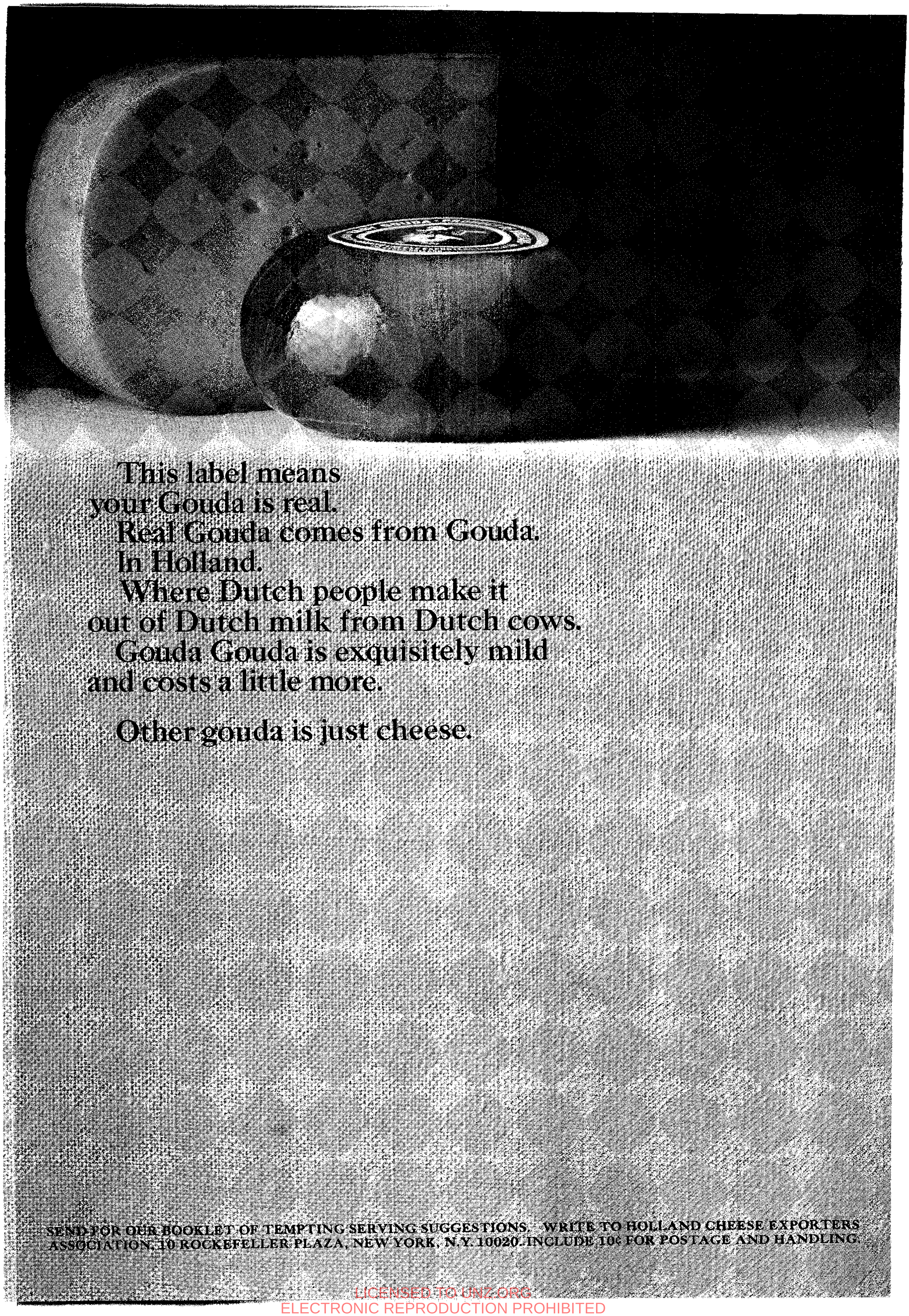

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our beds and our china. We left our dog, a boxer, with my brother and his two children. And we left our rye bread—that is what we call our delivery wagon, a Volkswagen, a "rye bread"—which was sold with the business. My wife is worried about having a place to live in California. I tell her in America it is not a big problem, the way it is a big problem in Denmark, to have a place to live. But she is worried. (*Mrs. Madsen listens intently to her husband, and nods in agreement. The two little girls hang on to her legs, watching their parents seriously.*)

OLSEN: You don't have to worry, Mrs. Madsen.

MADSEN: I tell her we will stay in a motel for a few days. And I want to stay over in New York before we take the plane to California. If the children are all right, I want my wife to see New York.

OLSEN (*eagerly*): Yes, Mrs. Madsen? What do you want to see?

MRS. MADSEN (*speaking for the first time, very shyly*): I want to see Wall Street.

OLSEN (*his face lighting up*): That's good. That's *right.* Wall Street.

MRS. MADSEN (*encouraged*): And the Radio City Music Hall, and the United Nations, and the Empire State Building.

MADSEN (*regarding his wife with pride and affection*): We got some slides of New York and studied them, and she has seen movies about New York, so she knows some things she wants to see.

MRS. MADSEN: The Blackboard Jungle and the Asphalt Jungle and the Garment Jungle. I want to see all the jungles. (*Mr. and Mrs. Madsen and Olsen laugh. The children look at the adults with poker faces.*)

MADSEN: With the money I got from the business and from the house, we bought our tickets—eight hundred and fifty dollars for the ship and three hundred and fifty on the T.W.A. for California. It is not like the old days. If our grandparents could wake up today and see how different it is!

OLSEN: And my parents! They came over in steerage!

MADSEN: Look at us now. Tomorrow, the Captain is giving us a cocktail party.

OLSEN (*as the Madsens start into their cabin*): See you at the party. (*Then, still holding the family.*) By the way, I like that cardigan you're wearing. I never saw one like that.

MADSEN: This sweater my wife made for me just before we left Den-

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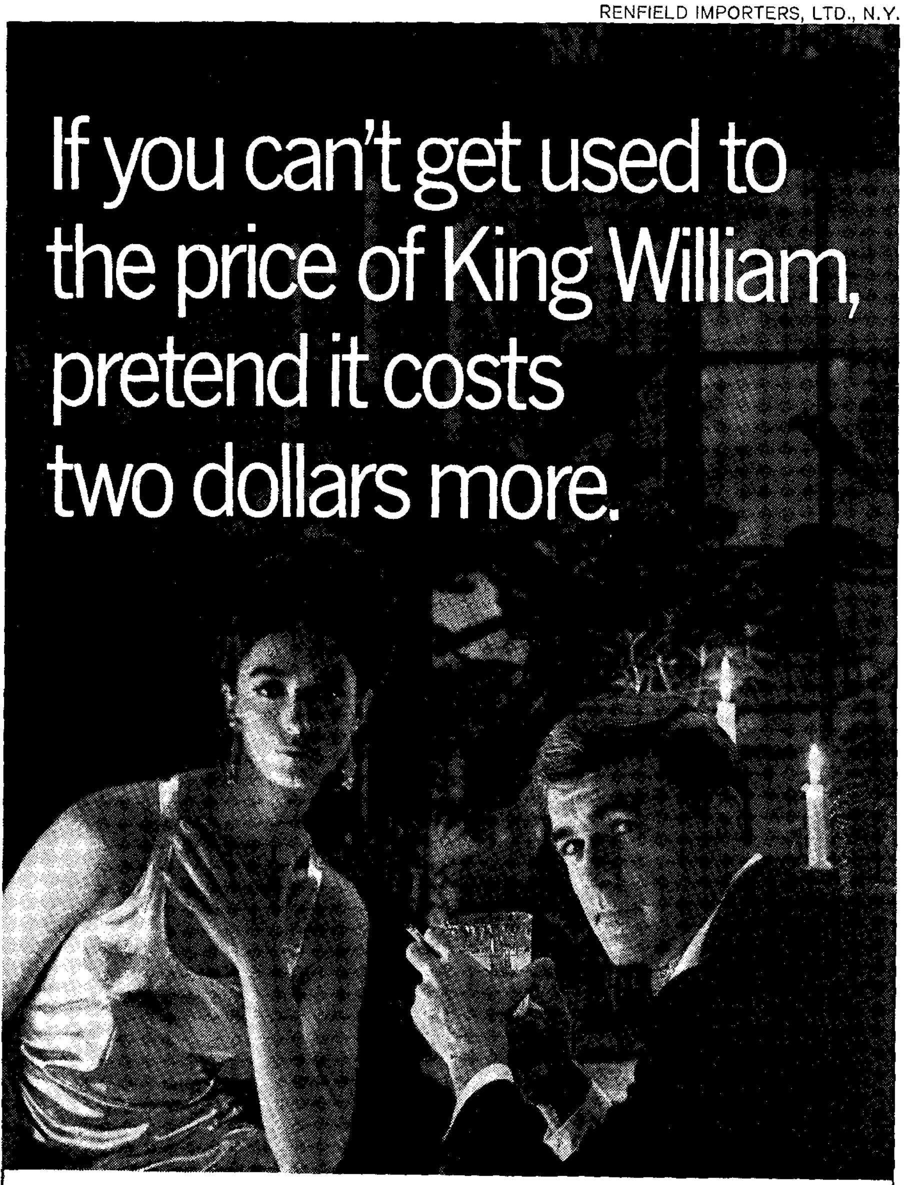

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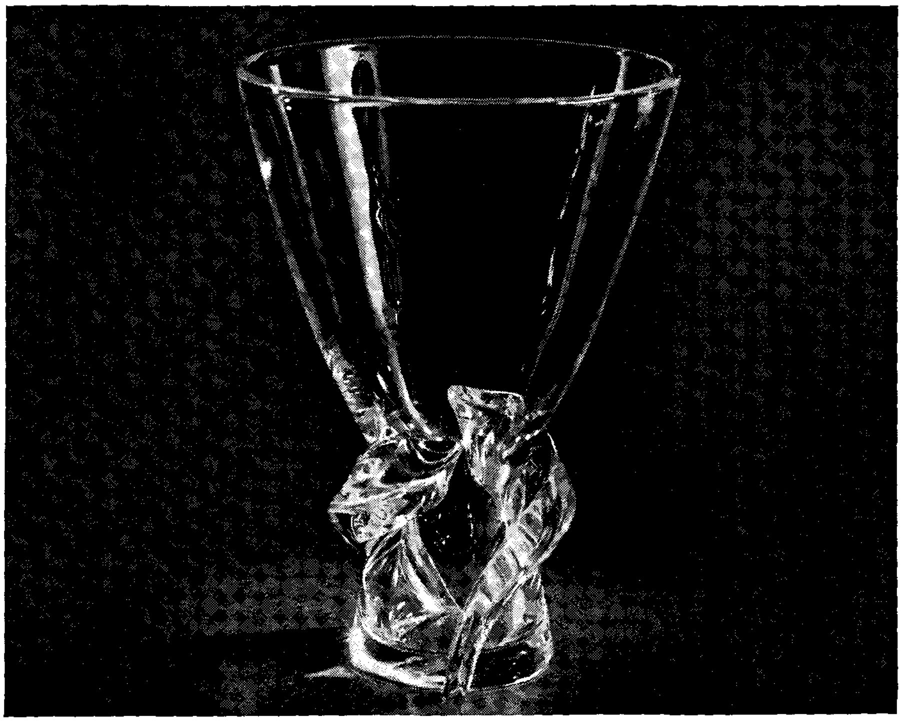

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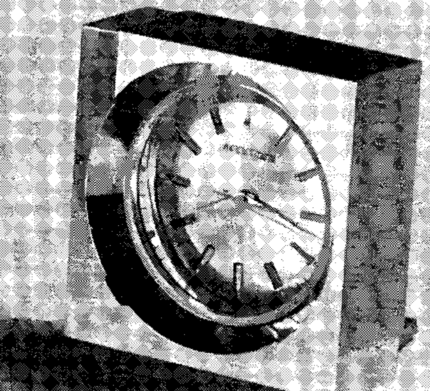

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mark. (*He looks happy as he closes the door of Cabin M-43.*)

UPPER DECK. Stateroom U-59. Shared by Kari Immerslund, a very pretty girl of twenty-two from Oslo, who is going to visit a cousin of her mother's in Hartford, Connecticut, and Mrs. Berthe Maurstad, a dark, brooding middle-aged woman, who has decided to leave Norway to try her future in America. She is planning, she is telling Miss Immerslund, to travel from New York to Seattle by bus. She is going to try to get a job as a cook in Seattle. They talk as they unpack and set their cabin in order for the trip.

MISS IMMERSLUND: I don't know if my mother's cousin will be there to meet me. I don't know if anybody will meet me.

MRS. MAURSTAD: I know there will be nobody to meet me. I do not know anybody in New York. I will go straight to the bus that will take me to Seattle.

MISS IMMERSLUND: I hope to learn more English in America, and I want to see everything.

MRS. MAURSTAD (*darkly*): I just want to arrive in Seattle.

MISS IMMERSLUND: I am supposed to be met by a cousin and by four other relatives I have never seen, who have never been in Norway.

MRS. MAURSTAD (*dutifully*): How will they know you? How will they recognize you?

MISS IMMERSLUND: I sent them a photograph of myself.

MRS. MAURSTAD: If I like it, I will stay in Seattle and not go back.

MISS IMMERSLUND: I will stay in Hartford, Connecticut, about a year. I had a job in the Oslo Sparebank. I was paid about eleven hundred kroner a month. Maybe I will find a job in Hartford, Connecticut, or maybe I will go to the university.

MRS. MAURSTAD: Or maybe you will meet an American boy and marry him. (*Miss Immerslund shrugs.*) I cooked for twenty years for the Norwegian State Cantina, so maybe I will find a job as a cook in Seattle.

MISS IMMERSLUND (*with a smile*): And maybe you will meet and have many new friends in America.

Mrs. Maurstad shrugs. She gives Miss Immerslund a brief, self-conscious smile, which fades as soon as it appears. She looks gloomily around the cabin. The clothes are hung up in the wardrobe. The shoes are in neat rows on the floor of the wardrobe. The dressing table has two neatly separated clusters

"The fatal flaw in your scheme, Edwards, was your appalling ignorance of sherry. Any butler who doesn't know the difference between amontillado and oloroso, manzanilla and fino, shouldn't serve sherry to a Scotland Yard man."

Edwards mis-buttled his way right into the dock at Old Bailey.

He should have come to Pedro Domecq before he tried to flummox the inspector.

We could have set him straight. Pedro Domecq makes and sells more sherry than anybody in the world.

We would have told him that sherry is Spanish, much as scotch is Scotch.

There are four important sherry types, from very dry to very sweet. A careful English butler would serve the driest sherries at cocktail time, the sweetest with dessert.

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Manzanilla is the driest and least known sherry of all. Ask for it and you will impress even the starchiest of butlers. Ours is called, simply enough, Pedro Domecq Manzanilla.

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Amontillado is associated forever more with Edgar Allan Poe. It is neither very sweet nor very dry, which makes it a splendid introduction to sherry. Because our amontillado is called Pedro Domecq Primero, you are spared the embarrassment of ordering "amontillado" (after all, what if the clerk should say "come down to the cellar and pick it out yourself?").

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Our advice is to take this all to heart and learn it by rote; keep all four Pedro Domecq sherries on hand.

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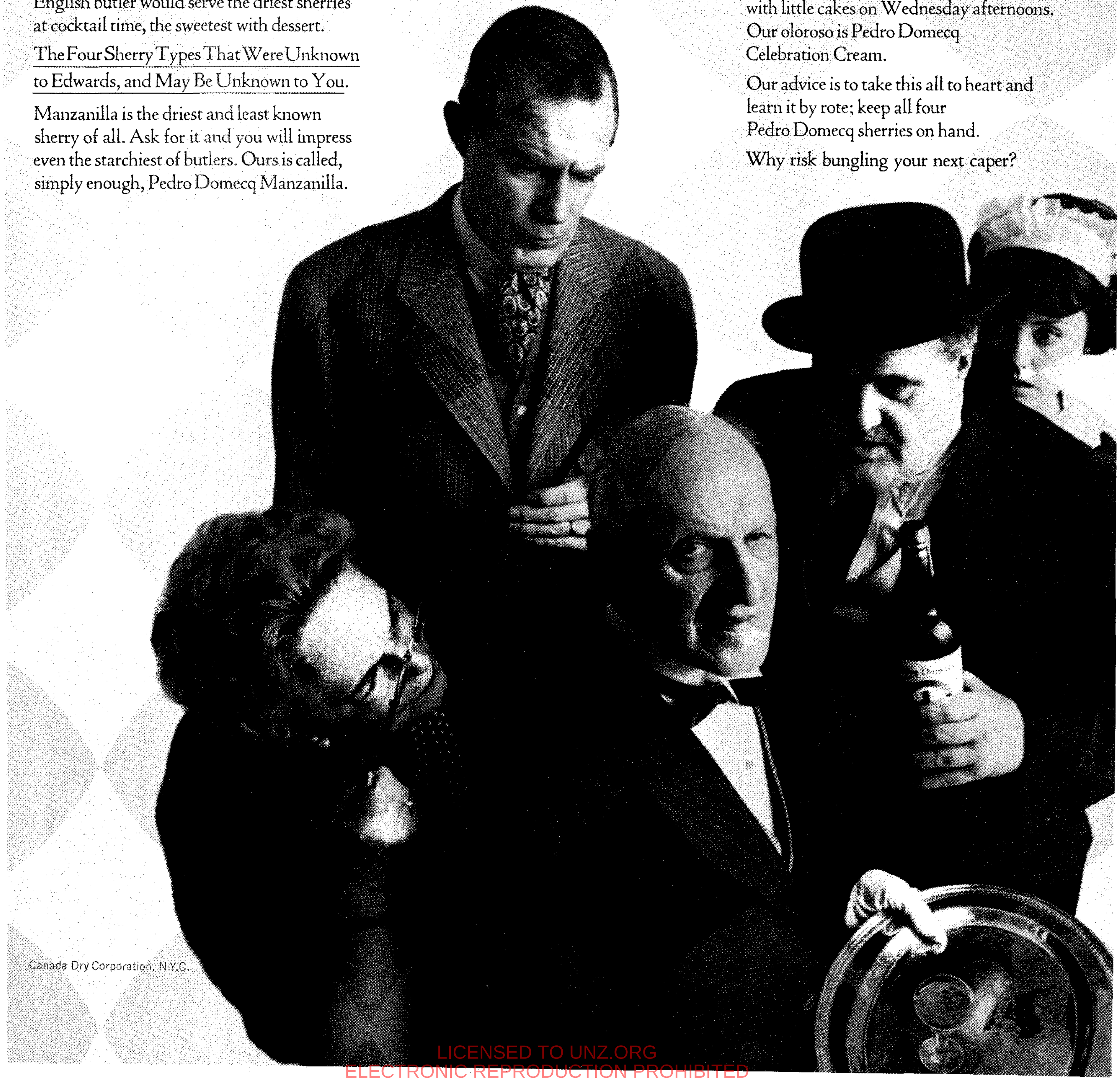

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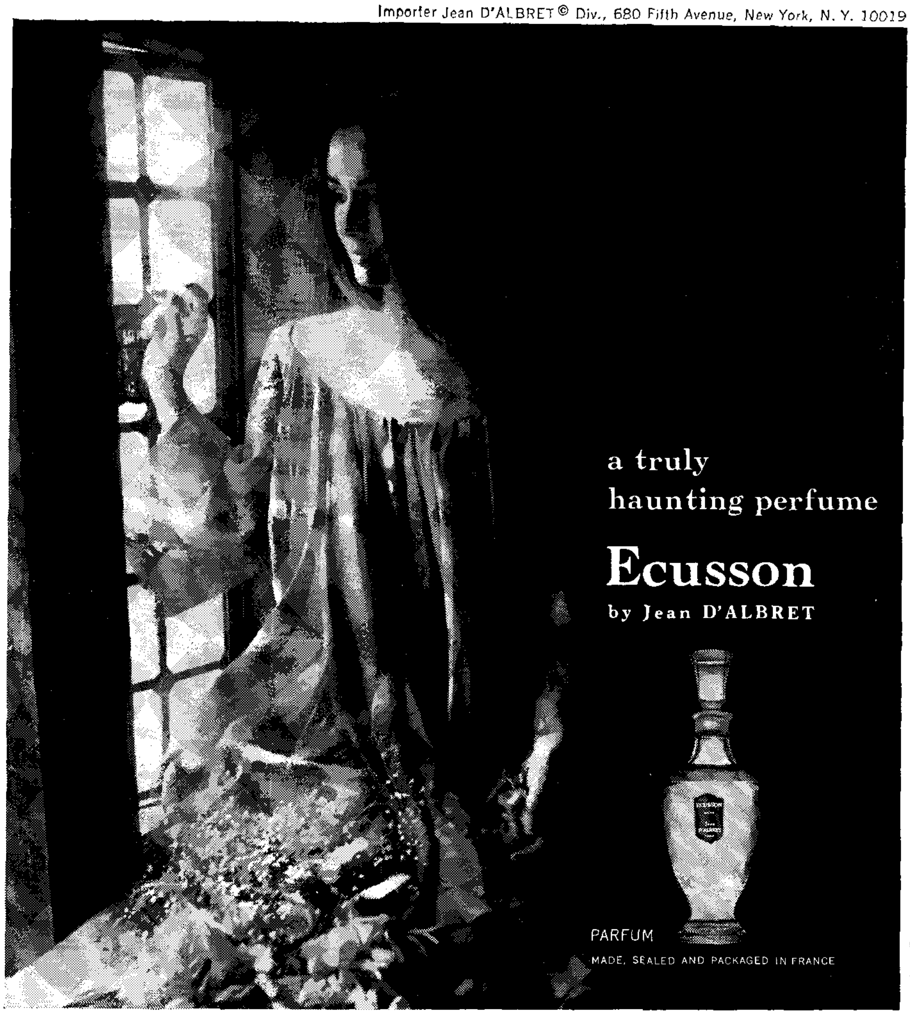

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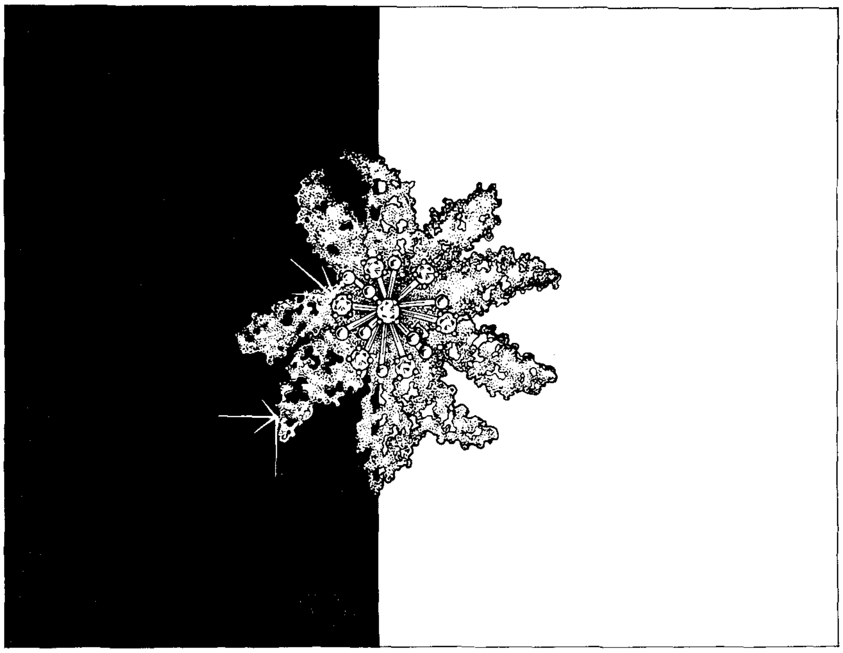

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of toilet articles—Mrs. Maurstad's on one side, Miss Immerslund's on the other. Mrs. Maurstad's suitcase has been emptied. She closes it with an almost angry snap and sits down on her bed and folds her hands in her lap. Miss Immerslund watches her, then slowly closes her suitcase and sits down on her bed and folds *her* hands in *her* lap.

SUN DECK. Evening, after dinner. Two *Første Klasse* passengers—Thor Skullerud and Syvert Bensen—are walking toward each other. They meet, and, in the time-honored manner of strangers on shipboard, they stop and stand together at the rail. Skullerud is a small, dried-up man of about sixty, with a pinched face and heavy black eyebrows. He is wearing a black beret, only slightly at an angle, and a black topcoat. In the top buttonhole is a button of the International Organization of Masters, Mates, and Pilots. On the third finger of his left hand is a large ring bearing the Masonic seal. Bensen is a large man of about the same age. He has a large, square face. He looks conventionally Scandinavian-stolid. Skullerud seems to be doing most of the talking.

SKULLERUD: It isn't as it should be. They didn't even have *smörgåsbord.* I crossed on the Oslofjord eighteen months ago on my way to Norway. They had *smörgåsbord* every night on the Oslofjord. This ship is built too high. And this ship should have been ready months ago. These days, they're delaying all the time in the shipyards of the world—delaying in order to find the cheapest ways to work on the ships. I know ships. For thirty years, I was a pilot on steamships—the Liberty ships that went from Seattle to Anchorage, Alaska. I quit the passenger business in 1954. I took my pension in 1962. I've crossed with the skipper of this ship before. Captain Aspelund. I crossed with him on one of his last trips on the old Stavangerfjord. I tried crossing once on a Cunard Line ship. They had a lot of silver but not enough food for *me.* It was what I call a hungry ship. I will always take ships. I have two big bags that hang up in the cabin. You can't get two bags to hang up on a plane. I will go to Seattle by train. The tipping now on the ships! But it's worse on a train. I've been in Norway eighteen months, visiting my sister, in my home town of Aalesund, in the west. They're all fishing in Aalesund. Time for me to go back to Seattle, I said to my sister. This trip will take exactly nine days and one half hour. I'm wait-

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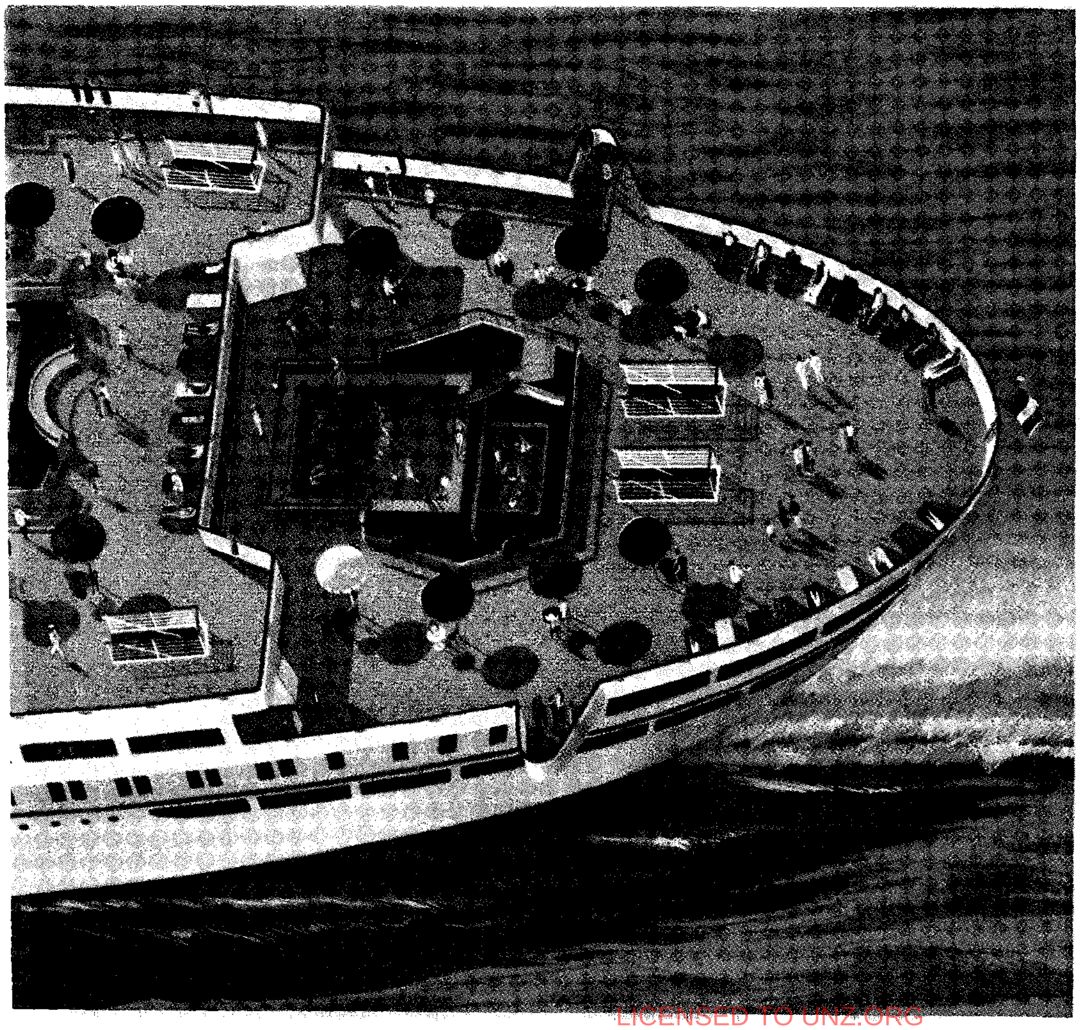

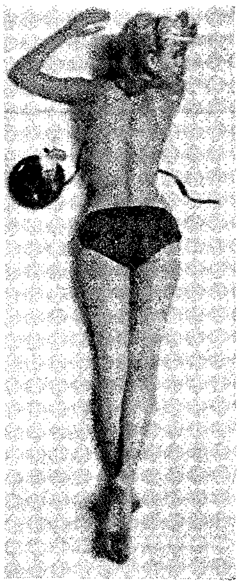

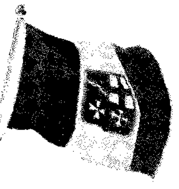

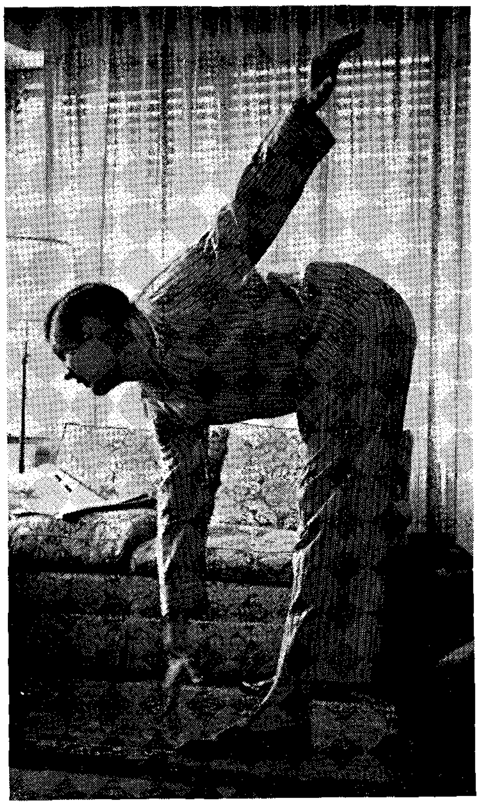

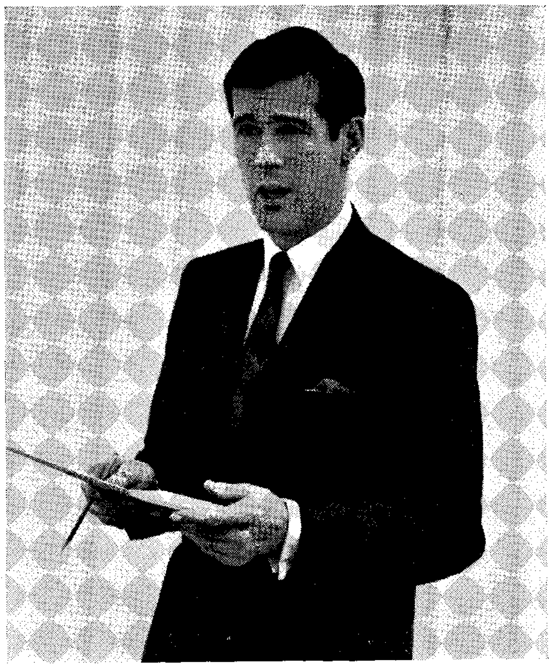

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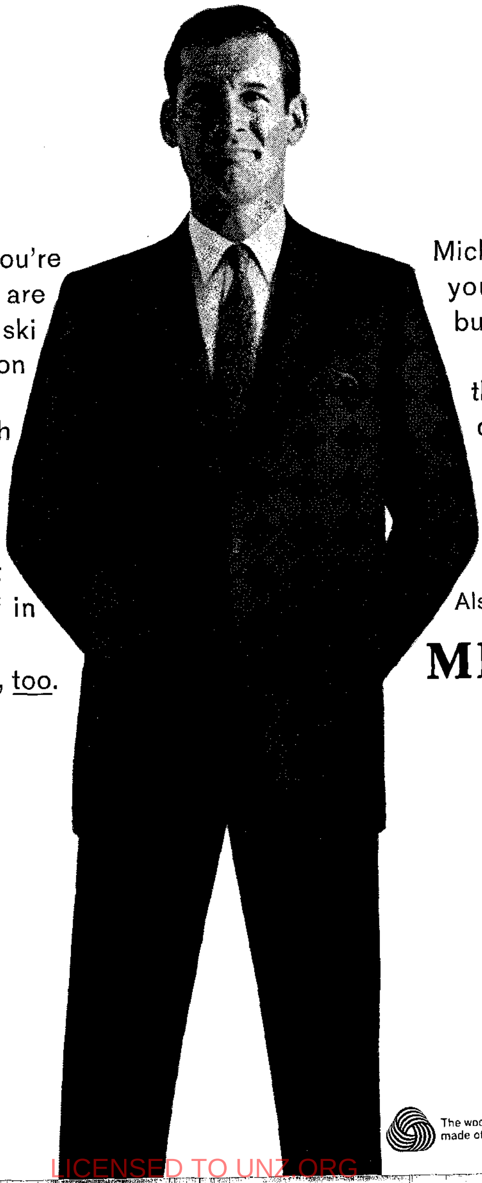

You are if you love exercise. You are if you're not afraid to disagree with your boss. You are if you always take the expert trails at the ski slopes. You are if you'd prefer to work on commissions instead of a salary.

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The wool mark is awarded to quality-tested products made of the world's best . . . Pure Virgin Wool ing to see the way the ship will do. The skipper is all right, but the skipper doesn't do anything. His men do everything. My push button for the stewardess doesn't work. The pipes from my bathroom are leaking. They didn't give me any towels. I told the Chief Steward. It must be corrected. He promised they will have it, as we say, shipshape.

BENSEN (*who has been listening patiently and seriously to Skullerud, but now grins*): It's shipshape with me *now*. I was in Norway for two and a half years. After living in Brooklyn for fifty years. I love Brooklyn. My arthritis was cured in Norway. But even though my arthritis was cured, I say, "God Bless America."

SKULLERUD: I told my sister, time I went back. (*He gazes up toward the bridge.*) We'll make it. This ship has a good skipper. I've crossed with him before.

BRIDGE DECK. Behind the bridge is a sheltered nook in which a large black Newfoundland is lying asleep. He is fastened by a chain to a staple in one side of the nook. At the sound of voices—a woman's and a couple of young people's—the dog gets groggily to his feet and groggily wags his tail. He is greeted by his owner—an attractive blond woman in a tweed suit with a straight skirt who looks rather like Ingrid Bergman. She is Gerd Hultin, and with her are her two children—Hans, fifteen, and Anna Pia, twelve. Hans has the hair, clothes, and deportment of a Beatle, and Anna Pia, who has straight blond hair hanging to her shoulders, and round, black-rimmed glasses, is apparently keeping up with him. The three take turns hugging and caressing the dog, whom they address as Silka. Then they give him a pan of food, and leave. Silka sniffs at the food and turns his head to look longingly at the departing family until they are out of sight. Reluctantly, he starts to eat. As the Hultins descend the stairway to the Sun Deck, they run into Willy Olsen, who is taking a walk. Olsen delays them.

OLSEN: *Morn.*

MRS. HULTIN: *Morn.* (*Her son and daughter are silent, regarding Olsen coolly and without interest.*)

OLSEN: I was watching this young man in the dining room. (*He gives Hans a paternal smile.*) I heard him order two steaks. Did you really eat those two steaks?

MRS. HULTIN: Hans likes steaks. (*Hans says nothing.*)

OLSEN: I make this trip every

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year. I spend six months of the year in Norway and six months in New York. Is this your first trip to the United States?

MRS. HULTIN: It is not my first trip, but it is the first time for the children. (*She is polite but rather stiff, and evidently not eager to continue the conversation. But Olsen seems to be very eager to continue it, and he still delays them.*)

OLSEN: Are you going to stay long? Where will you live?

MRS. HULTIN: In Washington, D.C. That is, my husband works in Washington, D.C. He is with the World Bank. We will live in Great Falls, Virginia.

OLSEN (*clearly delighted to hear this news*): Say, that is interesting. And will the children like living in the United States?

MRS. HULTIN: It is good for the children to live in a foreign country, I think. And to learn English. To learn English is very good, I think. (*Hans and Anna Pia are now looking about them at random.*)

OLSEN (*in high spirits*): Will you miss being home?

MRS. HULTIN: We will miss relatives and friends, and our nice summer house, in the north of Sweden. It is next to a very nice lake. But the children are liking this ship very much.

OLSEN: Yes? And what do you like best about the Sagafjord, young man? (*Hans gives a self-conscious grunt.*)

MRS. HULTIN (*laughing*): He likes the food. And we all like the steam bath and the swimming pool. (*They start to go, pulling away.*)

OLSEN (*calling after them*): Beware of the beatniks in America! We have a lot of them there!

MRS. HULTIN: We have the same in Sweden. But I think they will go through it very well.

OLSEN (*sounding jubilant*): Good luck!

CABIN U-9. Mr. and Mrs. George Blair, of Ligonier, Pennsylvania, are trying on their life jackets. He is an athletic, sporty-looking man, and she is attractive and chic. Both of them appear to be happy with their stateroom. One of the portholes seems to be leaking a little, and they point it out to each other and laugh tolerantly as they slip on the life jackets. The jackets are orange and are lettered in black: "BERGANS LIFEJACKET M/S SAGAFJORD OSLO NORWAY." The back part is labelled "BAK/BACK." Mr. and Mrs. Blair tie their jackets, in the front. Then they stand before a full-length

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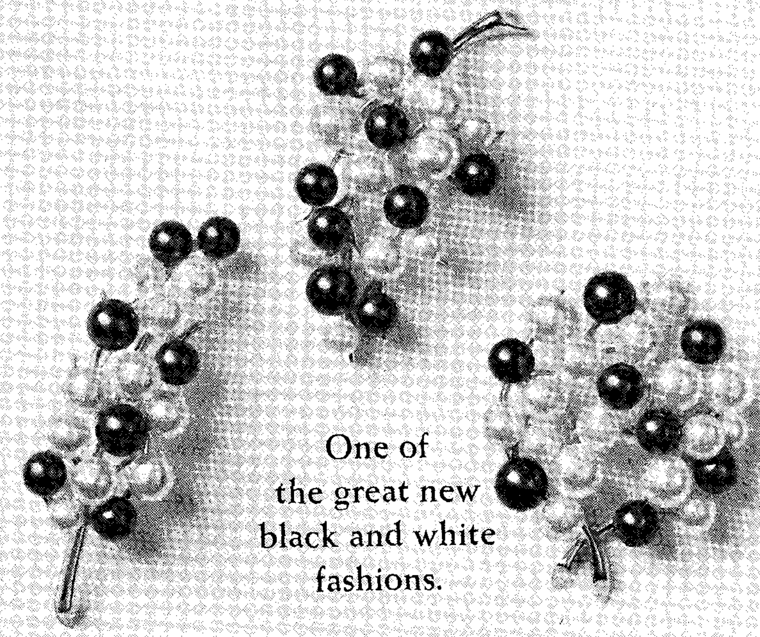

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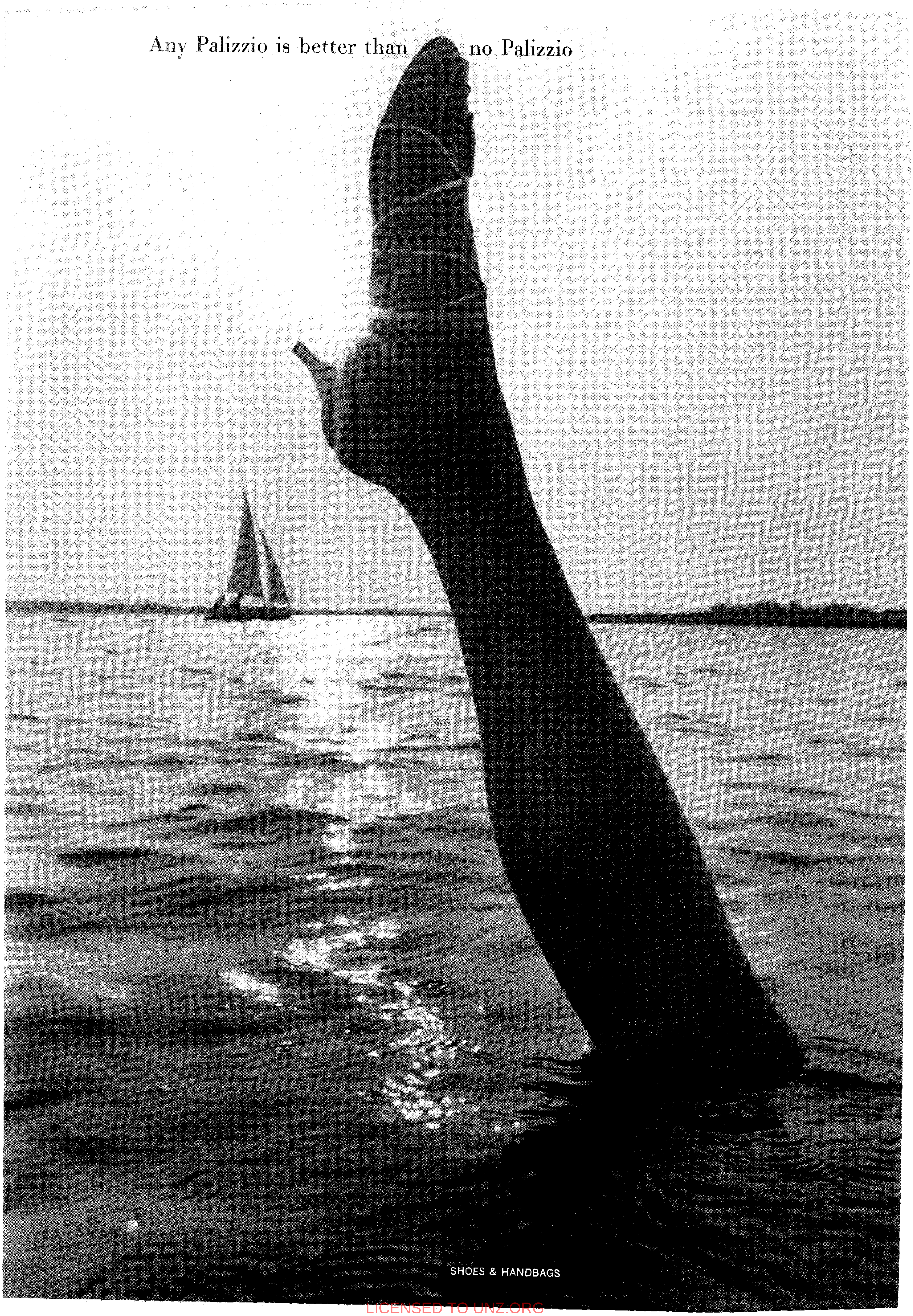
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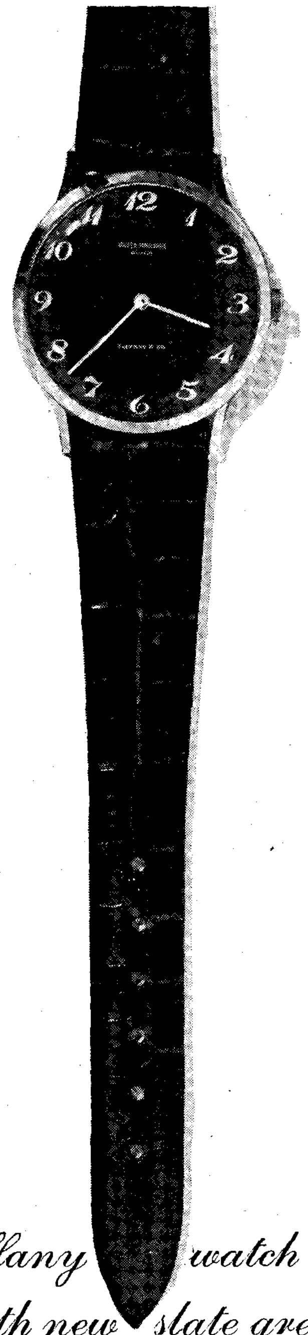

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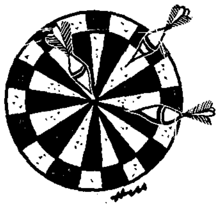
mirror on a wardrobe door and admire the way they look.

Cabin S-6. Øivind and Ragna Lorentzen are a couple in their eighties from Oslo. He owns a shipping business, and they are on their way to New Orleans, where they plan to take a trip to South America on one of his cargo ships. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lorentzen look as though they would live many more years. Mrs. Lorentzen, tall, slim, and somewhat bony, has a face that is deeply tanned and deeply lined but strong and beautiful. Her manner is stately, poised, aristocratic. Mr. Lorentzen, who is slightly taller than his wife, has a full face, with red cheeks that bear many little weather-beaten lines. Both have white hair. He wears a navy-blue beret, a bow tie in the colors of the Norwegian flag, a navy-blue windbreaker, and gum-soled shoes. His suit is a Glen plaid. She wears a navy-blue beret, a red silk chiffon scarf tied ascot fashion at her throat, a three-quarter-length coat over a suit in a Scottish tartan, and low-heeled walking shoes. Before going out for a walk, they are having a great time discovering everything in their stateroom that doesn't work. The push-button system is still not in operation. Mr. Lorentzen turns on the faucet in the washbasin in the bathroom, and the water crazily spurts out sidewise. The shower has no curtain. There is no water carafe in the metal holder. The Lorentzens laugh at all this and go out on deck. They walk briskly, hand in hand, for a while, and then, still holding hands, they link arms.



The Engine Room. Just below C Deck. A pipe, part of the main lubricating-oil system, has broken, and oil has slithered all over the floor, amid the brand-new machines. On their hands and knees wiping up the oil and cleaning the floor are Jon Brenne and Erling Larsen. Their white T shirts are no longer white; in fact, they have oil all over *them*—even on their faces and in their hair. The break has registered in the Engine Control Room beyond, which is one enormous, complicated piece of equipment, stamped "Comsip Automation, France," that has colored strips covering the walls diagramming all the ship's pipelines, with illuminating buttons spaced all along the strips to regulate such systems as salt water (green strips), fresh water (blue), fuel oil (brown), and lubricating oil (yellow). There are buttons for everything, some of which are not to be manipulated but which light up to indicate various situations, such as "oil burner out of order" (FEIL PA OLJEBRENNER ANLEGG) and low pressure (LAVT TRYKK). This room is air-conditioned, but in the main engine room it is warm. The perspiration runs over the oil on the faces of the two boys, and they wipe at it with the shoulders of their soiled shirts.

Jon Brenne: My father says it is easy to tell who are the New Yorkers. My father says the New Yorkers will be looking down and walking fast. And the tourists will be looking up and walking slow.

Erling Larsen: I will be looking straight and walking straight—straight for the nearest bar. (*He sneezes, and looks unhappy.*) It's lucky nobody was near the pipe when it broke. I wouldn't like to have hot oil burst all over me.

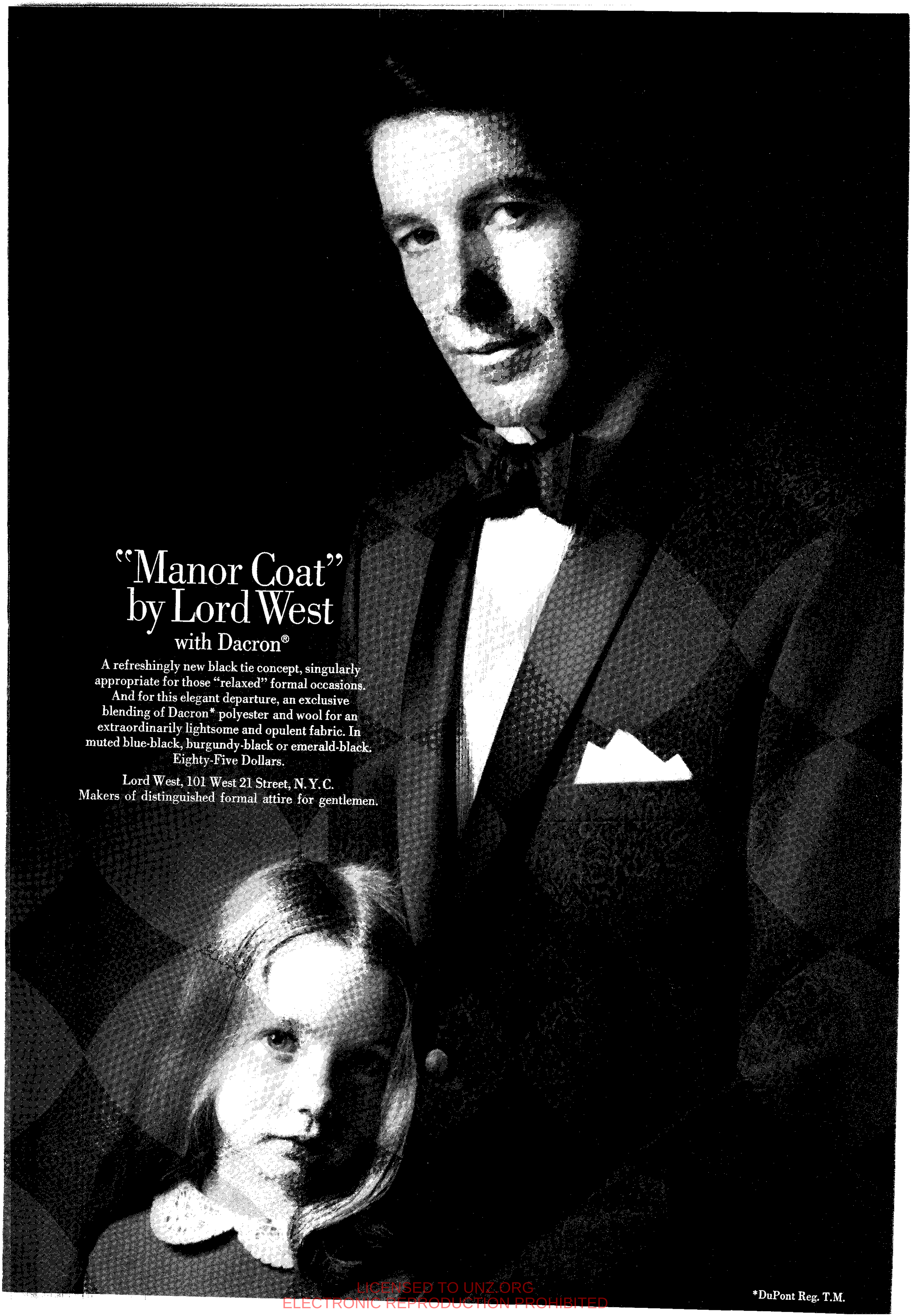
Jon Brenne: You've got to expect some accidents on a maiden voyage. (*The thought of danger seems to cheer him up, and gradually it seems to raise Erling Larsen's spirits, too.*)

Erling Larsen: I know what I will say as soon as I enter the bar. I will walk in, and in a big, loud voice I will order "Scotch whiskey."

Jon Brenne (*giving his roommate a patronizing glance*): If you get drunk, you won't see anything. You will miss everything in New York.

Erling Larsen (*stubbornly*): Nobody is going to talk me out of it. I am going to drink Scotch whiskey. (*They both crawl under a big machine and are lost to sight.*)

Veranda Deck. Amidships. Outside the Children's Playroom, which has a sign on its door reading, "BARNEHAVEN." Willy Olsen is walking toward the door, jauntily and happily, his hands in his pockets. He halts at the *Barnehaven*. He opens the door and peeks in. A couple of eight-year-old girls are playing hopscotch with complete concentration. A boy of about six is sitting at a small, round table working at a coloring book. The book is entitled "The Day's Catch," in English. There are a few nursery-age children sitting around on the floor looking bored. Olsen nods his approval of one and all. Then he makes his way to the Upper Deck and pauses at the bulletin board set up opposite the purser's office. Notices on the board state that clocks are to be set back sixty min-



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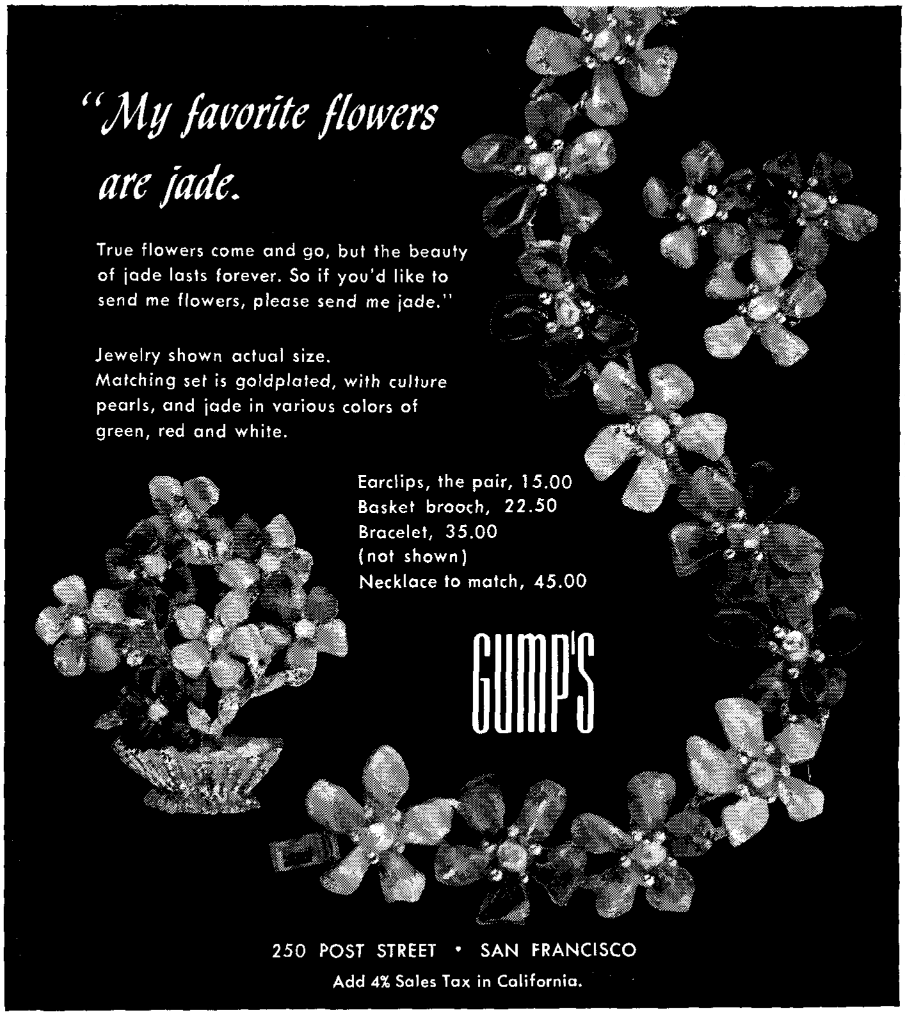
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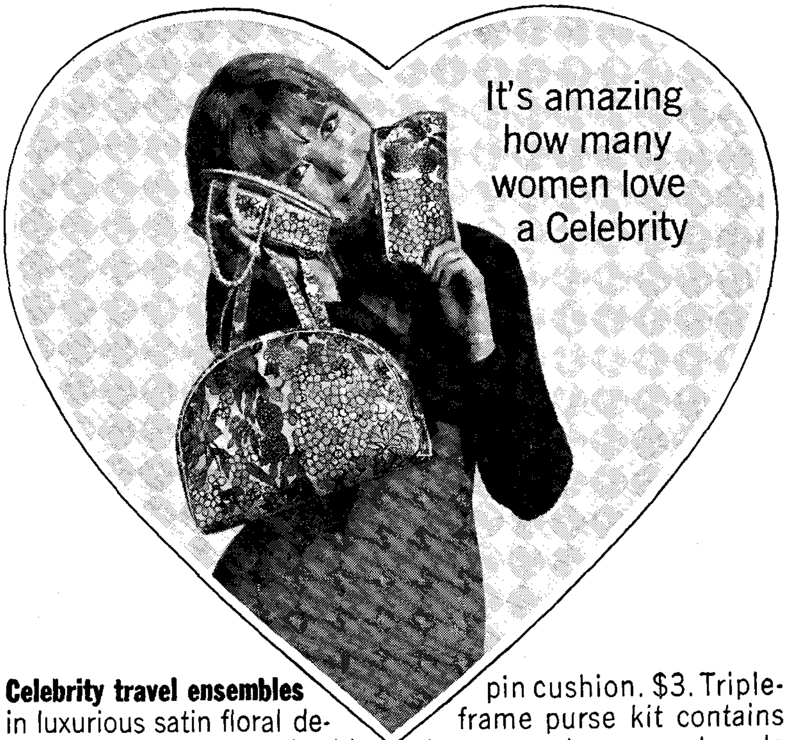
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utes that night and that the Sagafjord is now 153 miles from port, with a *Bredde* (Latitude) of N58 27 and *Lengde* (Longitude) of W3 39. Olsen nods his approval of the notices and continues on his rounds.

THE Captain's Cocktail Party. There is not much formal separation of *Første Klasse* and *Turist Klasse* on the Sagafjord. They mingle, though they dine in separate rooms. And there are separate Captain's cocktail parties. The *Turist* party is being held in the ballroom, with its domed ceiling, its palisander dance floor, and its carpet in two tones of red and draperies in two tones of gold. The green and yellow chairs and sofas are all occupied. Waiters are passing among them with trays of Martinis and Manhattans. Little dishes of salted peanuts have been put on the round palisander tables. On a sofa facing Torstein Rittun's "Water Music" mural sit the four members of the Madsen family—Mr. Madsen in a dark suit, and Mrs. Madsen and Berit and Dorthe all in red velvet dresses with matching shoes. Mr. and Mrs. Madsen are drinking Manhattans. The children are digging their fists into the little dishes of salted peanuts, and chewing peanuts very rapidly. Across from the Madsen family, in an armchair, sits Mrs. Evara Danielson, a fast-talking woman in her early sixties. She is from Portland, Oregon, and she is energetically talking, in English, to the Madsens. She sounds like an American.

MRS. DANIELSON: You wouldn't believe it, but I found my girl friend in Hamar, after fifty-two years. I've been in Norway for weeks, travelling all over the country. It was my first trip back since 1913. I was born in Bodo, in the north, but I went to school in Trondheim. My husband died last year. I have two sons. One works at Cape Kennedy, on instruments, and my other son is a deputy sheriff in Multnomah County, Oregon. So I went to Norway by myself, and I knew that, if I really looked for her, I would find her—my friend. I traced her from her last letter, in 1923. We went to school together in Trondheim. The minute I saw her, I knew her. And she knew me. You wouldn't believe it. (*The Madsens look all-believing.*) You are so shining and clean, all of you. (*Berit and Dorthe have their mouths stuffed with salted peanuts.*)

MADSEN: We have been swimming. We have taken the steam baths. It is like a vacation, this ship. (*He takes a sip of his Manhattan. He looks around the* *room. The Harald Jensen Kvartett—a pianist, a drummer, a bass player, and a saxophonist—has set up business and is starting to play "Hello, Dolly!" The Captain arrives, with the chief purser, Finn Bjerva, and the chief steward, John Lindstad, in tow. All are in dress uniform. A little girl of about ten comes up to the purser and hands him her box camera. Then she poses with the Captain, and the purser snaps their picture together. Mrs. Danielson turns to give them a quick look and then returns her attention to the Madsens.)*

MRS. DANIELSON: I can remember the day I left Norway as though it were just yesterday—I mean the time I left first, to go to America.

MADSEN: We remember, too. We will never forget it. (*He takes another sip of his Manhattan and smiles at his wife and children, who smile back at him.*) I remember everything so clearly. It was a beautiful sunny morning. We slept the last night in our house on borrowed mattresses on the floor, because we had shipped our furniture on ahead to America. We packed the clothes that had been washed the day before. Then we swept and cleaned the house. Our friends came to say goodbye. My brother arrived in a station wagon borrowed from a neighbor, bringing my mother. Then we closed the trunks and put them in the station wagon. We closed the suitcases and put them in the station wagon. Everybody was crying as our neighbors said goodbye. At the pier, my mother and brother came aboard with us. They inspected the ship. They inspected the outdoor swimming pool. They inspected the indoor swimming pool. They inspected Cabin M-43. My mother said she was amazed. Someday, she said, she is going to take a trip to America. My mother is very young on the inside. We were all crying, and she left. We went up on the Sun Deck and waved goodbye, and then the ship was moving. After a little while, we went down to our cabin, and I put my name up on the door, and then I took Inger's hand, and we took the children's hands, and we started dancing, in a circle, to the music from "My Fair Lady."

THE Captain's Cocktail Party. *Første Klasse* Division. This party is being held in the Garden Lounge, with the round sweep of windows, the cane furniture, and the marble dance floor. Near the orchestra platform of the ballroom stand Mr. and Mrs. Blair with another American couple—Mr. and Mrs. F. Briggs Dalzell, of New

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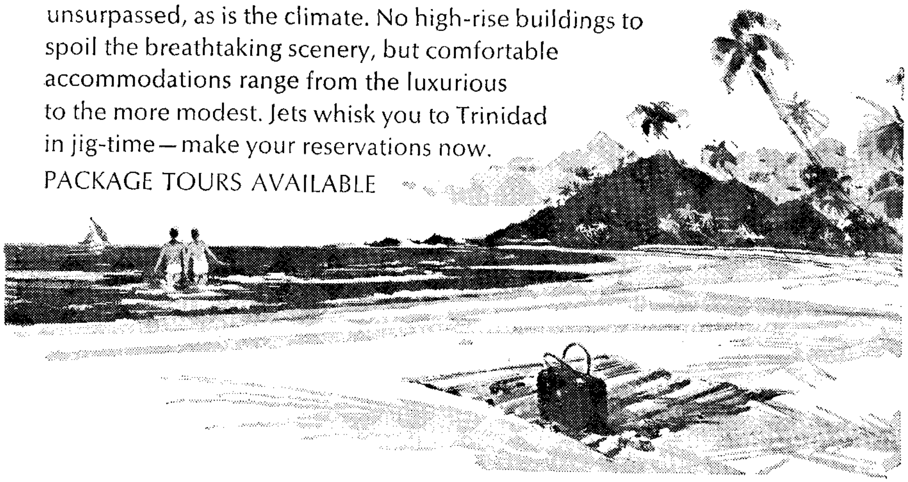

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York. The Dalzells are in formal dress. The Blairs are informal, he in a dark suit and she in a black dinner dress. The Dalzells look almost as outdoorsy as the healthiest Scandinavians. Both are sandy-haired, freckled, and sunburned. Mr. Dalzell is in the tugboat business, and he flew to Norway the week before for the express purpose of making this trip on the Sagafjord. Two of his tugboats will help dock the Sagafjord when she arrives in New York. Mr. Dalzell is a fourth-generation tugboat man. His firm was started in 1851.

DALZELL: There's nothing like a ship.

BLAIR: I spent four years in the Navy as a fighter pilot on a carrier. That was twenty years and twenty pounds ago. I didn't think I was particularly interested in getting on a ship again. But I agree. There's nothing like a ship.

MRS. BLAIR: I love a ship. I haven't been seasick since they came out with Bonamine. (*Mrs. Dalzell gives a pleasant laugh, hoarse and drawn out. She is an infectious laugher, and seems eager to contribute her laugh whenever she can.*)

DALZELL: This is our thirtieth crossing. We took the maiden voyage nine years ago on the Bergensfjord. Our tugs helped dock *her*, too.

BLAIR: Do you pull or push? (*Mrs. Dalzell contributes her laugh. A waiter passes among the guests taking orders for drinks.*)

DALZELL: We push. New York piers are at right angles to the tide. One of our men—probably Captain Bruce Deane, who's been docking for us for thirty-five years—will supervise the docking. We're bringing the Crown Prince to the ship on one of our tugs. There will be at least two fireboats. And our tugs will have new bow covers. We'll break out the flags. Everybody's Marine Parade. The ship will be flying the pilot flag—the red-and-white signal flag that stands for the letter "H" and means here that there's a pilot aboard. Actually, we'll have a red lantern on top of a white lantern, plus the flag. We'll start the parade about eight-thirty on the morning of our arrival, at Staten Island, in the middle of the Narrows. The ship stops at the Ambrose Lightship to pick up the New York State pilot the night before, and he takes her in to the point where Captain Deane takes over. (*They all sit down on the upholstered chairs.*)

BLAIR: The Crown Prince. That's dressing it up, isn't it?

DALZELL: He's a nice guy. A hell of

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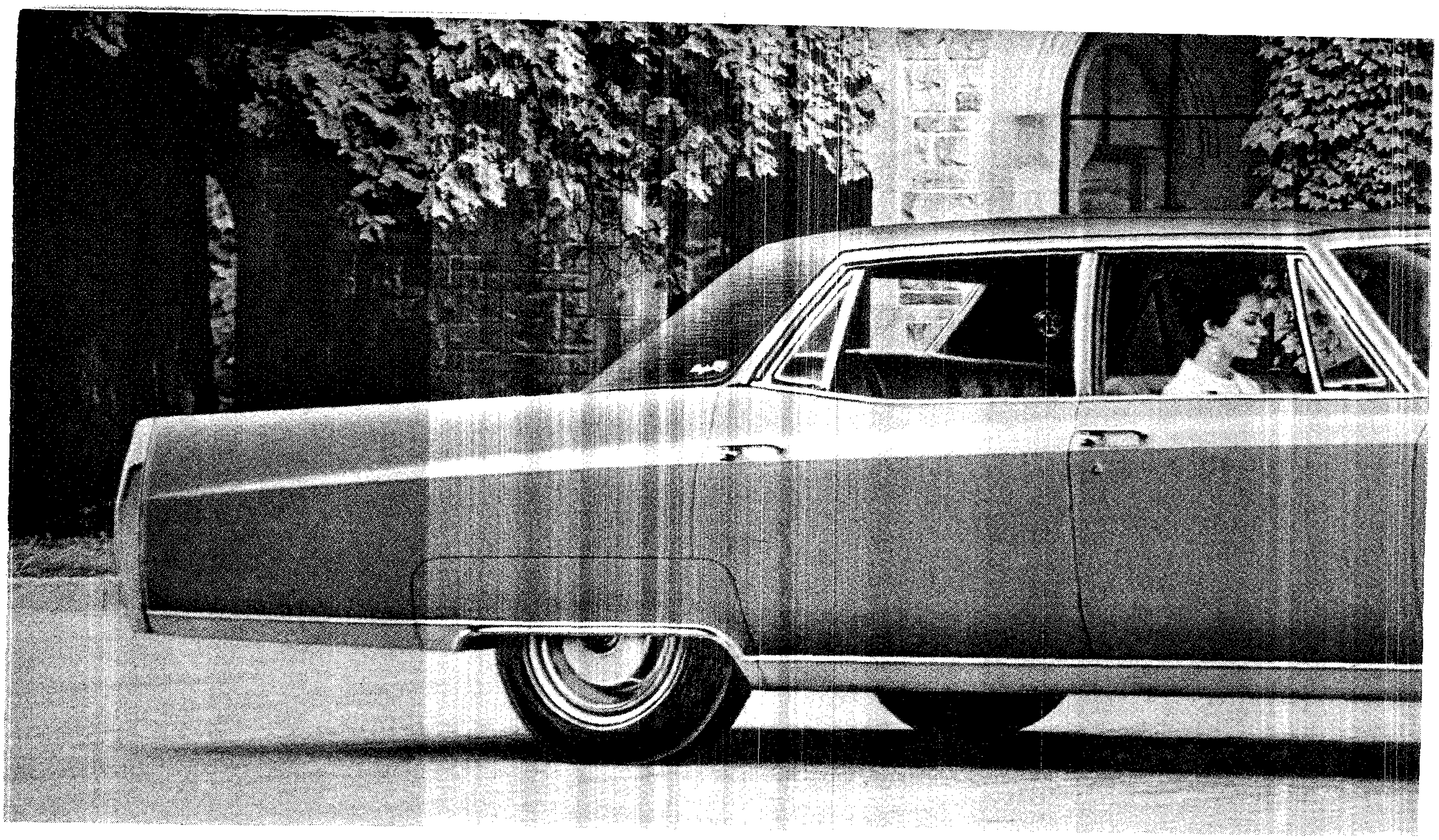

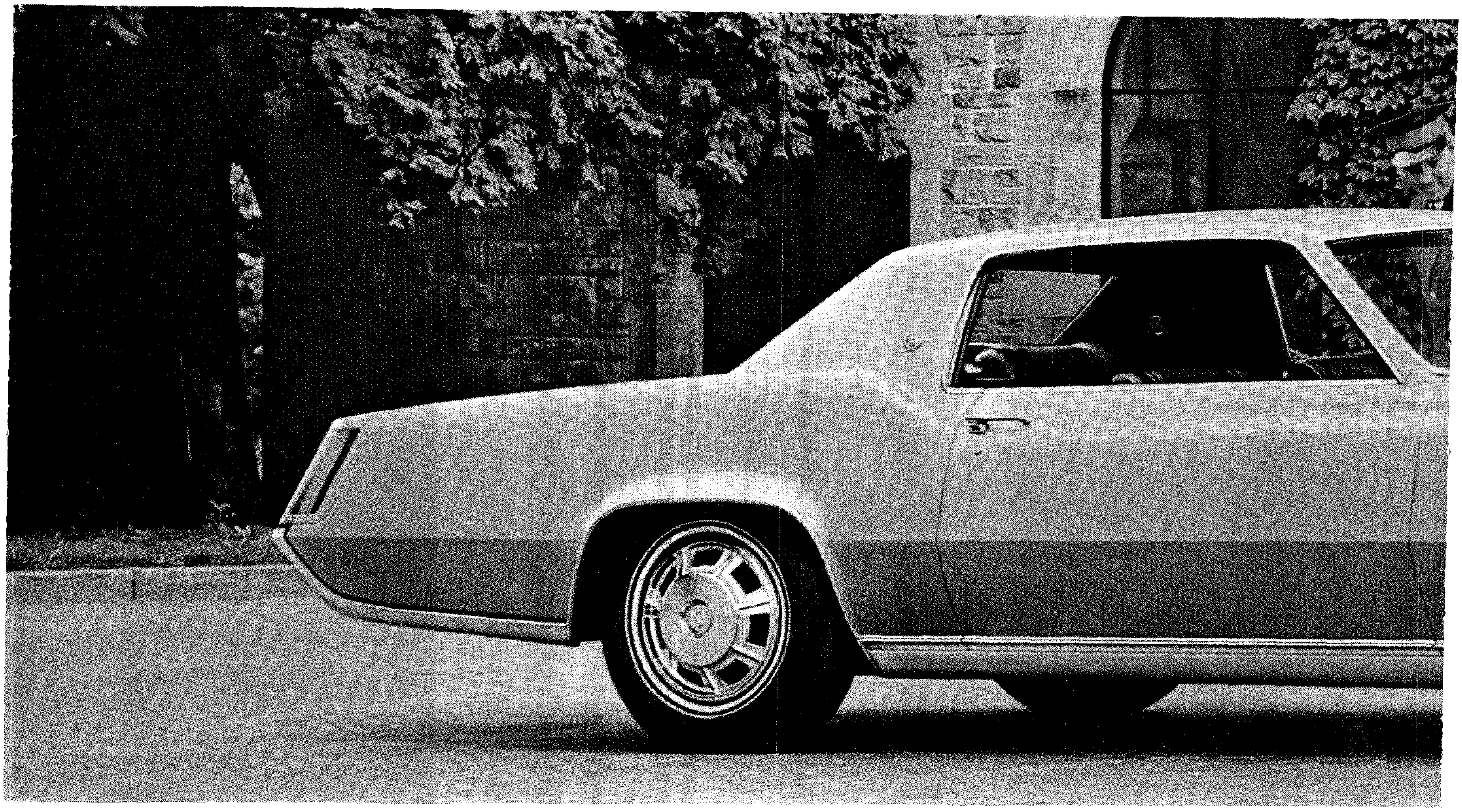

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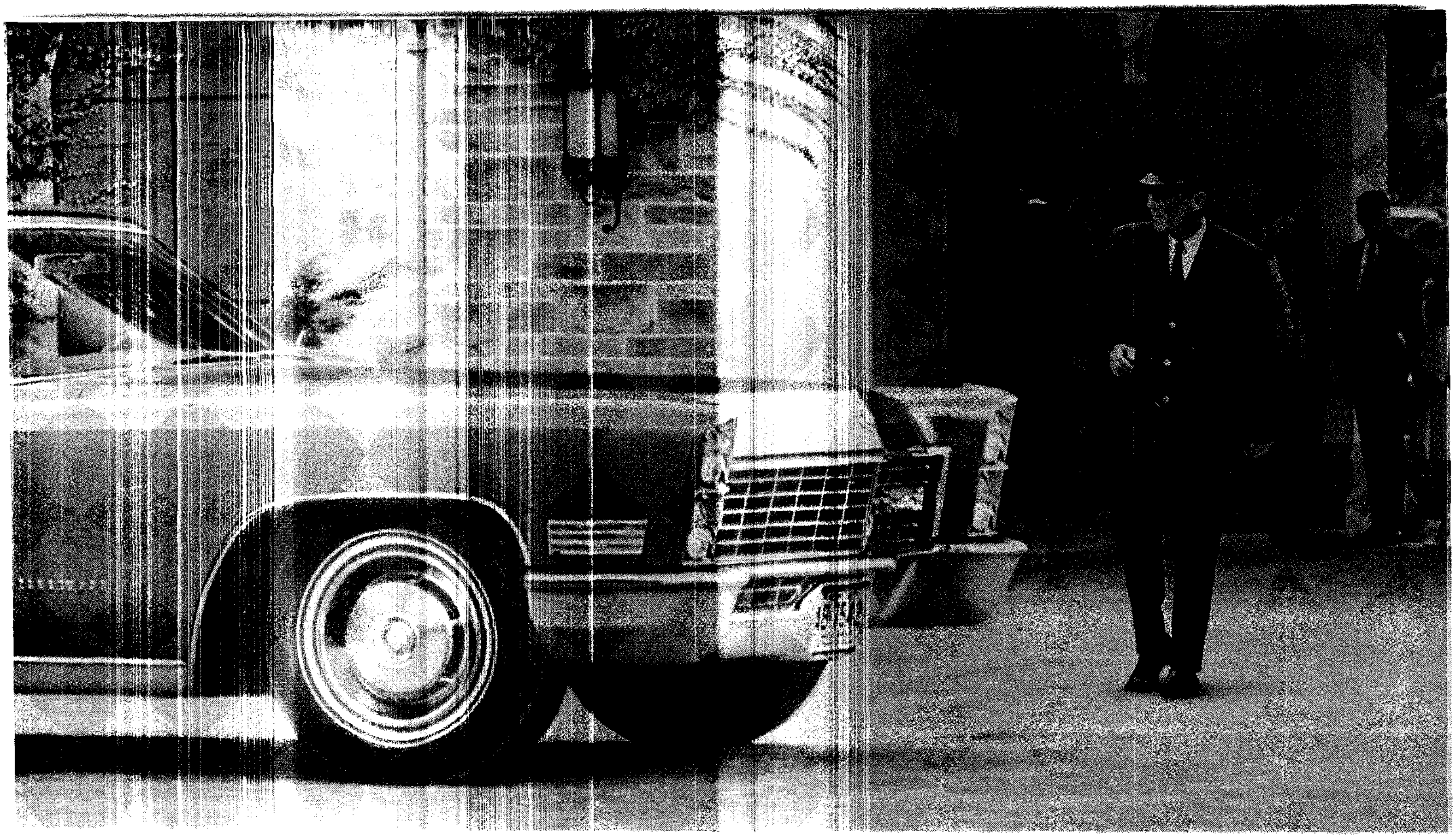
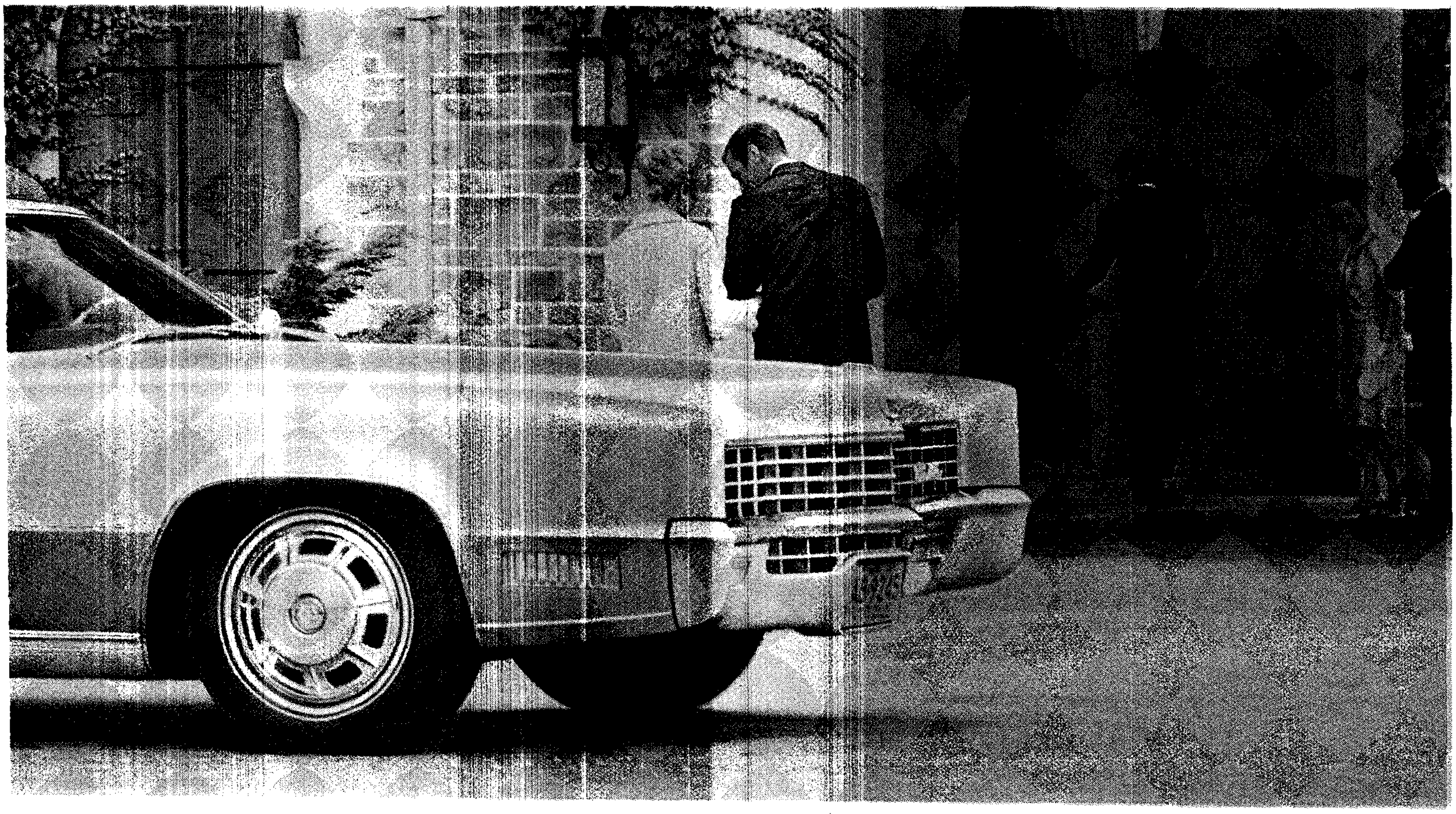


Fleetwood Brougham, above; Fleetwood Eldorado, below.



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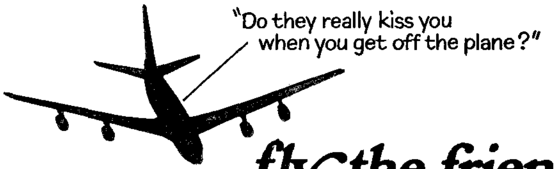
Of being pampered by beautiful stewardesses. (How can anyone that pretty be so nice?)

Of knowing that the biggest airline in the world is everlastingly on the job. ("Another pillow, Mr. Sullivan?")

When he stepped off the jet, Mr. Sullivan didn't say much about the flight.

All he said was, he'd wasted 27 years.


"Do they really kiss you when you get off the plane?"

fly the friendly skies of United.

a nice guy. And a hell of a sailor, too.

MRS. BLAIR: We'll be on the lookout for your tugs. How do we recognize them?

MRS. DALZELL (*laughing*): We're the ones with the red "D"s.

MRS. BLAIR: And will you be taking us all the way to Pier 45, on West Tenth Street?

DALZELL: All the way.

Everybody has been served drinks by now, and waiters are passing canapés. The Harald Jensen Kvartett has arrived and started playing "Tea for Two." One lady has come to the party wearing a Norwegian native costume called a *Bunad*. It is blue, with a long skirt, and represents the Oslo region. Willy Olsen is sitting with two friendly-looking women—Margaret and Karen Munch, who are cousins of Edvard Munch, Norway's foremost painter. They are telling him that they have brought along boxes and boxes of Christmas cards bearing pictures of Munch paintings and are going to sell them aboard ship for the benefit of the American Women's Club of Oslo scholarship fund. Captain Aspelund enters briskly, escorted by the chief purser and the chief steward. The Captain is provided with a Martini, and, glass in hand, he makes the rounds of the people at the party, greeting everybody. At his approach, everybody stands and toasts him. Then almost everybody poses with him for Nick, the ship's photographer. Captain Aspelund is very good-natured at the party. He is gracious. He has a smile for all. After he has posed for Nick about fifteen times, he is called over by a circle of people in evening dress and sits down with them. They are Kaare Haug and his wife, Thurid; Hans Christian Henriksen, the Norwegian America Line president, and his wife, Agnes, and their twenty-five-year-old son, Hans Gustav; and Arild Nyquist, a shipping man, and his wife, Gerd. Mr. Haug radiates an air of righteous and well-regulated living. He is in his fifties, and so is Mr. Henriksen, who is a bit on the heavy side and has golden-white hair parted neatly on the left. It is clear that his business is always in the forefront of his mind. He has been the president of the Norwegian America Line since 1948. His father founded the company in 1910, with the help of a group of some Norwegian Americans. Mr. Henriksen was born the year before the founding of the N.A.L., and four years after Norway won her independence from Sweden. Mr. Nyquist, a thin, brown-haired, vaguely ascetic-looking man with a courteous manner and a

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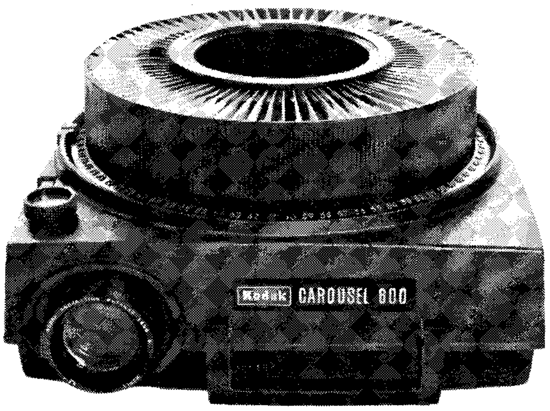

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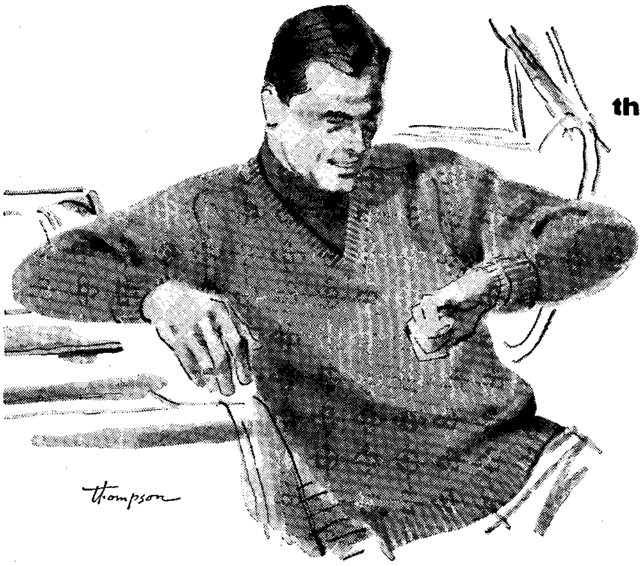

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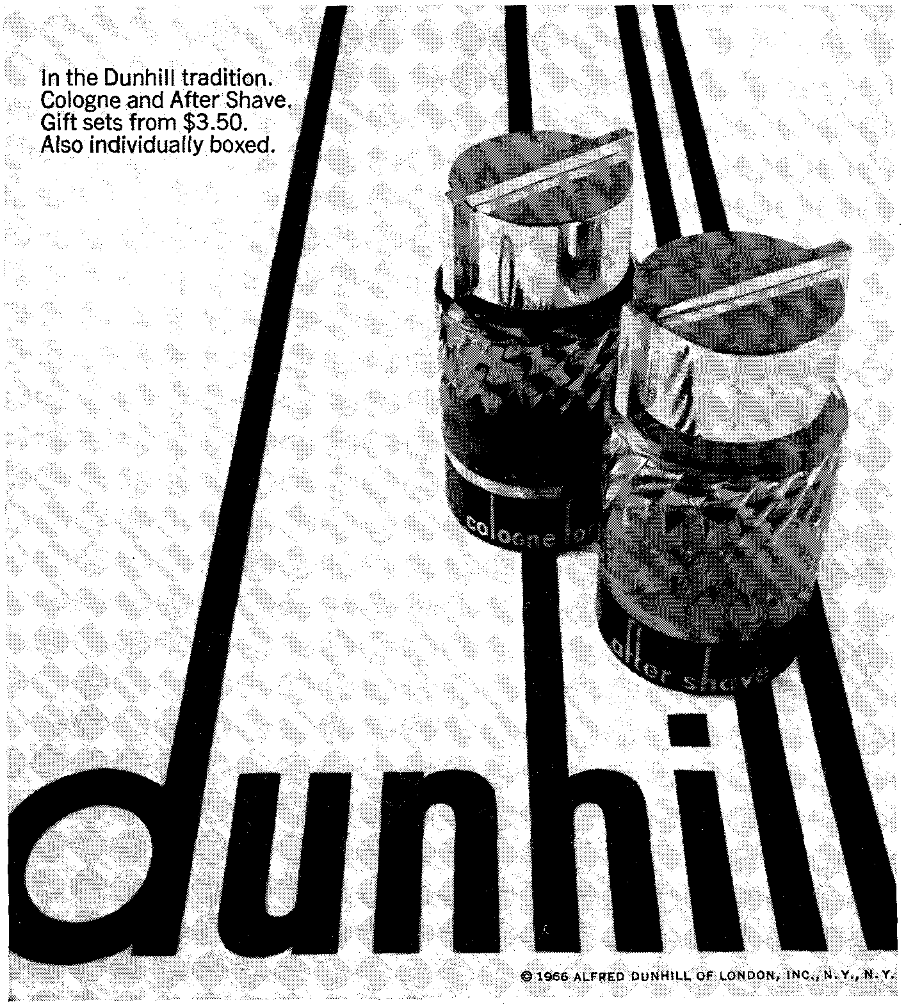

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strongly conscientious air, is in the dry-cargo shipping business. He arranges for shipments and available ships to get together. He is making a business trip to New York, and Mrs. Nyquist has been assigned by Oslo's largest newspaper, *Aftenposten*, and the weekly pictorial *Nå*, to write an article about the maiden voyage. Mrs. Nyquist is a well-known writer in Scandinavian countries, where one of her books, a mystery novel entitled "No Flowers by Request," was a best-seller in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark a few years ago. Mr. Nyquist is often to be found taking walks around the Sun Deck while his wife is interviewing people for her article. He has figured out that about seven turns around the deck add up to one mile. At the moment, he is very much interested in some questions that his wife is asking Mr. Henriksen and Mr. Haug, and he smiles proudly as he watches her at work. Mrs. Nyquist studied journalism at the University of California in 1932 and 1933, and she is both very serious about her work and romantic about it. A tall, handsome, red-haired woman, she is wearing shell-rimmed glasses and holding a large *Notisbok*, in which she takes many notes with a fountain pen as she conducts her interview. Mr. Henriksen is speaking, and the others defer to him, giving him their wholehearted attention. Outside, there is considerable swell, and not only glasses and ashtrays but various parts of the ship and her fixtures are rattling. Mr. Henriksen speaks calmly. He seems confident. Captain Aspelund lights a pipe and sits back on the sofa, appearing content and just a trifle amused as he listens to Mr. Henriksen.

HENRIKSEN: She's behaving very well. She's not shipping water. See the way she sits down on the water? She's riding beautifully.

HAUG: She's a steady ship.

HENRIKSEN: The Bergensfjord or the Oslofjord would not be taking it like this—eh? (*He turns to the Captain.*)

CAPTAIN ASPELUND (*with a small shrug*): Maybe. But the Stavangerfjord would be riding beautifully. (*He and Henriksen exchange knowing looks and mutually sympathetic laughs.*)

NYQUIST: Everybody talks about the old Stavangerfjord.

CAPTAIN ASPELUND: The old lady made seven hundred and seventy crossings before she was scrapped. (*He speaks very slowly and sadly, taking the pipe out of his mouth and looking down at it.*) I started on the Stavangerfjord

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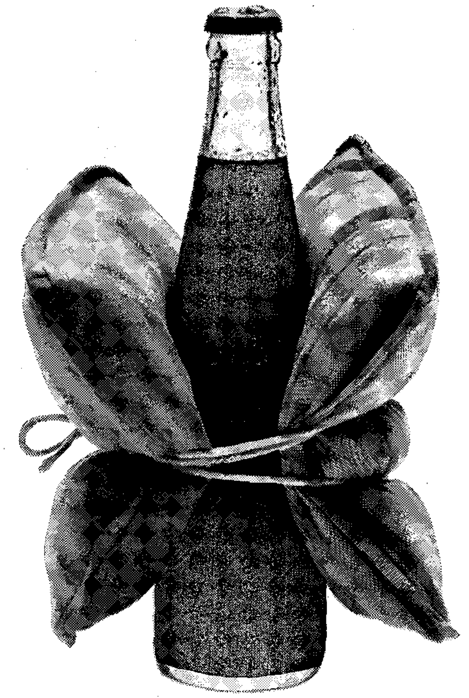

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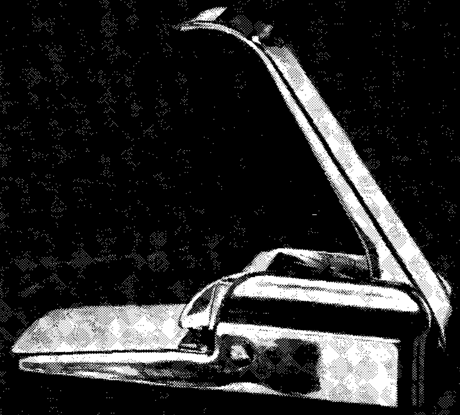

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at the age of fifteen as a pantry boy, and I ended up as her captain. (*He looks around the room, at the other guests in evening clothes, at the Harald Jensen Kvartett, at the potted plants, at the marble dance floor, and at the sweep of windows, which have yellow-and-white draperies.*) We didn't have a social hall on the Stavangerfjord. We danced on deck, and we danced the waltz or the Reinlender, not these sambas. (*The Kvartett is now playing music with faint Latin-American overtones.*)

Nyquist: I came to New York for the first time on the Stavangerfjord, in 1938. In New York, we learned about Munich. (*There is a pause in the conversation. The others look solemn.*)

Mrs. Henriksen (*cheerfully*): Everybody talks about the old Stavangerfjord. I like forgetting about the past. We are on our way to New York. How I love New York! What a thrill! (*The others dutifully adopt her air of cheerfulness.*)

Captain Aspelund: There is not even a fjord named Saga. (*He says it dryly.*)

Haug: But it sounds so *Viking!* (*Everybody laughs.*)

Mrs. Nyquist (*to Mr. Henriksen, very seriously and respectfully, her pen poised above her notebook*): What do you believe your father would say if he could see the Sagafjord?

Henriksen: I think he would be very much surprised.

Haug: We are in the lead with this one.

Captain Aspelund: We have the gyro compass. (*He still speaks dryly, with just a glimmering of a skeptical smile.*) We have radar. We have the automatic direction-finder. We have the depth-sounder. We have television on the bridge showing us what goes on in the stern.

Haug: The model for all this is the airplane. American ships are old-fashioned by comparison.

Henriksen: We will make money with this ship in the cruise market. The Bergensfjord was intended for both the transatlantic and the cruise market. She was the first ship in the world to have an all-welded-aluminum superstructure. This is a different type of ship—much more luxurious. This one is intended to appeal to people who like cruises. We are prepared to go everywhere with this ship. (*He turns to the Captain.*) Eh?

Captain Aspelund (*looking down glumly at his pipe*): I made the maiden voyage on the Bergensfjord, in June, 1956. We had fine weather. Like

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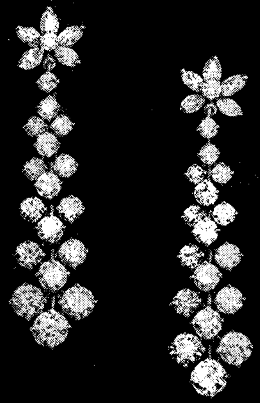

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now. (*The ship is pitching at this point, and the Captain is gazing at the bay of windows, over which the yellow-and-white draperies have now been drawn.*)

MRS. NYQUIST (*to Mr. Henriksen*): Your grandfather was a sailor, wasn't he?

HENRIKSEN: He was skipper of the Botvid, a three-masted sailing vessel. His name was Kristian Henriksen. His grave is in Hong Kong. My father was very well respected in Norway. Hans (*he nods at his son, who has been watching the others intently as they speak, without offering any comments of his own*) now knows more about ships than I do. He is about to take a training course at the Chemical New York Trust Company, to learn about finance. At fifteen, he was lift boy on the Oslofjord. Then he worked as deck steward and assistant purser. He studied business administration at St. Louis University for two years. These days, anybody in this business must know all about ship financing and international financing. I was three years at the University of Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, where I took a degree in economics and business administration, but today things are even more complicated. The N.A.L. is a big company. We have over six thousand shareholders, about one-fifth of them in the United States. We pay a dividend every year, I'm happy to say. Eight per cent on par value—that is, two dollars and twenty-five cents a year per share. Our stock capital is twelve million kroner. This ship cost, I would estimate, about ten times our stock capital. The French banks backed up the French shipyard with eighty per cent credit. The well-known Norwegian shipowner, Mr. Leif Høegh, who is chairman of the board of the N.A.L., owns forty per cent of the ship.

MRS. NYQUIST (*who has been writing everything down quickly*): And how much did the Sagafjord cost?

HENRIKSEN: I would estimate about twenty million dollars. (*Mr. Haug gives a grunt.*) We are proud that this ship is run entirely by a private company. We have no help whatsoever from the government.

NYQUIST (*making a joke*): That is why everything on the Sagafjord is so expensive.

HENRIKSEN: You're in business, after all, to make money for your stockholders. (*Mrs. Nyquist, frowning, writes that down.*)

MRS. HENRIKSEN (*to Mrs. Nyquist*): The laundry isn't working yet. The linen is all piled up down there, because they haven't been able to get the washing machines going. That's why there's nothing but brand-new linen. Do your sheets feel as stiff as ours? And the towels? They're simply awful.

Mrs. Nyquist (*seriously*): Yes, they are very stiff.

Henriksen: In two days, we won't have a single piece of soiled linen on the whole ship. The washing machines started working this evening.

Haug: I don't like to see a ship in this way. I like it to be spick-and-span. There's too much light at night in the Garden Lounge. And this afternoon I was down in the crew's quarters. The barbershop is crowded into much too small a space. I am moving it to another place. And the *Trykkeri*—the printshop—is still not working right. The printer is having trouble getting all the menus printed in the small space we had given him. But he, too, is now to be given extra space. I inspected the crew's dining room today. They can handle a hundred and sixty-eight at one sitting. I put white Danish chairs in the dining room, and colorful curtains, to give it vivacity. I fought for color on this ship. I said if it is going to be like the inside of a cigar box it is no fun. The walls of the crew's dining room are of Formica, in a pattern of Oregon pine. The linoleum on the floor is white. I like a crew's dining room to be spick-and-span. I pulled that one apart three times before I got it the way I wanted it. I've been inspecting everything on the ship. It's got to be check, check, check, and check.

Henriksen (*making a joke himself*): That is why our costs have gone up.

Haug: This ship is part of myself. (*He blushes.*) I feel everything must be in order. I have been living with the dream of this ship for five years. She is my twenty-first ship.

Henriksen: And she is your most expensive ship.

Haug: For a ship of this size, I think she is quite beautiful. She is all aluminum—five hundred and twenty tons of it. The backbone of the design is having almost every stateroom on the outside of the ship, and the bathrooms and corridors on the inside, and having one complete veranda deck, with the main part a swimming pool and a nice open deck aft. A swimming-pool-and-terrace arrangement, which I personally think is good.

Nyquist: It is very good.

Mrs. Henriksen: Especially for people who like to swim.

Haug: Our ballroom is the biggest

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THE JUICE OF IT,
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afloat, and it is carried by only four pillars. But if we did not have the airplane, there could never have been this ship.

MRS. NYQUIST: Are there any problems? The passengers complain of leaks and other things.

HAUG: The leakages are very irritating. But we must expect small leaks on a maiden voyage. There's no use trying to tell people the trouble isn't there. The trouble *is* there. But they are small things, and the passengers are very kind about these small things. One of the pumps for the swimming pool broke—the indoor swimming pool—so we could raise the temperature of the water only to sixty-two degrees. Normally, it would be sixty-eight degrees. The dining room is also too cold, because the air-conditioning is still not working properly. There are some leaks in the air-conditioning. There is a bad draft in the main lounge. We didn't bring along an expert on the telephone exchange, so telephone calls are getting mixed up. Last night, however, I straightened out all the worries in my mind. The worries left my brain. And, for the first night in forty nights, I slept well. (*The ship seems to give a shudder, and the rattling is very loud. The windows creak ominously.*)

MRS. NYQUIST: How will the Sagafjord act if there is a bad storm? (*Mr. Nyquist regards her affectionately, as if suddenly surprised to see her in the role of a reporter.*)

HAUG: That remains to be seen. The small troubles, however, I assure you, by the end of the voyage will all be solved. (*The group is approached by Dr. Bugge-Asperheim, who looks like a pink-cheeked elf in a braided uniform. He makes a little bow to the group and stands respectfully until Mr. Henriksen motions to him to sit down. Then he sits.*)

DR. BUGGE-ASPERHEIM (*speaking in a near-whisper*): I have been in the steam bath and in the swimming pool. I go every morning and every night.

HAUG: You did not find the water in the pool too cold?

DR. BUGGE-ASPERHEIM (*with patriotic pride*): Norwegians never find the water too cold!

MRS. NYQUIST: We have been hearing about some of the troubles on the ship, Doctor. Have you had any serious cases in the hospital?

DR. BUGGE-ASPERHEIM: Nothing really interesting. A few uninteresting sore throats. A lady who thought she had a heart attack, but it was not a heart attack. But (*he chuckles, his voice dropping even lower*) I have just

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discovered that we forgot to bring something that every ship is required to carry on every voyage. (*He pauses, and the others look at him expectantly. He gives a whispery laugh.*) The coffins! The four coffins! (*Everybody else makes an effort to laugh, too.*)

CAPTAIN ASPELUND (*rising to go*): There are always a few problems on a new ship. It is like building a new house. When you move into a new house, there are always a few big or small problems. (*He looks up at the ceiling as the ship gives an extra-loud creak.*) There is always something unexpected happening on a ship.

MRS. NYQUIST (*rising to detain the Captain for one more question*): There is vibration. I feel the vibration, Captain Aspelund. Is that the way it should be?

CAPTAIN ASPELUND (*looking at her with the kind of charm that sea captains develop after several decades of voyaging with passengers*): You always more or less feel a ship is moving. Perhaps we will readjust the position of the propellers.

MRS. NYQUIST (*writing quickly in her notebook*): Did the King say anything to you when you took him for a run on the ship? He is such a good sailor himself. And he smokes Teddys, the cheapest cigarette—the kind English sailors smoke. You always see him with a Teddy dangling from his lip!

CAPTAIN ASPELUND: The King is a good sportsman, so he was interested in all our new things for navigating.

MRS. NYQUIST: And the Crown Prince will come out to welcome the ship. What do you expect he will say?

CAPTAIN ASPELUND: He will be happy to see us, and he will congratulate us. What will happen is more or less what always happens. The fireboats with the water spurts. The reception. The show. I have never been very much interested in all this fanfare. (*He gives Mrs. Nyquist a little half salute and walks briskly away.*)

HENRIKSEN: See the way the ship sits down? Like a duck.

MRS. NYQUIST (*writing notes*): Yes. And what do you think the Crown Prince will say to *you*? In New York?

HENRIKSEN: I hope he will congratulate me, as his father did.

SUN DECK. Morning. Mr. Nyquist, jaunty and cheerful, a navy-blue beret on his head, is walking around the deck by himself. At one point, he passes his wife as she is standing at the rail talking to an American passenger, William H. Barclay, from Chatham-

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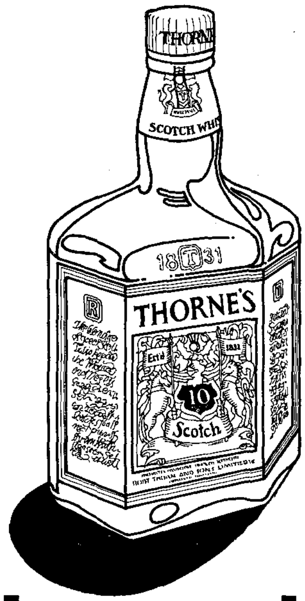

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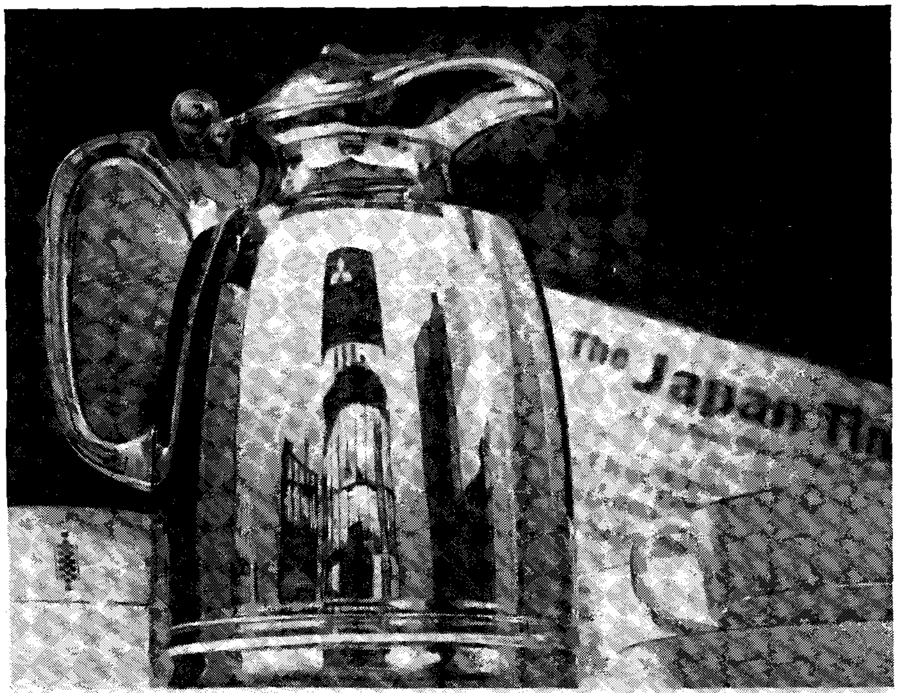

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port, Massachusetts, who looks jovial, well cared for, worldly, and self-confident. Mr. Nyquist does not stop. He lifts his beret graciously to his wife and the American, and starts on another round.

BARCLAY (*to Mrs. Nyquist*): I'm booked for the around-the-world cruise on this ship this winter, so I flew over to make this trip and try her out. (*Mrs. Nyquist takes notes on Mr. Barclay's remarks.*)

MRS. NYQUIST: And do you find the Sagafjord satisfactory?

BARCLAY: As you say in Norway when you want to mean you're firm in your ideas, "He knows where the table is placed." Well, I'd say the captain of this ship knows where the table is placed.

MRS. NYQUIST: And the long cruise is for ninety-three days?

BARCLAY: That's it.

MRS. NYQUIST: And it will go to Bangkok? Hong Kong?

BARCLAY: That's it. I like the way you Norwegians run a cruise. I probably just like Norwegians. You're conservative, and you have heart. I like your culture and I like your ethics. And yet you have a very shrewd eye to the future. You have no slums. You have no illiteracy. You have no crime. You value education. You're in the lead in cleanliness. And all that's pretty impressive, when you think that your entire population is three and a half million—half that of London!

MRS. NYQUIST (*looking very proud and very earnest, and pausing with her pen to make a comment of her own*): I have just learned that the life expectancy for men in Norway is seventy-one point one, compared to sixty-six point four in the United States, and for women it is seventy-four point seven, compared to seventy-two point seven in the United States. And, also, we claim that Leif Ericson discovered America five hundred years earlier than Columbus.

BARCLAY: Well, I'm not sure about *that*. (*He laughs.*) I do know that you invented the office paper clip. And ski bindings with iron lugs. And the cheese slicer. And, of course, you're one of the few countries where you can see the sun at midnight.

MRS. NYQUIST (*looking pleased but getting back to business*): You know so much about ships. How does the Sagafjord compare with other ships?

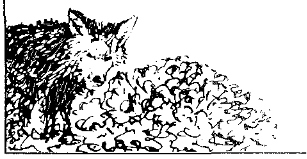
BARCLAY: I've been on a lot of them, that's for sure. The France has a beautiful structure, but the lighting is ghastly. The Gripsholm is a fine ship. The Normandie was the most beautiful

(*Advertisement*)

DINK STOVER AT THE CROSSROADS

OR

"MEDIA MAN OR ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE - WHICH?"



Wherein Dink, while spending a weekend with Mary Jane Hightower, a girl in his office, at her palatial home in Grosse Pointe, is offered a unique opportunity to exchange his humdrum life in media for the glamorous whirl of account executive.

As the scene opens, Dink is about to start a run with the hounds. Gingerly mounting his horse, a skittish bay named Geronimo, Dink adjusted his scarlet riding coat self-consciously and waited for the horn to begin the hunt. Mary Jane, astride a chestnut gelding, looked at him proudly:

"Now Dink, remember to call 'Tally-ho' if you see the fox. And watch out for that high fence near the river. Geronimo shied away from it last time and threw cousin Ashley. Fortunately he only broke a tiny bone in his neck but it could have been serious."

Dink nodded grimly and settled his boots more securely in the stirrups. "There's the horn", Mary Jane cried, her Yale-blue eyes sparkling happily. "Good hunting! Later, remind me to tell you some wonderful news..."

When they had returned from the hunt (which for Dink ended quite abruptly when Geronimo again shied the fence), Mary Jane could hardly wait to give him the news: "Dink, guess what. Dad spoke yesterday to the head of our agency and offered him his company's advertising — even the dullsville trade stuff. There's only one condition: that *you* supervise the account!"

Dink didn't answer immediately but stared reflectively in space, rubbing his wrenched shoulder. Finally he spoke: "Mary Jane, I'm overwhelmed. But of course you realize what your dad's asking me to do." His mind went back nostalgically to his cozy office and beloved slide rules, circulation data, and linage figures: "I'll have to give up the research. The demographic charts. Not to mention my well-honed media presentations. (One I did last week showed that The Boston Globe now carries more total advertising linage than the other two Boston newspapers *combined.*) Gee, to switch from media would be like asking me to move from quarterback on the Yale eleven to goalie on the soccer team . . . "

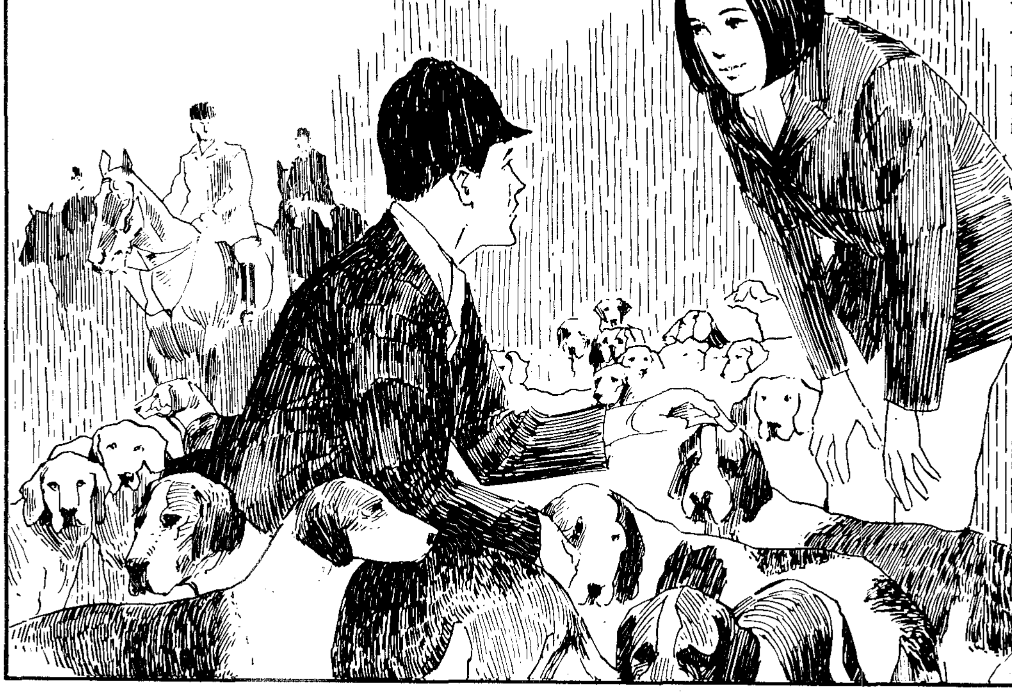
Mary Jane remonstrated. "But Dink, think of the glamor of managing Dad's account. To be an account *executive.* Doesn't it have a marvelous ring? To sit in a big office with two windows instead of that dinky (nothing personal, Dink) cubicle you now have . . . to afford leisurely lunches at all the best restaurants . . . to take Dad (and maybe *me*) to the theatre whenever he comes to town . . . to ride roughshod over those smart-aleck creative people . . . to fly out every week to Dad's plant in Muskegon for exciting meetings . . . to make me *proud* of you." Her full lips quivered ever so slightly.

Dink tried hard not to notice. "I admit you make it sound swell, Mary Jane. But, on the other hand, our media department *needs* me. Who else, for instance, knows as much about The Boston Globe? That it's the number-one newspaper in all New England — moving further and further ahead of its competition in advertising linage and circulation. Why, anyone would be a positive *chump* not to advertise in it," Dink concluded, a trifle carried away, as usual, on the subject.

"Granted," Mary Jane said a little impatiently. "Now, Dink, you don't have to decide this instant. Why not sleep on it tonight. Dad would like to have your answer, though, by tomorrow morning." Then her voice lowered to a soft whisper: "The *future,* Dink. You must think of the future . . . "

After Mary Jane left, Dink sat still for long minutes and pondered everything she had said. He must make the most important decision in his life – and quickly. But what would it be?

Tomorrow morning at daybreak he would have to give his answer . . .



"Who else, for instance, knows as much about The Boston Globe? That it's the number-one newspaper in all New England —"

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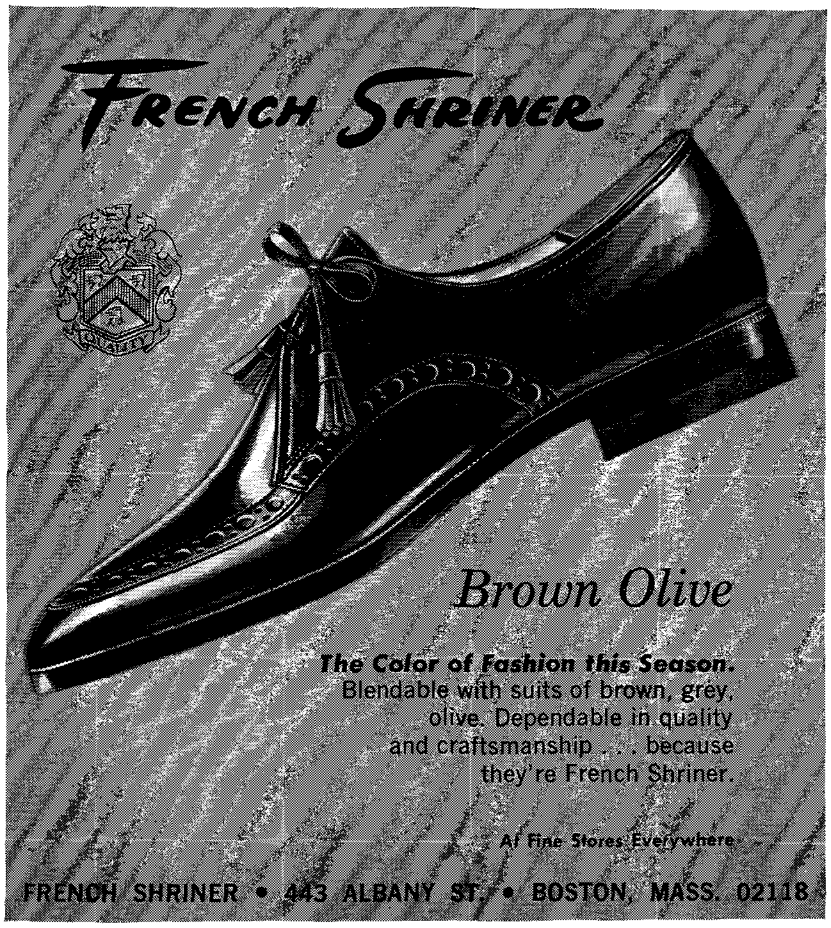

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ship ever made. (*Mr. Nyquist goes by again at this point, lifting his beret and bowing. His wife smiles at him, and Mr. Nyquist draws a circle in the air with his hand, indicating that he hopes she will join him the next time around. She nods her head in a yes.*)

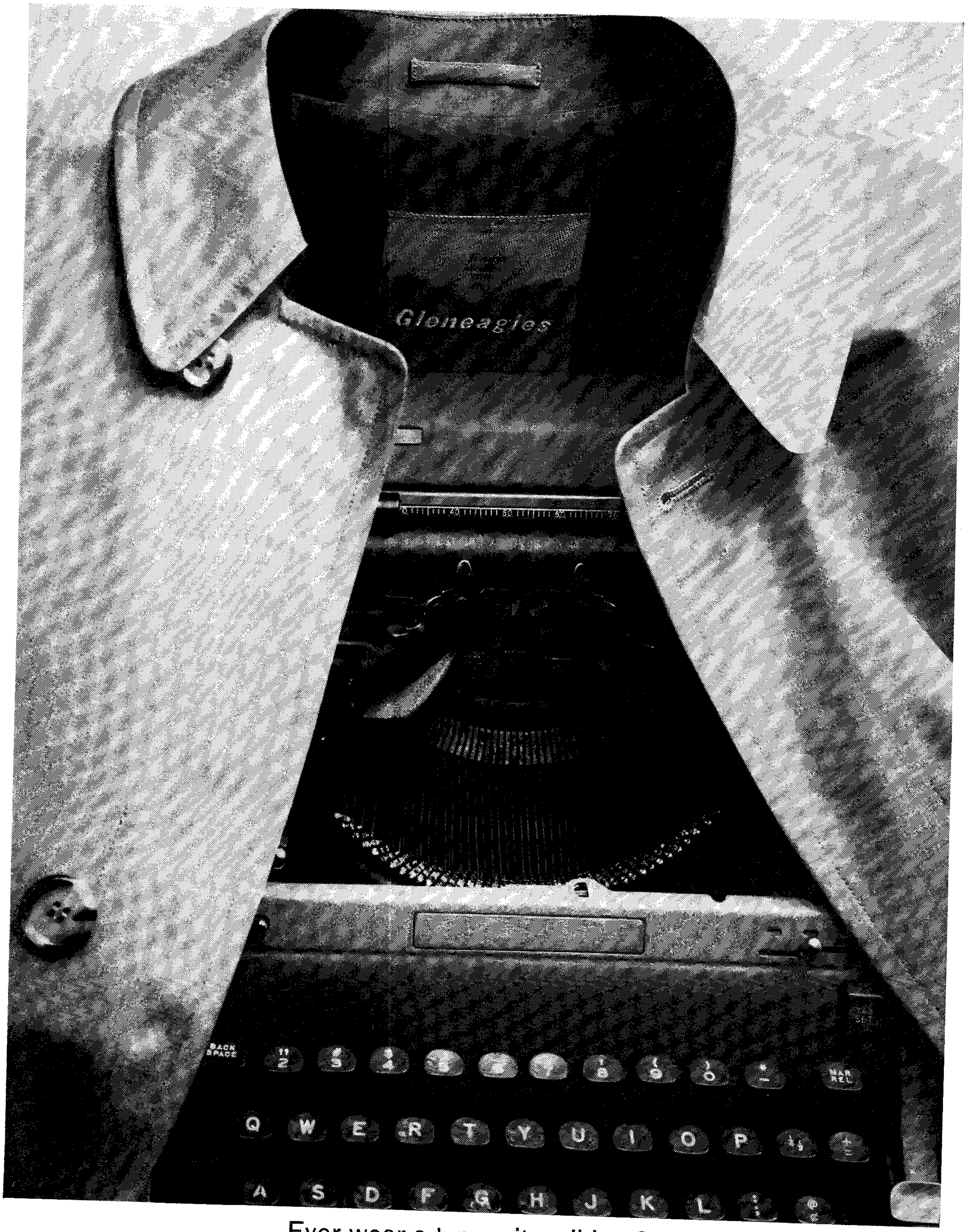
MRS. NYQUIST (*getting back to work as Mr. Nyquist walks on*): And the Sagafjord? What kind of ship do you see in the Sagafjord?

BARCLAY: Ask me at the end of the voyage. I'll see, then, whether I want to cancel my ninety-three-day cruise. (*He laughs loudly.*)

MAIN DECK. An inside passageway. Stewardesses, with expressions of satisfaction, are stocking the staterooms with towels that have at last been laundered. They are also fixing water carafes in place in the holders in the bathrooms. They are passing out Kleenex in small cellophane packages bearing the words "NORWEGIAN AMERICA LINE" in blue letters. A stewardess enters Room M-43 and happily distributes packages of Kleenex to Mr. Madsen, Mrs. Madsen, Dorthe, and Berit, each of whom says a polite "*Takk.*"

SUN DECK. It is a clear, sunny day. The ocean is calm. Many passengers are strolling around the deck. Aft, on the terrace overlooking the swimming pool, many more are sitting in deck chairs. Cardboard boxes bearing the inscription "JENS J. JEBSEN & CO.—FABRIKKER, BERGER, VESTFOLD" are stacked up along the rail. One of the boxes has been opened, revealing folded steamer blankets in a bright plaid. Several of the passengers have blankets over their legs. In the passageway inside, a puddle of water in front of the door leading to Cabin S-4 seems to be drying up. In the Blairs' stateroom, the porthole is no longer leaking. Stewards are vacuuming the wall-to-wall carpets, and the carpets are letting go of all their lint. Over the clatter of the vacuum cleaners, the p.a. system, however, is still calling "Monsieur Assaiante! Monsieur Assaiante! Monsieur Assaiante!" The summons sounds as insistent as it did at the start of the voyage.

VERANDA DECK. The two-hundred-and-forty-seat, dome-ceilinged, wall-to-wall-carpeted theatre. The theatre is jammed. Sitting in four gold-velours-upholstered seats in the middle of the theatre are the Madsens. Every one of the family is watching, fascinated and with mouth open, a short



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documentary on New York. They watch scenes on Wall Street, in the garment center, in Central Park, and in the subways. Following that is a short called "Oslo, Viking Capital." There are scenes of the fjords, of the ski slopes, of the Munch Museum, of the Viking Ship Museum, and of fishermen bringing in the day's catch. The Madsens watch all that with no change of expression.

B DECK. The crew's dining room. Between meals. Off to one side, in a glass-walled, all-white cubicle containing an all-white rectangular table very much like an old-fashioned kitchen table, sits the head chef, also all in white, including the traditional white hat. Mr. Haug, wearing a tweed sports jacket and gray flannel slacks, walks in briskly and talks to the chef, in pantomime, behind the glass, pointing toward the floor. He then beckons the chef out into the main dining room, and takes out a penknife, opens it, and gets down on his hands and knees. He scrapes the linoleum of the floor with his penknife, and shows the chef that he has scraped off some dirt. Then he leaves, saying, "Check, check, check, and check." He goes along to the closetlike cubbyhole, the *Trykkeri*, and since the presses are noisily turning out supper menus, makes consoling gestures to indicate that the printer is getting more space to operate in. He goes on to the crew's recreation room, which is decorated with gaily colored print curtains at fake portholes, and looks over the white Formica-topped writing tables and matching chairs. He straightens a chair at one of the tables. Jon Brenne and his roommate Erling Larsen wander in. Both have cleaned up and are wearing spotless T shirts, though with battered-looking blue jeans. Mr. Haug inspects them, too, apparently with only halfhearted approval. He leaves, repeating, "Check, check, check, and check."

VERANDA DECK. The bar. Seated on one of the tan leather stools at the gleaming rosewood bar, and smiling good-naturedly at the light-mahogany carvings in the niches in the lounge area's inner wall, is Arild Nyquist. The bartender is setting six boxes of candy labelled "KONG HAAKON" on the bar in front of him. The boxes are red, with gold letters. Mr. Nyquist takes some money from his pocket and pays for the candy. As he walks from the bar to the library lounge, he pauses at a writing table to say hello to Mr. Blair.

BLAIR: Say, I'm glad you reminded

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me of the candy. You Norwegians have the best candy, next to the Swiss, I suppose, in the world.

NYQUIST (*flattered and touched, his face reddening shyly*): We have Kong Haakon candy, and we have Prinsesse Ragnhild and Prinsesse Astrid candy. We have Kong Olav candy, too. Everybody in the Royal Family has candy named after him except Prince Harald. (*He gives a friendly laugh.*)

BLAIR: King Haakon was a great king, wasn't he?

NYQUIST (*quickly*): Yes. When Norway won her independence from Sweden, in 1905, he was a Danish prince, and the Norwegian people asked him to become their king, but he insisted on having an election. He would be king, he said, only if the people elected him their king.

BLAIR: He was quite a guy. (*Mr. Henriksen comes along with Mr. Haug. He, like Mr. Haug, is wearing a sports jacket with gray flannel slacks. In fact, their jackets are almost exactly alike. They each touch the Kong Haakon candy in an amused way.*)

HENRIKSEN (*to Mr. Nyquist*): You are going to get very fat, eating all that candy.

NYQUIST: I will be working hard when we reach New York, but now I can relax while my wife works. At the moment, she is down in the boiler room, inspecting the ship's engines.

HAUG: She wants to see *everything*. She is a very good reporter. She is the only passenger, man or woman, who has been allowed to see the engines.

NYQUIST (*looking pleased and complimented, and quickly changing the subject*): We have been talking about King Haakon.

BLAIR: Americans are very much aware of what King Haakon and the Norwegians did during the war. Standing up against the Germans.

HAUG: We all felt that what we did during the German occupation we did for the King. We did everything for the King. He was the center of our dreams.

HENRIKSEN: Mr. Blair, you should hear someday what Mr. Nyquist and his wife did during the war, fighting in the underground against the Germans.

NYQUIST (*going very red with embarrassment*): Everybody we know did something. That is, everybody we still talk to today. (*He gives a little laugh, his face still red.*)

HENRIKSEN: Mrs. Nyquist is a remarkable woman. The Nazis came to their house looking for Arild. He had been warned that they were coming, and he escaped five minutes be-

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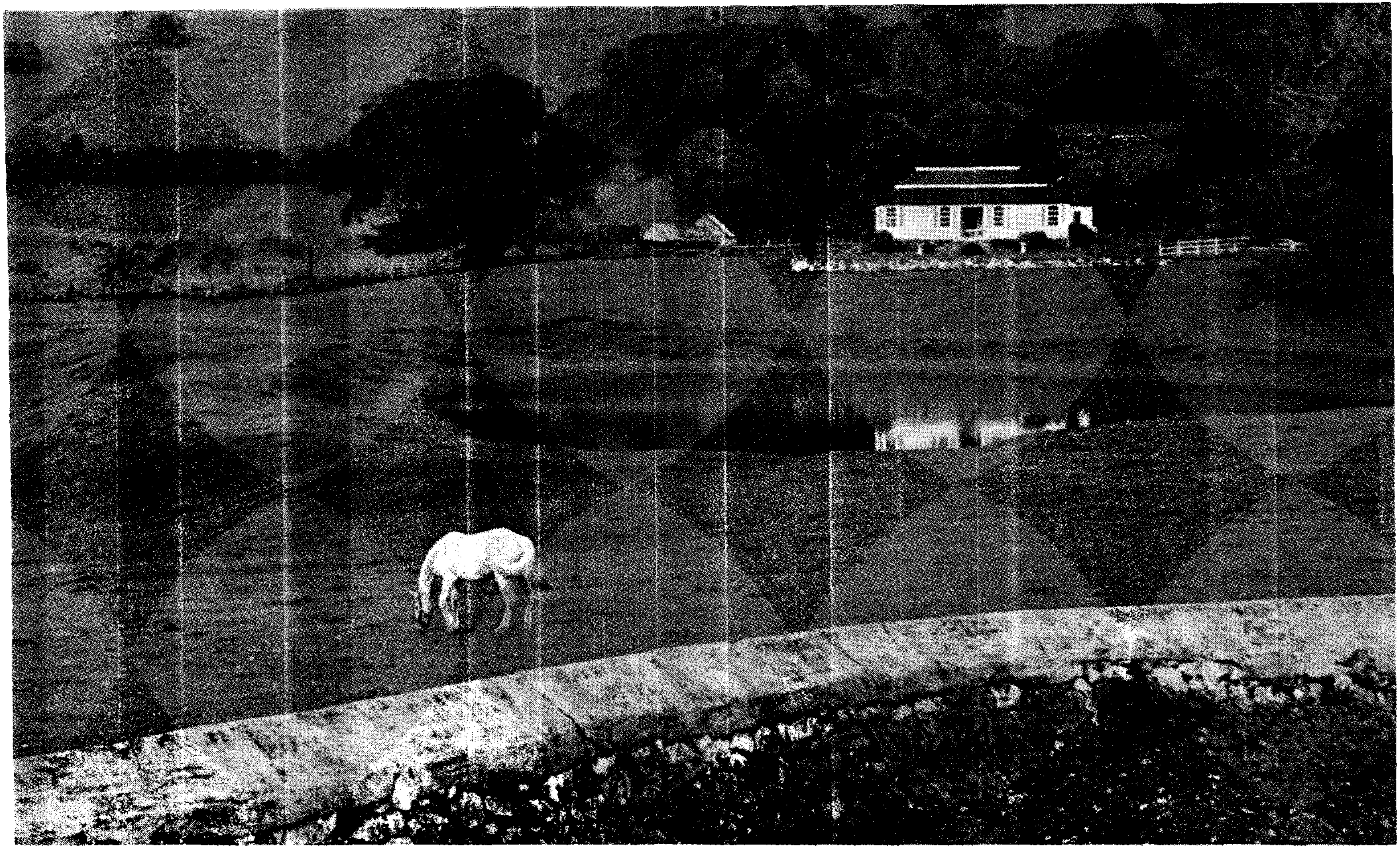

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When we speak we often say "cahn't" or "rawther" or "dahling."

But we also say "tall trousers" for "long pants." Which is English, but not English English.

And "lickle bredda" for "little brother." English, corrupted.

And we use words that aren't English at all. Like "Ocho Rios" (Spanish), and "mal de stomach" (fractured French) and "ackee" (African).

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fore. The Nazis came—the Gestapo, and the soldiers with bayonets—and they waited in the house for Arild to return. Mrs. Nyquist fooled them. She climbed out a back window with their two little boys and ran away and hid, and then they all escaped to Sweden.

Nyquist (*shifting the Kong Haakon candy to a position under one arm*): Everybody worked. Everybody helped.

Henriksen: Those were five horrible years. The German U-boats, mines, and bombs sank fifty per cent of the Norwegian fleet. After the war, the best passenger ships of the N.A.L. were gone. We had nothing at all to start rebuilding with. The Germans took our Stavangerfjord, and when we got her back she looked terrible. Simply awful. It took us a long time to fix her up. (*He looks out the window. The ocean is still calm, and the sunshine is streaming over the writing tables.*)

Haug: By the end of this voyage, everything on *this* ship will be shipshape.

Nyquist: You are still inspecting?

Haug: Every day it is still check, check, check, and check. (*The Sagafjord is creaking as she goes, but very mildly.*)

Henriksen (*smiling*): Isn't she riding beautifully?

Haug and Nyquist (*together*): Beautifully!

C Deck. The indoor swimming pool. Arne Madsen, Mr. and Mrs. Lorentzen, and Dr. Bugge-Asperheim are swimming in the clear, light-green water. The Lorentzens are doing the backstroke, side by side. Madsen and the Doctor are treading water.

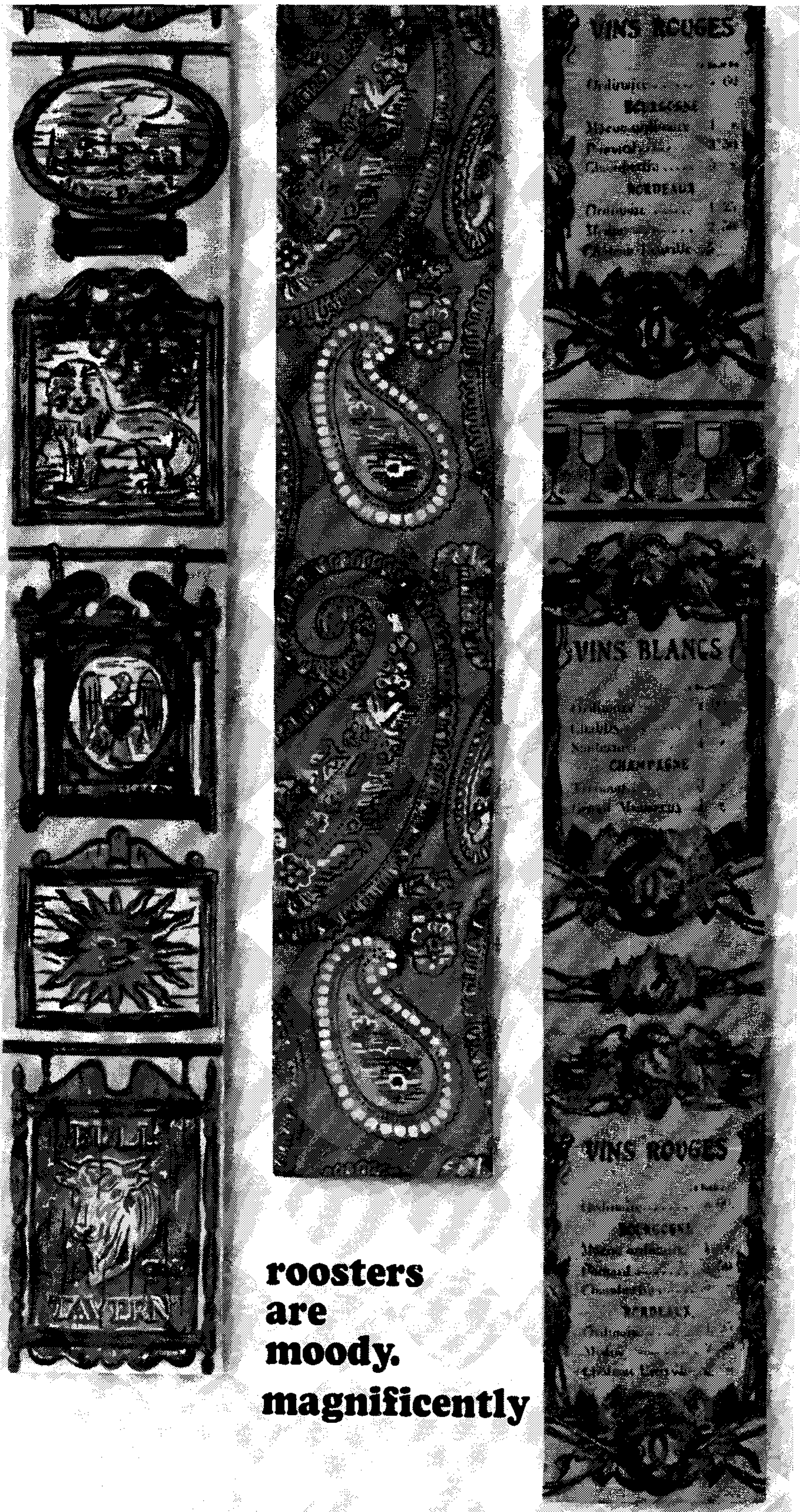
Madsen (*to the Doctor*): I won eight Norwegian kroner last night in the horse racing. I bet on a horse named Red Hot Mommy, because my wife has red hair, and I won.

Dr. Bugge-Asperheim: Very good. Very good.

Madsen: And tonight is Ladies' Night. The ladies are permitted to ask the gentlemen to dance. Are you coming to the Ladies' Night, Doctor?

Dr. Bugge-Asperheim: I am planning to come, yes, unless I have an emergency. (*He lowers his voice.*) You know, of all the things a hospital is required to carry on a ship, we forgot to bring the coffins. (*He chuckles and starts to do a vigorous breast stroke. Madsen swims off in a crawl.*)

Upper Deck. Opposite the purser's office, Berthe Maurstad, wearing a dark print dress and a dark cardigan



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sweater over her shoulders, and Thor Skullerud, still wearing his pilot's button and his Masonic ring, are sitting at opposite ends of a yellow leather sofa. They are reading a two-page mimeographed newspaper headed, in blue letters, "NORWEGIAN AMERICA LINE NEWS BULLETIN," with an emblem showing a little blue-colored sailor in a white hat saluting. Mrs. Maurstad is looking at the English version. She reads the first bulletin:

> New York: Temperatures and weather across the nation and around the world. New York 51 clear, Boston 43 cloudy, Washington 53 clear, Chicago 56 cloudy, Kansas City 66 clear, Los Angeles 66 clear, San Francisco 62 clear, Anchorage 43 clear, Honolulu 70 clear, Montreal 40 clear, Copenhagen 52 cloudy, Stockholm 48 cloudy, Oslo 52 rain, Tokyo 64 cloudy.

Mr. Skullerud is reading the English version, too. He reads, farther down the page:

> Saigon: A Communist Viet Cong jungle ambush Tuesday killed or wounded every member of an American 1st Division infantry squad of about 12 men returning from a night patrol 15 miles northwest of Saigon.
>
> Natchez: Negro leaders said Monday that several Natchez stores have yielded and hired Negroes for other than menial jobs for the first time. But a civil rights spokesman said that Negroes would continue an economic boycott and street demonstrations until they get satisfaction on 11 other demands.
>
> Baseball results: American League. Kansas City 2 Chicago 3, Baltimore 2 Cleveland 1 . . .

Mrs. Maurstad glances at Mr. Skullerud. Mr. Skullerud glances at Mrs. Maurstad. From the low table in front of the sofa, Mrs. Maurstad picks up a copy of the Norwegian version of the newspaper. It, too, is headed, in English, "NORWEGIAN AMERICA LINE NEWS BULLETIN."

She reads:

> *Vaeret: Oslo tåkeflak 10, Bergen delvis skyet 14, Trondheim overskyet 10, Tromsö lett regn 5 . . .*

And, farther down the page:

> *Saigon: Tallet på amerikanske soldater i Vietnam vil komme opp i 150,000 mann om få dager . . .*

Mr. Skullerud tosses aside his English version of the paper and picks up a Norwegian one. At the bottom of the page he reads:

> *Fotballkamper: 1. divisjon: Fredrikstad-Steinkjer 0-1, Sandefjord-Sarpsborg 2-4, Skeid-Odd 3-4, Viking-Lyn 0-2 . . .*

Mr. Skullerud puts his paper down

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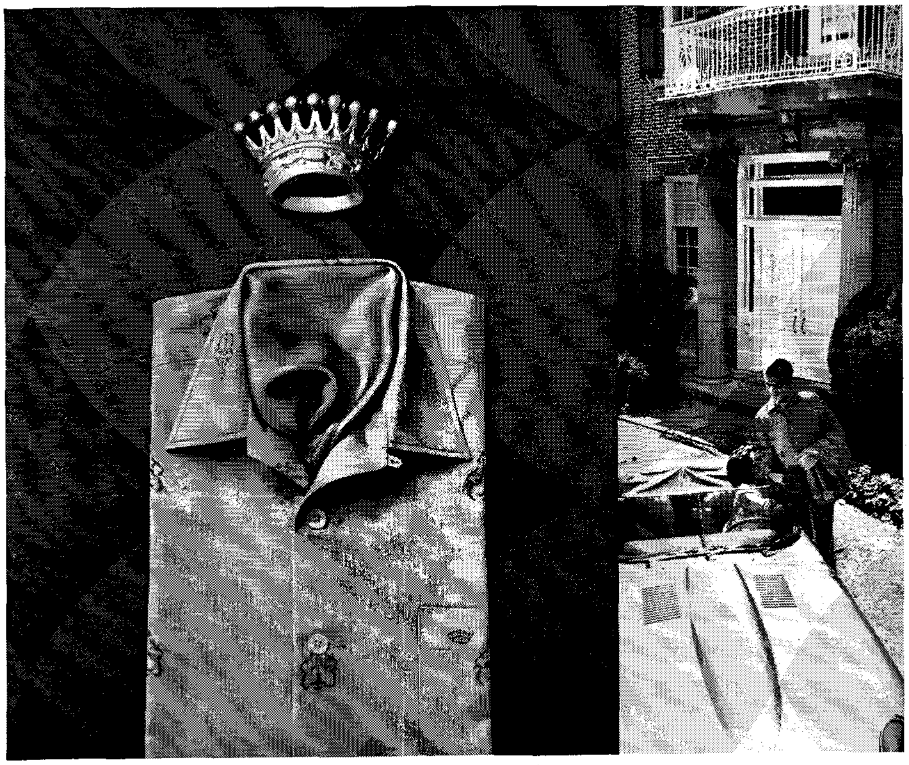

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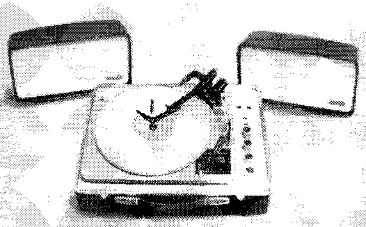

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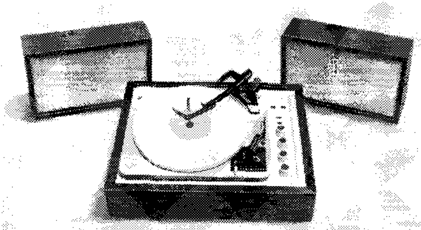

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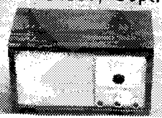

KLH*

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on his lap and looks at Mrs. Maurstad.

SKULLERUD: *Morn.*

MRS. MAURSTAD: *Morn.*

They go on from there.

BALLROOM. Bingo time. Mrs. Madsen is concentrating on her bingo card. Mr. Madsen turns his bingo card face down and quickly goes down to Cabin M-43, where Berit and Dorthe are sound asleep in upper and lower bunks, respectively. Mr. Madsen tucks the blankets around them to his satisfaction and then, looking back at his children once, he leaves. On his way back to the bingo game, he runs into Willy Olsen.

OLSEN: Well, hello. How's your lovely little family?

MADSEN: Very well, thank you. We are enjoying the trip very much. Swimming every day.

OLSEN (*grinning*): And dancing at night! I was watching you at Ladies' Night.

MADSEN (*happily*): I was very popular with the ladies. All the girls wanted to dance with me. All the Danish girls. And some American girls. We met a very nice American girl. Her name is Carole Nordstrom, and she is from Seattle, and when we are in California, we will go to visit her. (*The ship lurches suddenly, knocking Madsen and Olsen against the walls.*)

OLSEN: Whew! That wasn't so good, was it? I hope we don't run into foul weather. (*Madsen looks concerned, and hurries back to the bingo game and to his wife.*)

SUN DECK. Forward. Mr. Haug is standing at the rail with Mr. Blair. Both have their hands in their pockets, and both, their hair blowing and their eyes squinting against the spray and the wind, seem to be revelling in the feeling of meeting the wind head on. The wind is so strong that they have to hug the rail with their bodies to keep from being blown back. Mr. Haug is talking, and Mr. Blair is listening respectfully.

HAUG: I asked the chief engineer, "What is the consumption of fuel oil each day?" And he said sixty-five tons. "No, my friend," I said to him. "It will be seventy-five and eighty tons of fuel oil. If you make it with sixty-five, you are a golden boy."

BLAIR (*giving a knowing smile, as though he knew the answer to the question he is about to ask*): And what was it?

HAUG: Seventy-five and eighty, of course. That is a difference of a hundred and thirty dollars a day. A

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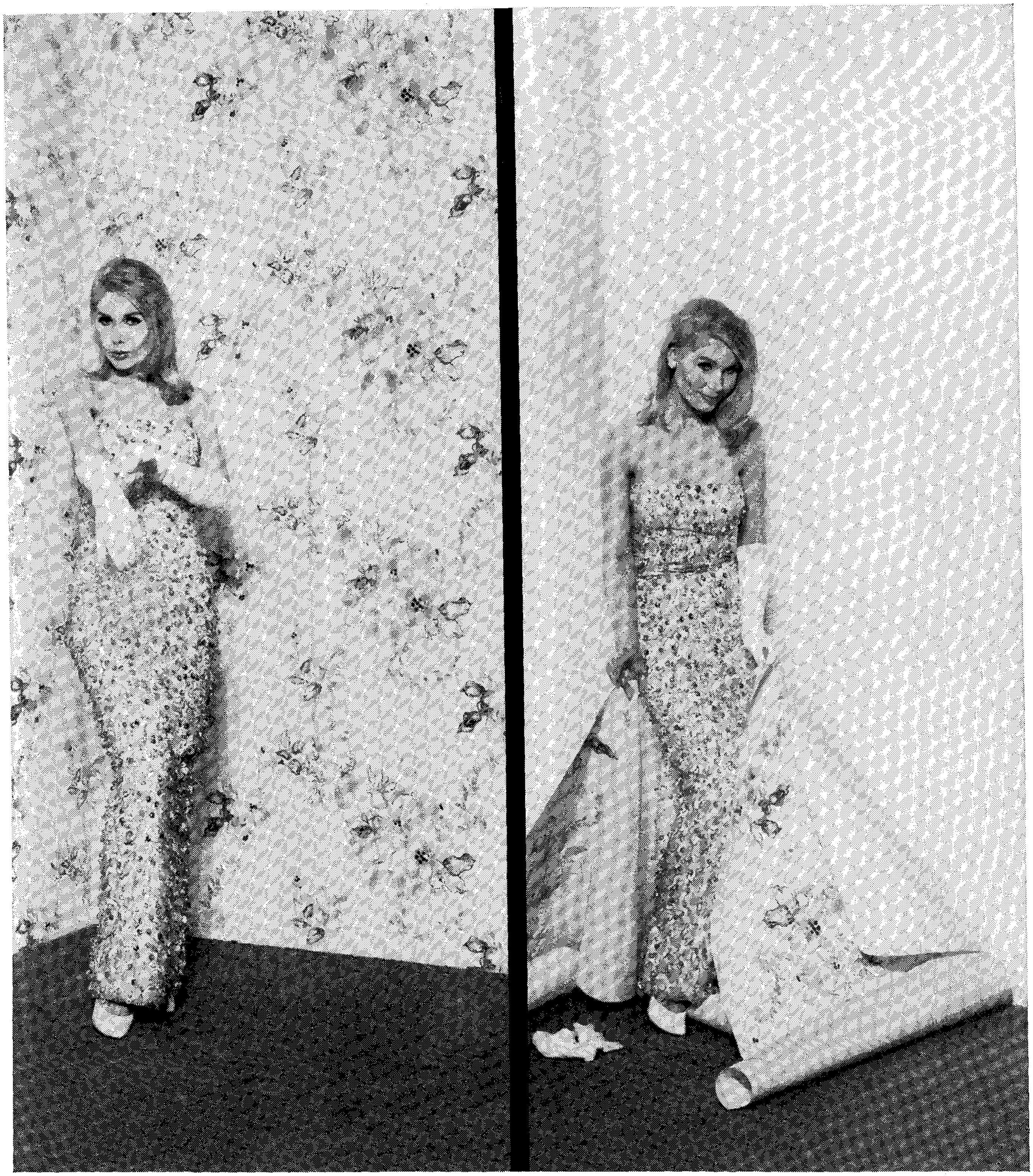

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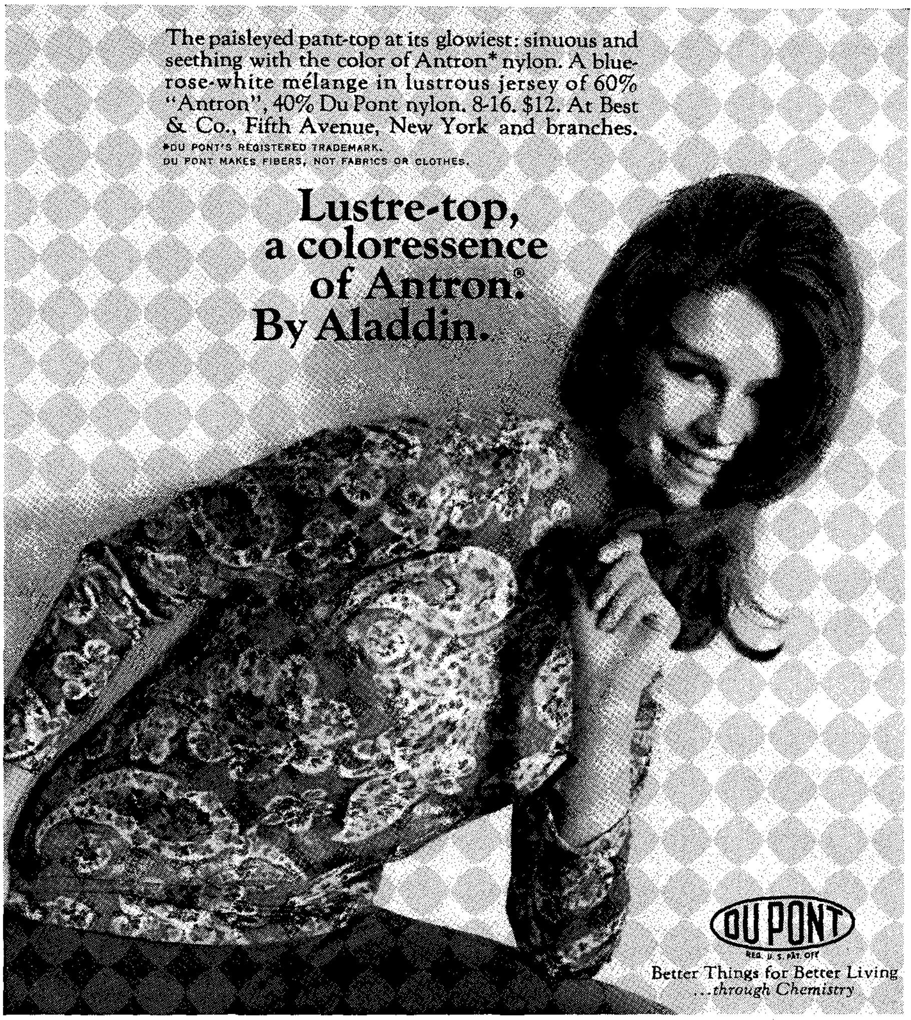

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hundred and thirty dollars a day on a forty-day cruise can make a lot of difference. That is a lot of money. (*Blair gives a sympathetic grin. The two men continue to stand there, testing themselves against the wind.*)

BALLROOM. Later that night. The Harald Jensen Kvartett is on the bandstand playing dance music. The dance floor is crowded. Kari Immerslund, looking very enthusiastic, is dancing with Nick the photographer. The Kvartett is playing "Around the World." At the end of the number, Nick accompanies Miss Immerslund to a sofa, on which four other girls are sitting. The Kvartett starts playing "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'." Nick invites one of the other girls to dance, and Miss Immerslund takes that girl's place on the sofa.

MISS IMMERSLUND (*to the others*): Did you hear what happened to Mrs. Maurstad?

THE OTHERS: No.

MISS IMMERSLUND: She was so worried about how to find a job in America, and now she has a job—cooking, as she did in Norway. For Mr. Thor Skullerud, in Seattle. They were sitting near the purser's office, and he started asking her what did she do. So she told him she would look for a job as a cook, and he said, "Come and make meals for me." So, even before she arrives in New York, she has a job. (*Miss Immerslund and the others look happy over the news about Mrs. Maurstad.*)

SUN DECK. It is early afternoon. The waves are dark. The water is rough. The clouds are low. The sun is not shining, and there is heavy mist in the air. It is beginning to look foggy. The only walker on the Sun Deck is Mr. Nyquist. The wind is blowing hard, and he is trying to walk against it. His beret starts to fly off, and he holds it on with his hand. Then he turns around to walk with the wind. It blows him along so hard that he is forced to move at a run.

VERANDA DECK. The lounge with the curving sweep of windows. In the elevated section along the window walls, in the comfortable mustard-upholstered cane chairs, many passengers are sitting and reading or talking or dozing. It is bright and cozy in the room as the sky outside grows dark and a little menacing. Mrs. Nyquist is sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Dalzell. Mrs. Nyquist has her notebook on her lap, and is making some notes about Mr.

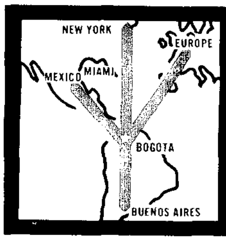
Dalzell's tugboats. Suddenly, there is the sound of "Anchors Aweigh" being played tinnily in the distance. It comes closer. The players march into view. They are the Harald Jensen Kvartett. They are wearing blue suits and have cone-shaped party hats fixed to their heads by rubber bands that pass under their chins. They enter the lounge in neatly spaced parade formation. For the occasion, the leader is playing a trombone, and he is followed by a marcher playing a snare drum, who is followed by a marcher banging on a bass drum, and then by a trumpet player. Behind the musicians come other paraders—all the children on the ship. Dr. Bugge-Asperheim's nurse is carrying Dorthe Madsen and holding Berit Madsen by the hand. The little girls are dressed up in plaid dresses, white socks, and red sandals, and they have tiny paper party hats on their heads. Chief Steward Lindstad, in uniform, is carrying an amazed-looking baby girl about a year old, who is wearing a freshly laundered, starched white frilly dress and a paper pirate hat. There are several children wearing heavy Norwegian sweaters. One, a ten-year-old boy, has on an American Indian chief's feather headdress. In the entire parade, there is no hint of a smile. Every child looks as serious and as surprised as the year-old baby. Silently, they march behind the musicians, who lead them through the lounge and then through other parts of the ship.

MRS. NYQUIST (*exchanging appreciative smiles with the Dalzells*): They are going to have a party. In Norway, kids like to begin their parties with a parade.

MRS. DALZELL (*with a husky and fond laugh*): Pretty cute.

DALZELL: Best parade I've caught in years.

MRS. NYQUIST (*slowly and seriously*): You ought to see our kids on May 17th, which is our Fourth of July, our Constitution Day. Every kid in Norway marches in a parade to celebrate the day. In Oslo, the children walk eight abreast, and the King stands on a balcony of the palace. His son the Crown Prince stands with him, and both wear black silk top hats, and every kid in the city walks past in front of them. (*As Mrs. Nyquist talks, "Anchors Aweigh" is heard faintly in the distance, and then the music is gone. The lounge is very, very quiet. Outside, the fog has closed in. Stewards draw the curtains over the curving sweep of windows. The wind can be heard rising. The creaking of the ship seems to grow louder as soon as the*



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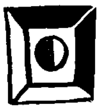
curtains have shut out the sight of the weather. The swell of the sea feels bigger. For the first time since leaving Oslo, the ship's foghorn sounds. There is a pause. The foghorn sounds again.)

Bridge Deck. The nook where the Hultins' black Newfoundland is sheltered. He is being tossed back and forth on his tether. He looks damp and badly frightened. The p.a. system suddenly sputters loudly, and a loud call is heard again and again: "Monsieur Assaiante! Monsieur Assaiante! Monsieur Assaiante!"

Bridge Deck. It is late at night. Captain Aspelund stands near the wheel, which is being guarded by a young officer, standing stiff and straight and watching the gyro compass. A young seaman is at attention alongside the Captain. The Captain has his cap on, and is sipping black coffee from a cup. A tray with a plate of cold and limp fish, untouched, stands on a shelf near the front window. Most of the passengers have gone to bed. The sea is very rough. The foghorn is being sounded at regular intervals. Mrs. Nyquist, in a heavy wool coat and with a scarf tied around her head, opens a door from a small stairway and enters, looking rather apprehensive. The Captain greets her with a grin, and offers her some of his coffee. The young seaman does not turn his head to look at the visitor, but the young man at the wheel lets his face relax into a smile for a moment; then he is serious again.



Captain: Sailors and coffee, they go together. *(He takes a package of Tiedmann's Garter Mixture Tobacco from the window shelf, and he fills his pipe and lights it. Mrs. Nyquist gamely takes a sip of his coffee and watches him light his pipe. Then, hesitantly, she takes out her pen and opens her notebook.)*

Mrs. Nyquist: Is it very bad?

Captain: It is the swell from a previous storm in New York. It is a southwesterly swell. *(The ship goes up about fifteen or twenty feet and comes down on the water with a considerable crash. Mrs. Nyquist is thrown off balance. The Captain quickly reaches out and steadies her.)*

Mrs. Nyquist: I heard crashing and banging. I could not sleep. The chairs in our stateroom are being thrown from one side to the other. It is very rough, isn't it?

Captain *(grinning)*: This is not a bad storm. Of course, we are not sure how the Sagafjord will come through it. But I think everything will be all right. *(He puffs at his pipe.)* You know the old Norwegian saying—"Nothing is impossible for God and a sailor."

Mrs. Nyquist *(looking reassured and writing in her notebook)*: It is too bad the King could not be on this voyage. He loves the sea. *(The Captain gives a little shrug.)* The Captain's Dinner is tomorrow. It will be a shame if everybody is seasick for the Captain's Dinner.

Captain: The swell will be gone by tomorrow night. *(He grins again.)* I *hope.* And you? Are you seasick?

Mrs. Nyquist: Only a little bit.

Captain: You are a good sailor. My mother could never come on board to see me, because she would get seasick. She did not like the swell of the sea.

Mrs. Nyquist *(frowning conscientiously at her notebook)*: And the weather forecast for New York? We will be arriving in New York the day after tomorrow. Do you know how it will be?

Captain *(picking up a bulletin that has been typewritten for him in English and reading aloud from it)*: "New York Harbor Forecast. Small-craft warnings displayed. Southwest winds 10 knots. Outlook for Monday: Fair weather with southerly winds 10 to 20 knots." *(The Sagafjord goes up on a high wave, but she comes down smoothly.)* This ship is behaving all right. The more I see how she behaves, the more I get to admire her.

Mrs. Nyquist: How long will it take before you know if you really like her?

Captain: She is like a woman. By the end of the first trip, I will know if we will get along.

Mrs. Nyquist *(persistently)*: But will you know if you *like* her?

Captain: I will know. By the time we dock at West Tenth Street. *(He grins.)*

Mrs. Nyquist: It is a little sad. Tomorrow, already, it is the night of the Captain's Dinner.

Captain: In the old days, on ships, the passengers used to bring their own food. They never knew how long the trip would take, but on the last evening of the trip the Captain gave the dinner. The food was *on the house.* Did you know that was the origin of the Captain's Dinner? *(Mrs. Nyquist nods and makes her notes. The door from the stairway opens again, and Mr. Henriksen, wearing a bathrobe, comes in. He bows formally to Mrs. Nyquist.)*

Henriksen: She is behaving very

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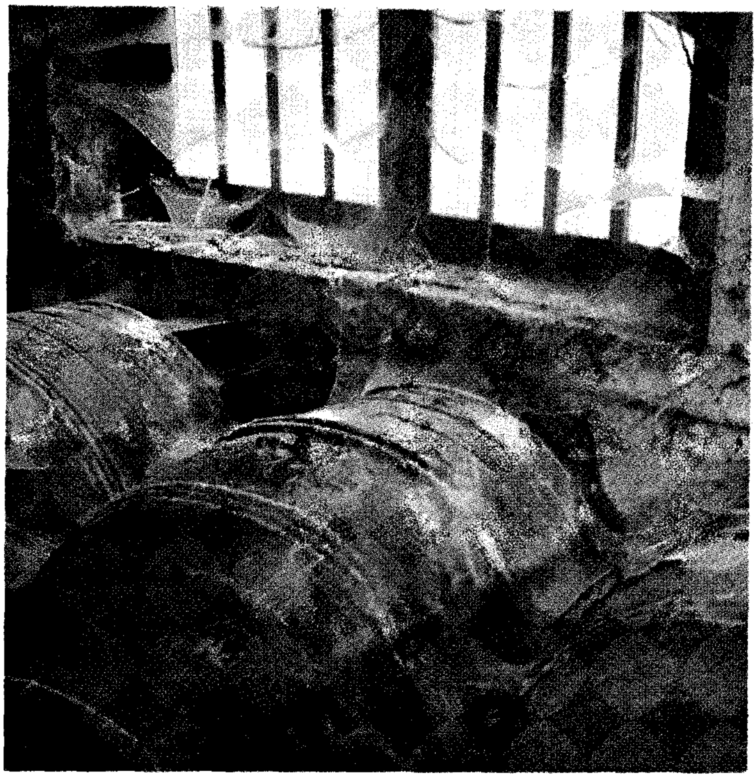

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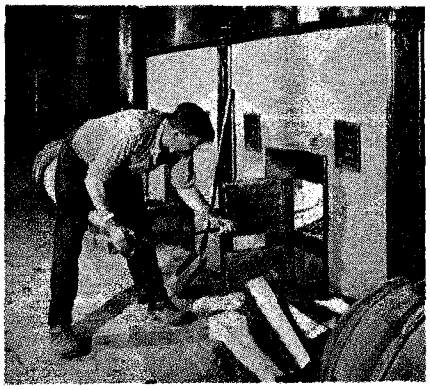

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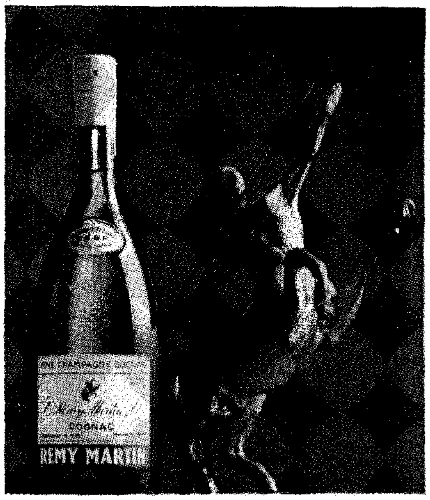

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well. She doesn't ship any water on the foredeck. See the way she sits down? Like a duck. (*But he looks a little worried.*)

Captain (*nonchalantly puffing at his pipe*): She is all right. She is behaving all right. (*There is a loud crash of glass breaking somewhere close at hand. A little farther away, there is the sound of more glass breaking. Mrs. Nyquist, looking alarmed, glances from the Captain to Mr. Henriksen, who are exchanging looks of mild surprise. A moment later, a young seaman runs up to the bridge and reports that eight or ten of the windows in the curving sweep of the forward lounge on the Veranda Deck have blown in. No one was hurt. No one was around when the windows shattered.*)

The Captain and Mr. Henriksen start to go below to look at the damage. Then the Captain turns around to Mrs. Nyquist and motions to her with his pipe to come along. The ship lurches, and the two men steady Mrs. Nyquist as she walks downstairs with them. On their way to the lounge, they pass the bar, and just as they do so, a stack of glasses behind the bar crashes to the floor. Ashtrays are sliding around on the fixed tables. In the library, Tolstoy's "Krig og Fred" and Hamsun's "Samlede Verker" come tumbling off the shelf. In the lounge, stewards are already cleaning up the glass. Mr. Haug is there, directing the installation of aluminum shutters over the broken windows.

Haug (*as Mr. Henriksen and the Captain and Mrs. Nyquist approach*): There wasn't enough clearance in the window frames, as I wanted. (*He sounds vexed.*) I wanted more clearance, but, no, I had to submit. Now you see.

Henriksen (*abashed*): Will the aluminum shutters hold?

Haug: They will hold.

Mrs. Nyquist (*her notebook open again*): What will you do?

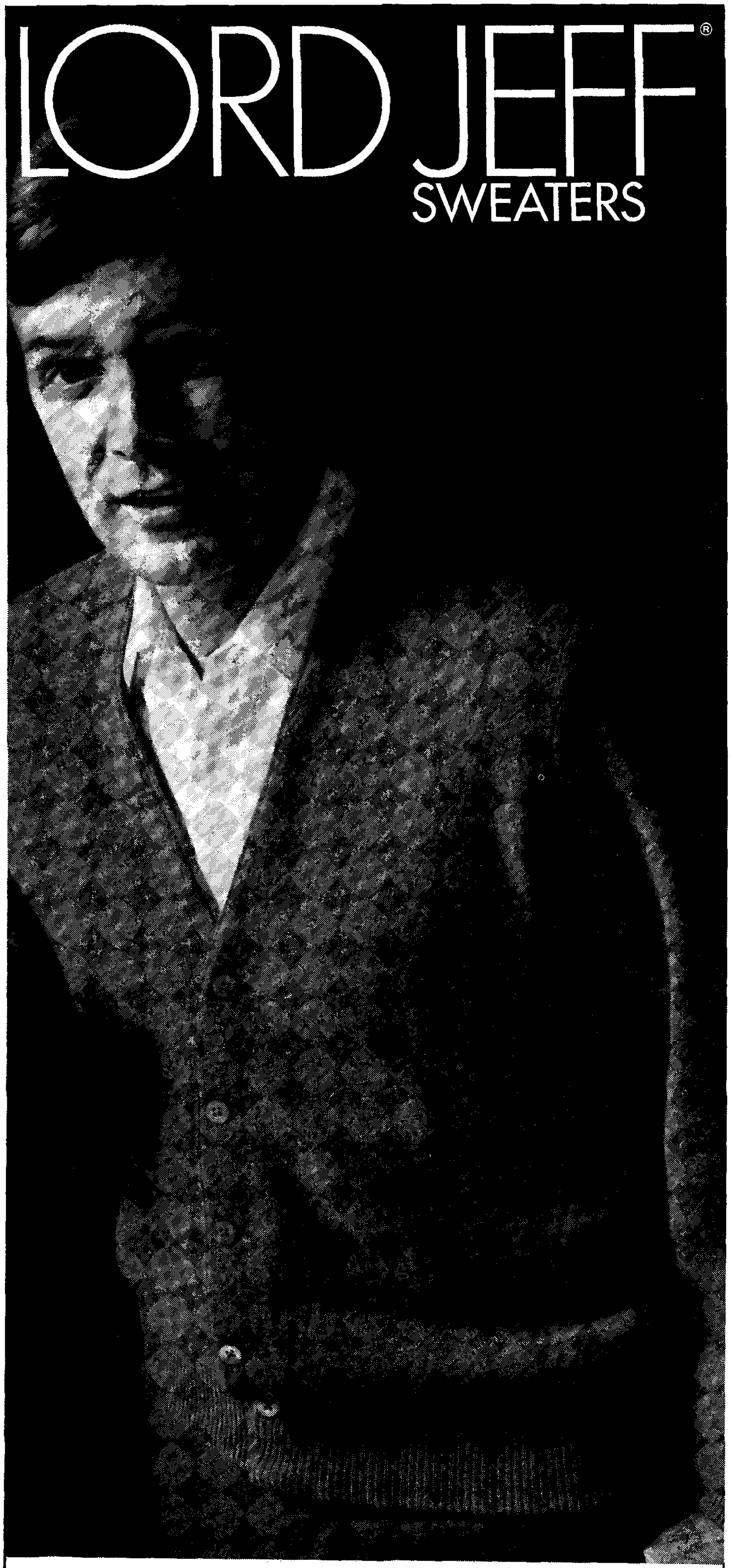
Haug: We will get Plexiglas in New York.

Mrs. Nyquist: It is a bad storm.

Haug: This is no storm. We have seen *storms*. (*He and the other men give abrupt laughs.*)

Captain (*calmly*): The ship is doing a good job. She is all right. (*He gives Mrs. Nyquist a grin, and she gives a quick smile and makes notes.*)

Main Deck. Cabin M-43. It is morning, and the Madsen family are trying to get dressed. Dorthe is seasick and is crying loudly. Berit is



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crying mildly—a soft echo of her younger sister. The swell of the sea is still strong, but the sun is out and the day looks quite clear. The portholes are rattling in a menacing way, and furniture, ashtrays, bits of clothing, coat hangers, hairbrushes, and other loose items are knocking about here and there. Mr. and Mrs. Madsen are trying to comfort the children, but they look rather seasick themselves, and, for the first time on the trip, not happy.

SUN DECK. Breakfast time in the dining room for *Første Klasse.* The floor-to-ceiling glass wall of doors and windows looks out on the sports deck. The colored lights around the deck are swinging wildly. The silver and china on the tables are sliding off onto the floor. There is a loud crash as another stack of glasses comes down. The only breakfaster in the room is Willy Olsen. He is sitting alone at his table, cheerfully eating a large breakfast of bacon and eggs. Thor Skullerud enters and sits down with him. Mr. Skullerud looks fit. He gives the waiter an order for a large breakfast, then turns to Mr. Olsen.

SKULLERUD: Last night, the windows in the lounge broke. They were set in too tight. Too much on this ship is still too new, not tested and tried, tried and tested. This ship should have been ready months ago. But they are delaying in the shipyards all over the world.

OLSEN (*giving him a nod, but more interested in his breakfast*): Hmm.

SKULLERUD: And the Communists are stirring up trouble.

OLSEN (*with another nod*): Hmm. (*The waiter brings Mr. Skullerud a plate and sets some silver and a napkin on the table.*)

SKULLERUD (*with considerable satisfaction*): This ship is not yet what I would call shipshape.

OLSEN: Hmm.

SKULLERUD (*starting to eat with gusto*): The Captain's Dinner is tonight. I hope it measures up.

OLSEN: Hmm. Oh, yes, it *is* tonight.

SKULLERUD: So far, the food is not like the Oslofjord or the Bergensfjord. I like a ship that measures up. (*The Hultin family enter and take their places at a table. Mr. Olsen comes to life and gives them a friendly wave of welcome.*)

OLSEN: Well! Glad to see you! Now, I expect that young man to *eat!* (*He laughs heartily and looks happy as*

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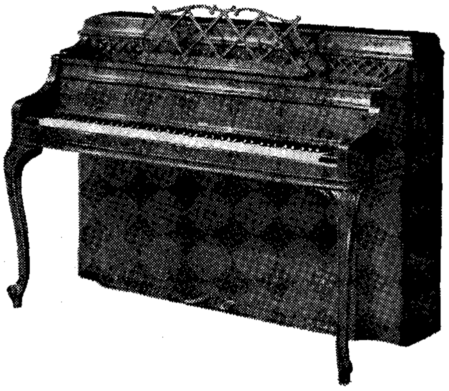

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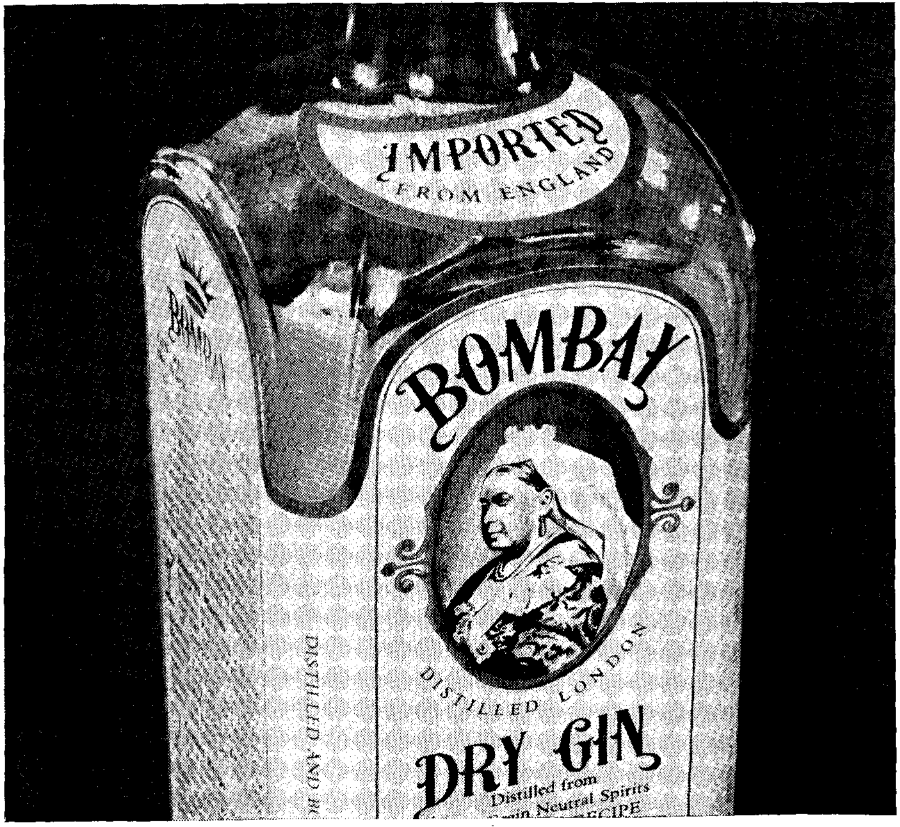

You won't find her
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other passengers start making their way slowly into the dining room.)

Upper Deck. The lounge opposite the purser's office. Stewards are vacuuming the carpets with more than routine energy. Families are sitting around in groups, with children being held on laps. All the children are crying. The swell is still bad. The Madsens lurch into sight, each parent carrying a crying child. Mr. and Mrs. Madsen walk over to the bulletin board on which notices of the day's activities are posted. They read that the Sagafjord is now 2,660 miles from port. Another notice reads:

AN INFORMAL TALK
ON NEW YORK
15:00—MAIN BALLROOM

Bridge Deck. The Captain is standing alongside the officer at the wheel. Again he has a cup of black coffee in his hand, and he alternately sips coffee and puffs at his pipe. Mr. Dalzell comes up on the bridge, and the Captain gives him a cordial welcome, setting down the coffee and shaking his hand. Mr. Dalzell has put on a navy-blue blazer with gold buttons. He looks nautical.

Captain: We're off the coast of Nova Scotia.

Dalzell: I saw Sable Island.

Captain: The first we see of the United States will be the Nantucket Lightship, and the first land will be Long Island.

Dalzell: And I'm fully confident, Captain, that we will see Quogue later on. I have a home in Quogue, and I'm *sure* we're going to see *it*.

Captain (*indulgently*): Oh, yes, you will see Quogue.

Veranda Deck. The lounge. Near the curving sweep of windows, now covered with rattling aluminum shutters, sit Mr. Haug and Mr. Henriksen, with Mr. and Mrs. Lorentzen. Mr. Haug looks deeply depressed. It is teatime, and everybody is having tea and eating little cakes.

Haug (*taking a small bite of cake and a sip of tea*): Coming into New York for the first time with shutters on the windows! How will that look? (*He takes another sip of tea.*)

Mr. Henriksen looks morose, too, but the Lorentzens look as though they had been, and are, having the time of their lives. The sea is still rough, but the sunshine is streaming into the lounge through windows that have not been broken and shuttered. Mr. Lorentzen makes a consoling gesture

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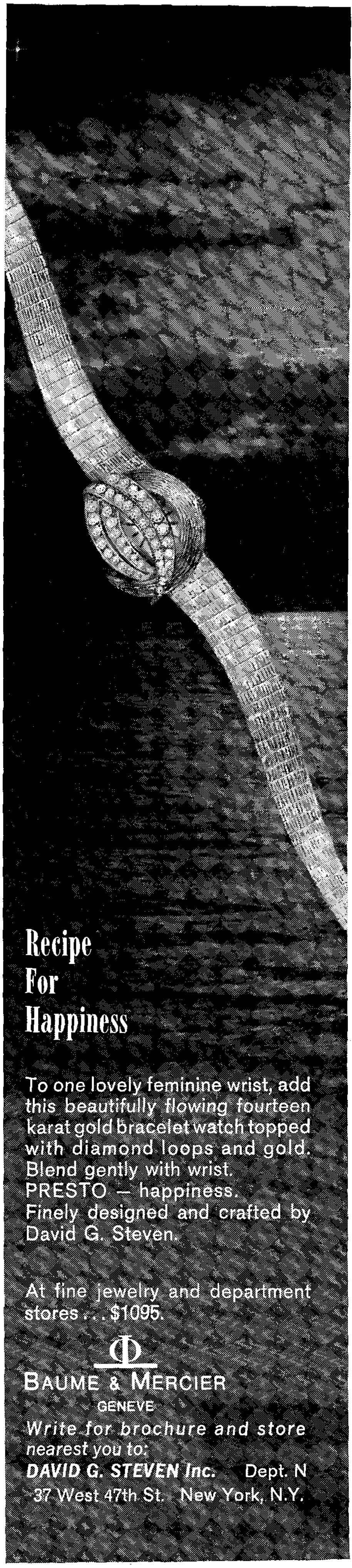
toward Mr. Henriksen and Mr. Haug. He looks parentally at the two grown men, as though they might be two of the children nearby. Then Mrs. Lorentzen smiles at them, supporting her husband's gesture. The Madsens enter with their little girls, whose faces are bleary and red from crying and who are obviously still feeling sick. Mr. Haug and Mr. Henriksen rise to the occasion and, putting on more cheerful expressions, greet the Madsens. At that point, the public-address system starts playing a Gershwin medley. The swell, for the first time in twenty-four hours, then seems to begin to subside. Mr. Henriksen picks up two small pieces of cake and offers them to the Madsen children. The children take them. The ship begins to ride more smoothly. The children take tentative bites of the cake. They stop crying. Mr. Henriksen raises his eyebrows at Mr. Madsen.

HENRIKSEN: You see? It is now O.K. (*He looks at the aluminum shutters and turns back to Mr. Haug, and again they descend into gloom.*)

CLUB POLARIS. It is night. The *Første Klasse* passengers are polishing off the Captain's Dinner, which has concluded with Baked Alaska. In each portion of the Baked Alaska small American and Norwegian flags have been planted. All but a few of the diners are in dinner clothes. The sea is relatively calm. The plates and silver are not sliding around on the tables, and no glass has broken since morning. Nearly everybody has recovered from his seasickness and is digging lustily into the Baked Alaska. Then, somehow, without a signal, and as though everybody were familiar with the ritual, everybody turns to a rear corner table, where Mr. and Mrs. Lorentzen are sitting. Mr. Lorentzen, the eldest passenger aboard, gets to his feet. As the eldest, he is expected, by Norwegian tradition, to make a speech. His face is ruddy and cherubic. He wears a dinner jacket, and his black tie is a little bit askew. Mrs. Lorentzen looks up at him with admiration and pleasure. Mr. Lorentzen appears rather uneasy. He clears his throat. He puts on horn-rimmed glasses. He looks at his wife. Then he faces in the direction of Mr. Henriksen's table, across the room, and, hesitantly, begins to speak. He speaks in Norwegian, in rhythmic cadences, which make his words sound at once formal and impassioned. He begins by saying that he, as an old man, speaks not about the future but about the past. Therefore, he says, he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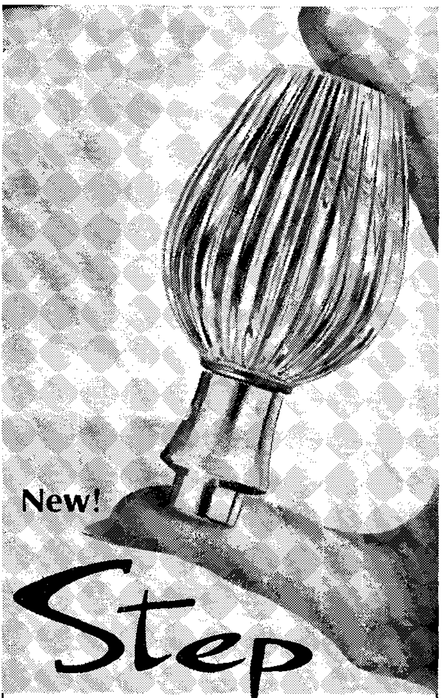
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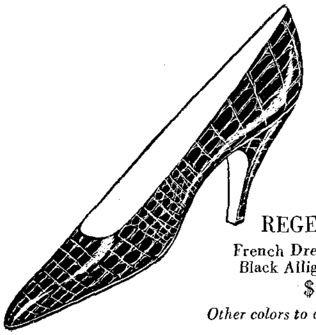
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is thinking about the spring day in 1913 when he saw the first Norwegian America Line ship steaming up the Oslofjord, the ship bearing the ancient name of Kristianiafjord. Mr. Lorentzen has been speaking slowly, and as he continues, he seems to speak more and more slowly. There is not another sound in the room. Everybody is listening to the speaker with deep respect and close attention. The Sagafjord creaks a little as she goes, but she is moving rather smoothly. All Norway, Mr. Lorentzen goes on, felt that the country needed a bridge between Norway and the people's fellow-countrymen on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. And this bridge has been built up and enlarged further and further over the past thirty-five years, he says, through all kinds of troubles—through hunger, through catastrophes, through the big war, through the occupation of their country by the German enemy, and through the strains and tragedies of recent times. Mrs. Lorentzen clasps her hands tightly on the table, not once taking her glance away from her husband. Then Mr. Lorentzen turns slowly to look at Captain Aspelund, who is sitting at a nearby table with five good-looking ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Lorentzen slowly picks up his glass of wine. That seems to be another signal. Everybody in the room, except the Captain, stands and raises a glass of wine to the Captain, drinks, and sits down. Mr. Lorentzen takes a sip of wine and slowly sets his glass back on his table. Mrs. Lorentzen moves the glass back from the edge of the table. Mr. Lorentzen continues speaking. He thanks the Captain for his very fine navigation. For the smooth weather. There is a soft ripple of laughter among his listeners. Mr. Lorentzen gets his own laughter under control, and adds thanks for the service on board the ship, which he thinks has been very good. He thanks the Captain for the entire passage. Then Mr. Lorentzen makes a slow turn in the direction of Mr. Henriksen. Mr. Lorentzen expresses his admiration for the perfect style of this ship and adds that in his day he has seen many, many ships. Mr. Henriksen gives him a pleased nod of acknowledgment. Mr. Haug is seen beaming. Mr. Lorentzen winds up by saying that he and his wife—and, he is sure, all the other passengers—like the Sagafjord very much, and are enjoying the voyage.

BALLROOM. Later that night. *Første Klasse* and *Turist* have joined forces to watch Norwegian folk

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dances put on by members of the crew, including a dancing stewardess with red hair named Lola, who has been sailing on N.A.L. ships for over twenty years and has the reputation of being the best dancer on this or any other ship. The domed ceiling and the palisander dance floor, the two-tone red carpet and two-tone gold draperies, and Torstein Rittun's "Water Music" mural behind the bandstand are all bathed in an atmosphere of *Gemütlichkeit.* The Harald Jensen Kvartett is set to go. All the children on the ship are sitting on the floor around the edge of the palisander dance floor. The four Madsens, Mr. Madsen wearing a Captain Kidd hat and Mrs. Madsen a hat shaped like a daisy, and Berit and Dorthe wearing clown hats, are ensconced on a sofa near Willy Olsen and Mr. and Mrs. Nyquist. The master of ceremonies is Purser Finn Bjerva.

BJERVA: You know, ladies and gentlemen, the old Norsemen went on voyages and gathered around at night just as we do today. Tonight we have the privilege of watching Norwegian folk dances. (*As the Harald Jensen Kvartett plays the folk songs, the crew, wearing costumes representing the various valleys of Norway (Gudbrandsdal, Setesdal, Telemark, Hardanger Fjord region), do a series of dances, winding up with the best-known dance, the Reinlender. Lola, the dancing stewardess, receives an ovation. Then Purser Bjerva takes the floor again.*)

BJERVA: Ladies and gentlemen, we do hope that friendly memories of this voyage will return to you . . .

SUN DECK. The next morning. It is Sunday. Edvard Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite is being played over the p.a. system. It is a sunny, balmy day, and all the passengers have come out on deck. Mrs. Maurstad, wrapped in a coat and scarf, stands at the rail with Miss Immerslund and Mr. Skullerud, pointing with excitement to a small bird perched on the lifeboat overhead. Mrs. Maurstad is looking cheerful. A United States Navy plane suddenly appears, swoops low to salute the ship, then roars off. Jon Brenne and Erling Larsen, wearing red slickers and matching oilskin hats, are outside, washing the windows of the ship. Small fishing boats come and go in the calm waters. The p.a. system cuts "Peer Gynt" off and starts playing religious organ music. The sea looks very blue. Everybody on deck is smiling. Mr. Nyquist is making his rounds, tipping his beret and saying "*Morn.*" Mrs. Nyquist comes out on

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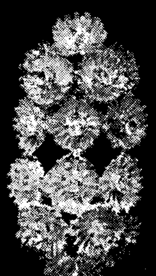

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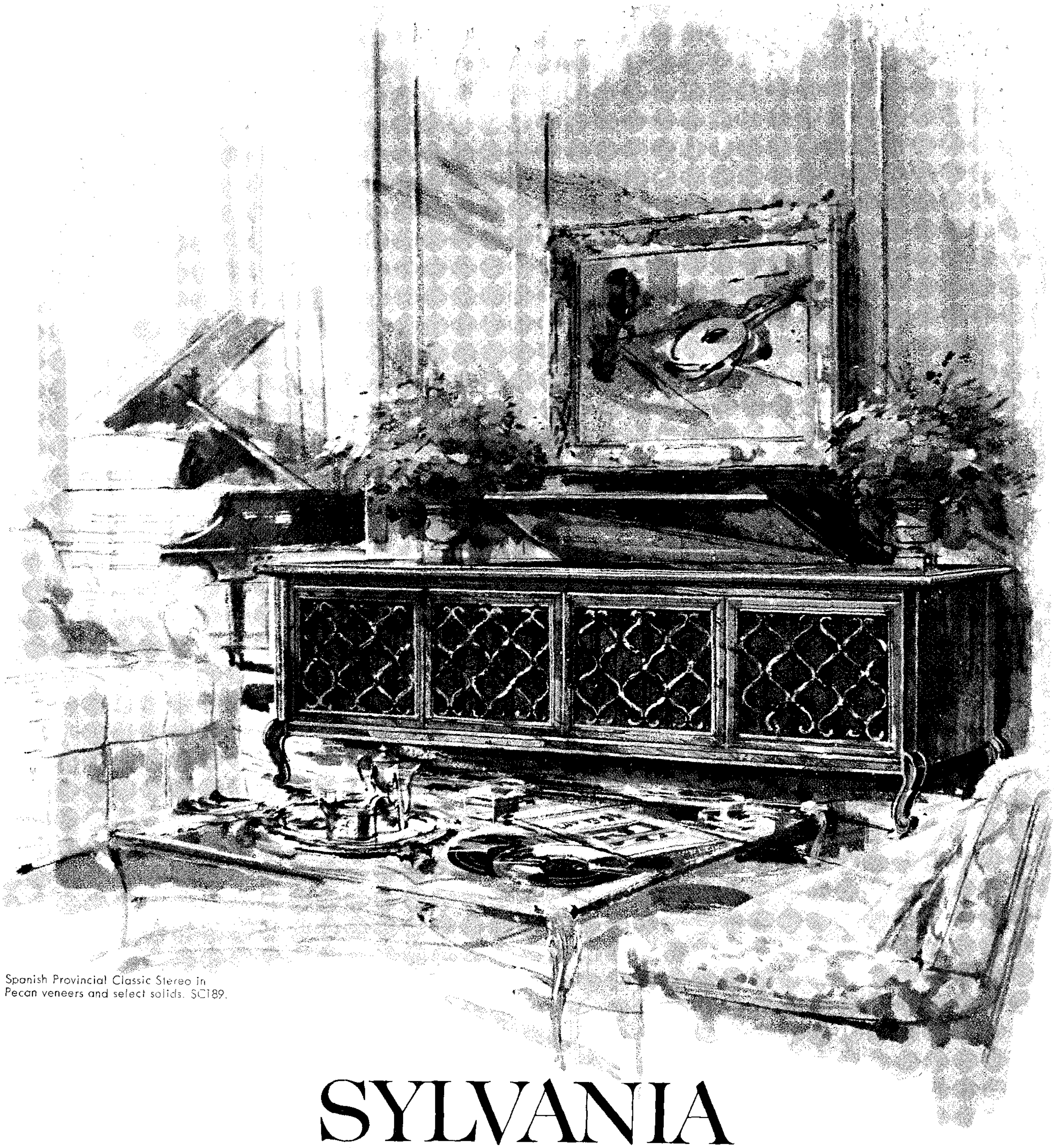

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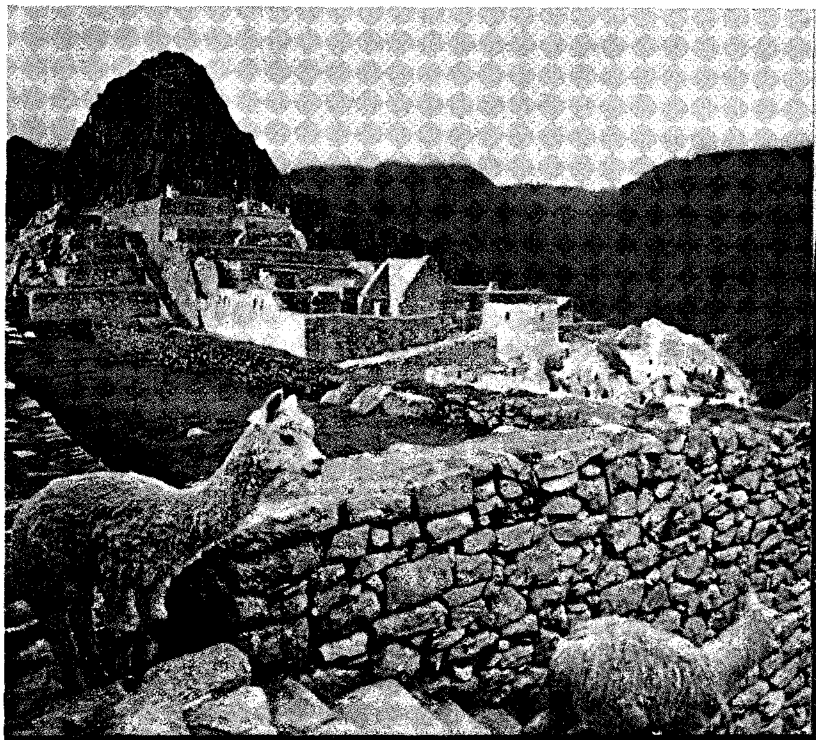
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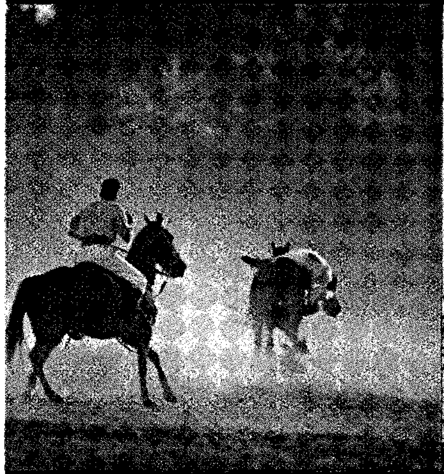
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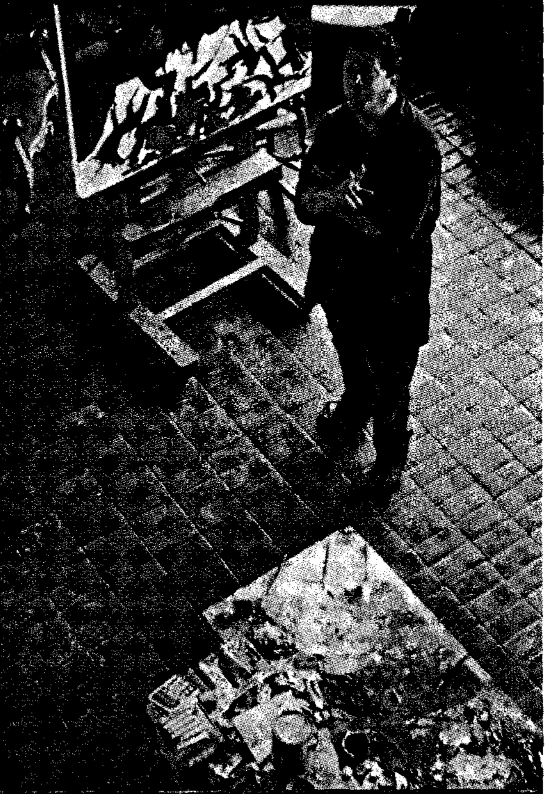
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deck and joins him. They make a couple of energetic rounds together. Then they are joined for a round by the Lorentzens. The Lorentzens walk arm in arm, pausing once to cock their heads near a passenger who is holding a transistor radio. It is playing "Come Back to Me, My Love," sung by Robert Goulet. The station announcer comes on and says that this is Station WEAN, in Providence, Rhode Island. Mr. Madsen is nearby with his family. He has binoculars hanging from a brown leather strap around his neck. He picks them up from time to time and lets Berit or Dorthe or his wife look through them. He takes an occasional look himself. Willy Olsen comes along and lingers.

OLSEN: Well, Mr. Madsen, I see you and your little ones are fully recovered. How are you all?

MADSEN: We discovered this morning that she (*he points to Dorthe*) has grown two new teeth on this voyage.

OLSEN (*looking delighted*): Congratulations, Dorthe! And are you all getting ready to welcome the Crown Prince tomorrow morning?

MADSEN: We are more interested in the skyline. In America, people are not so much interested in royalty.

BALLROOM. Later that morning. William R. Nordos, a retired Methodist minister from Boston, who is a passenger on the ship, and a passenger named Sverre Tinnå are conducting Protestant services, in English and Norwegian, respectively. Both are expressing thanks for the Sagafjord's safe journey. Mr. Haug and his wife are sitting in the front row. Behind them are Mr. and Mrs. Dalzell. Mr. Henriksen's son Hans Gustav sits in the rear of the room, which is almost completely filled. Very few passengers are on deck. The services end with the worshippers' rising to their feet and singing "Holy, Holy, Holy," in the language of their choice.

SUN DECK. Early evening. The weather is mild and perfect. Mr. and Mrs. Dalzell are standing at the rail with Mr. Henriksen.

DALZELL (*pointing north off the starboard side toward the faint outline of a shore*): Quogue is right off there.

HENRIKSEN (*respectfully*): I see.

DALZELL: The Crown Prince spends a lot of time in Quogue. He's quite a sailor.

HENRIKSEN: Yes, he is.

MRS. DALZELL: He's a very nice

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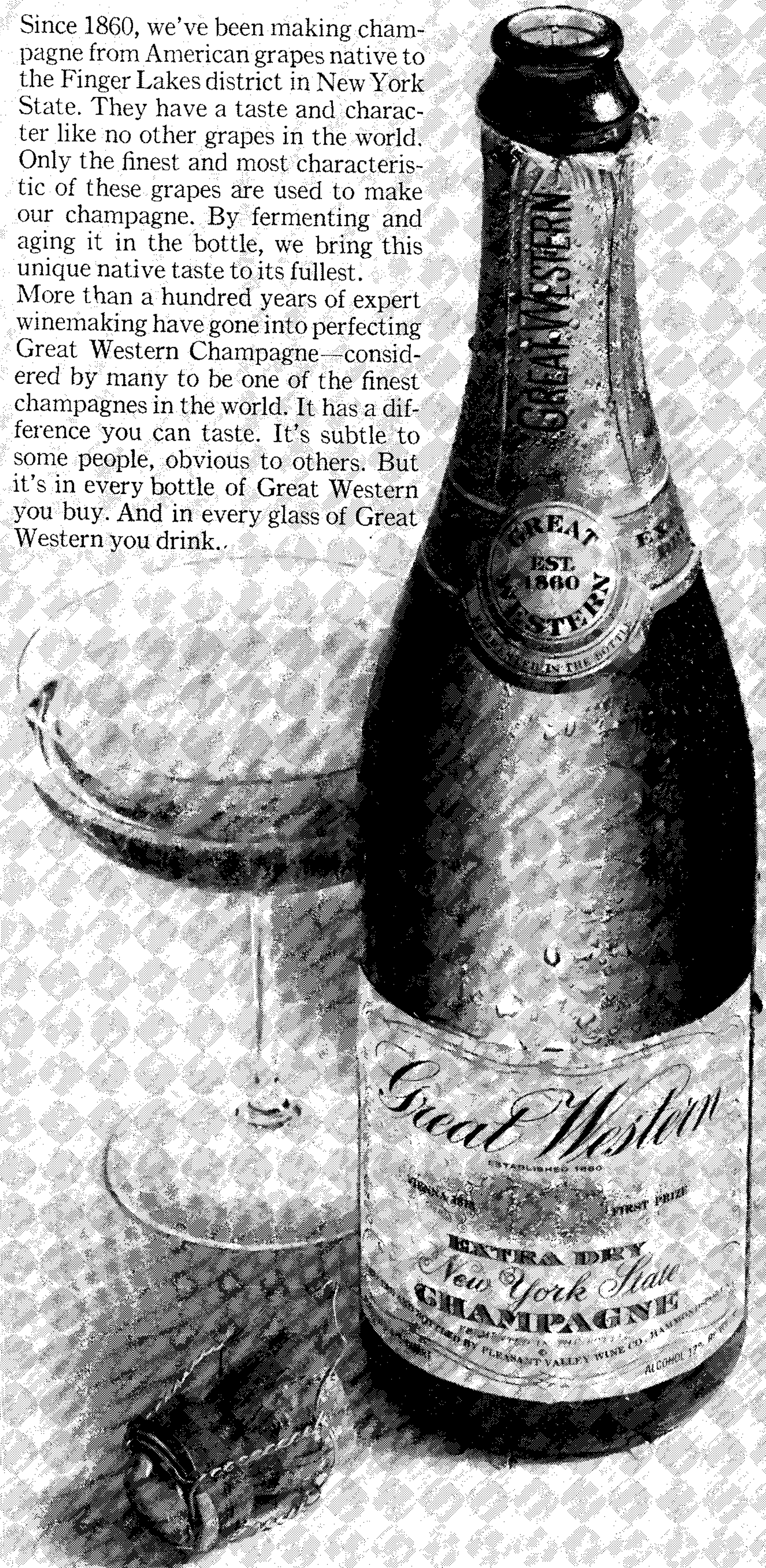

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man. So informal. I've never known what you're supposed to call him officially. He never seems to stand on ceremony.

HENRIKSEN: We never say "you" to him. We always say, "Your Royal Highness."

MRS. DALZELL: Well, I guess that's why he seems pretty adroit at getting out of being called anything around Quogue. (*She gives a friendly laugh.*)

HENRIKSEN (*his mind apparently still on business*): I think the Crown Prince will be pleased to see the Sagafjord. I think he will be proud of this ship.

BRIDGE DECK. It is evening. The sky is still light, and a pale-yellow full moon has risen. The Sagafjord is approaching Ambrose Channel and the Ambrose Lightship. Captain Aspelund walks out from the enclosed section of the bridge to the open area on the port side of the ship. Members of the crew are still at work cleaning the ship, washing the decks and the hatches as well as the windows. Mr. Lorentzen makes his way slowly up an outer stairway to where the Captain stands. The Captain salutes him. Mr. Dalzell comes up, too.

CAPTAIN (*pointing his pipe at Jon Brenne, who is sloshing a mop over the deck below*): We're still touching up the young lady. (*Mrs. Nyquist makes her way up the stairway and joins the group. They stand looking around for a few moments.*)

DALZELL (*pointing to the shore off the port side*): There's New Jersey.

MRS. NYQUIST: When will we stop and pick up the pilot who will take command of the Sagafjord? (*She looks innocent, but the Captain regards her with an expression of rebuke.*)

CAPTAIN: Not command. You can never take the command away from the captain.

MRS. NYQUIST: Oh, I did not understand. (*She looks apologetic.*)

DALZELL: The ship goes under the captain's *command* and the pilot's *advice.*

MRS. NYQUIST (*seriously*): I understand. (*She makes notes.*)

CAPTAIN (*with a forgiving expression and in a matter-of-fact voice*): On this ship, the captain has more power than the President of the United States. In order to do something, the President of the United States has to go through Congress, but on a ship the captain is next to God.

MRS. NYQUIST: I understand.

LORENTZEN (*who has been looking*

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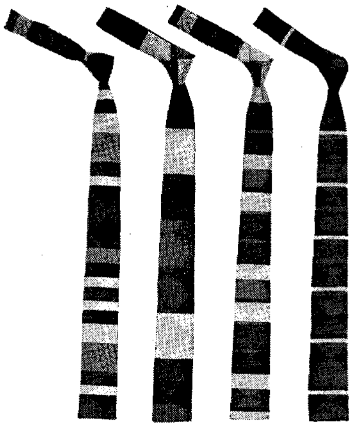

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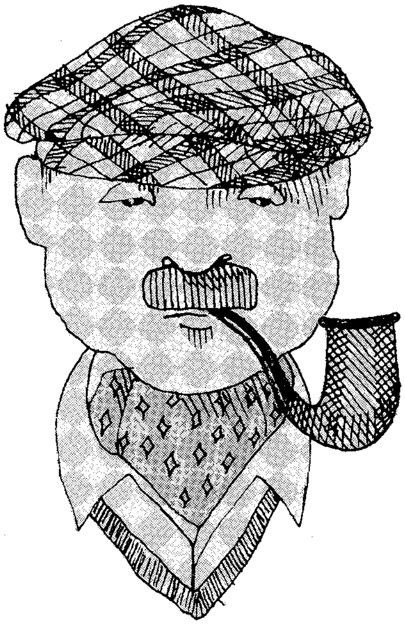

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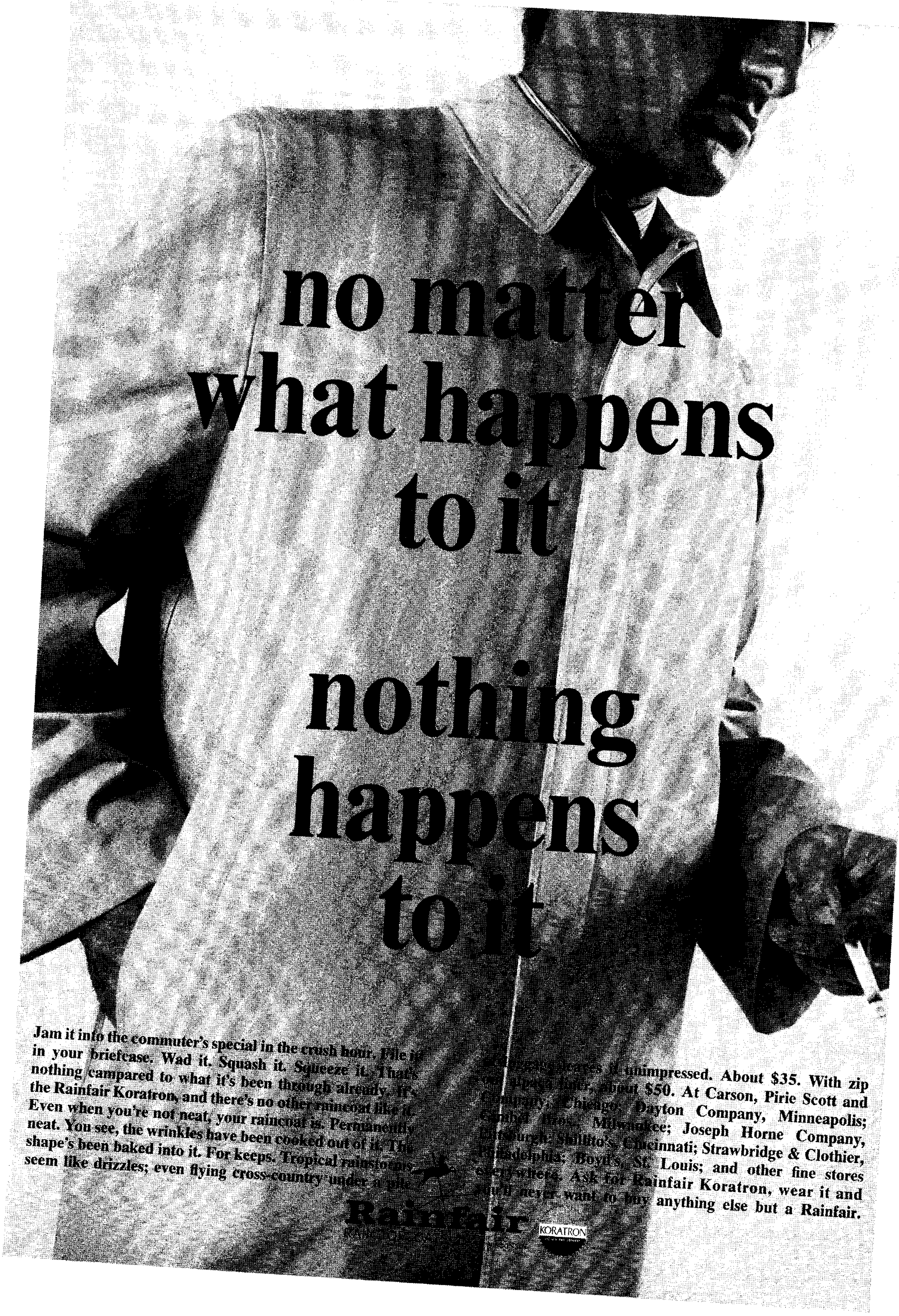

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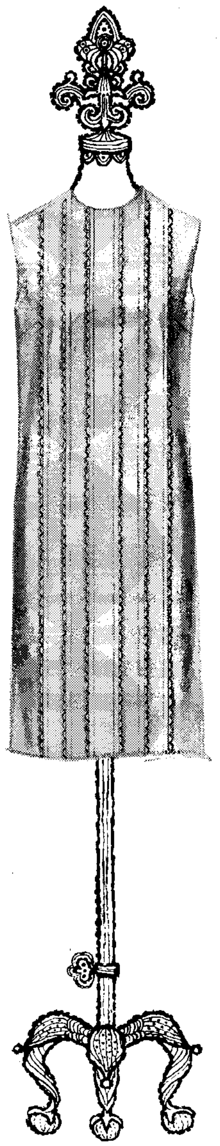

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around with a beatific smile and who now salutes the Captain): Now I must go to dinner.

CAPTAIN (*saluting him*): We will stop in a few minutes and pick up the pilot.

LORENTZEN: The Sagafjord is a good ship, a good ship. (*He starts to leave.*)

CAPTAIN: Yes, I think I am beginning to like her. (*He gives Mr. Lorentzen another salute, and, turning to Mrs. Nyquist, he grins.*) But we have not yet reached our destination, have we, Mrs. Nyquist? (*He winks.*)

MAIN DECK. The corridor outside Cabin M-43. Stewards are vacuuming the carpets, carefully working their way around luggage that has been set outside the stateroom doors. Cabin M-43 has several suitcases stacked outside, and some cardboard cartons marked "Arne Madsen, 316 Eastlake, Watsonville, California."

SUN DECK. The Club Polaris dining room. The *Første Klasse* passengers are at dinner. The room has a subdued atmosphere. The passengers seem rather distracted. Most of them are eating automatically, as though eager to get it over with. Hans Hultin, however, sitting with his mother and sister, is going at his two steaks with as much interest as ever. The Sagafjord's engines stop, and the ship is still. For the first time at dinner, the clinking of silver against china overcomes other sounds. The clinking is strangely loud and obtrusive. Then the ship starts up again. Mrs. Nyquist is sitting at a table with her husband. Taking her notebook from her lap, she makes some notes in it. Her husband smiles, a little wistfully.

NYQUIST: I am sorry the trip went so quickly.

MRS. NYQUIST (*with finality*): The pilot has come aboard. We are moving again. (*Almost immediately, the silver-and-china sounds are overcome by the noise of the ship as she moves.*)

BRIDGE DECK. The enclosed section. His gaze fixed straight ahead, the Captain stands drinking a cup of black coffee. Through the sweep of glass before him, the moon looks almost a synthetic yellow, for the sky has darkened. Directly under it is the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, its suspended lights making a kind of underlining of the moon. The only sound on the bridge is the hum of the radar. Behind the wheel of the ship, looking ahead through

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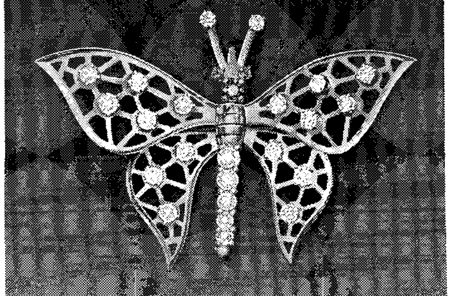

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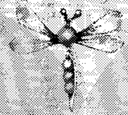

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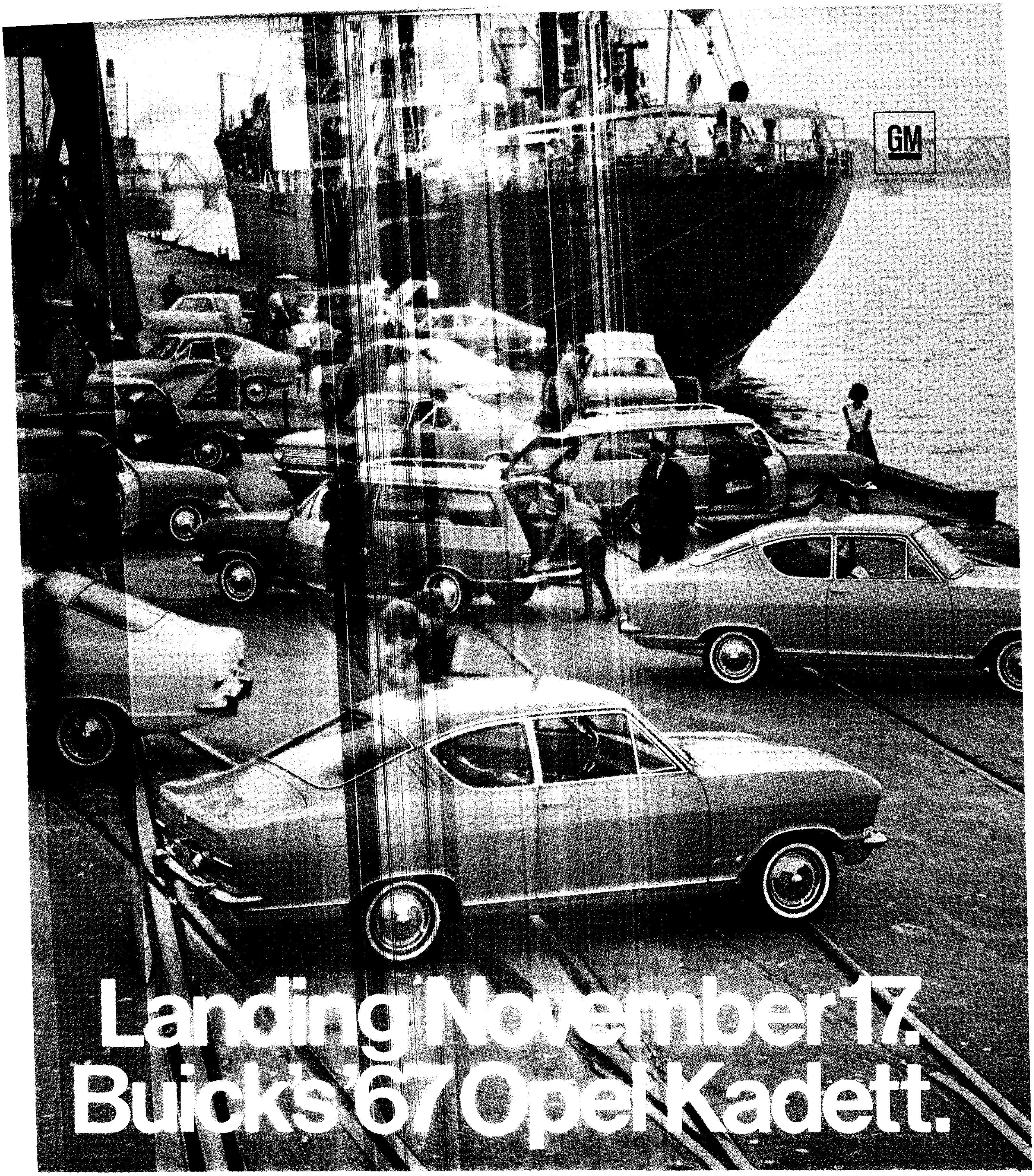

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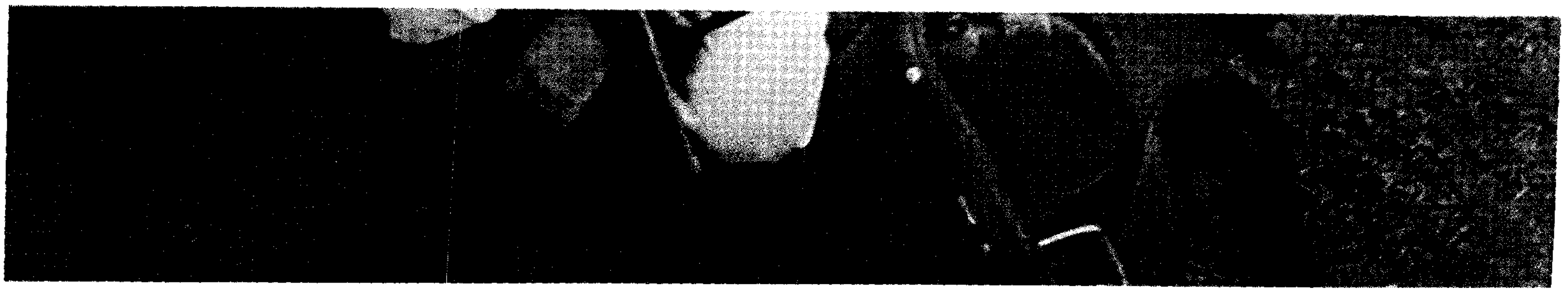

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Bernhard Altmann
THE LEGEND OF A GREAT KNITTER

large binoculars, stands the American pilot who has come aboard at Ambrose Lightship. His name is Gerard Sullivan, and he is in his middle thirties. He wears a brown fedora and an overcoat, and he looks oddly out of place on the bridge. His presence is a strongly foreign one. He keeps his hat and coat on. The Captain seems to be ignoring him. Large charts of Ambrose Channel are spread out on a table beside the main radar near the wheelhouse windows. The night is breathtakingly clear and starry. Staten Island is on the port side and Brooklyn on the starboard. The lights of cars can be seen moving on Brooklyn's Shore Parkway. The Sagafjord heads slowly up toward the Narrows and the Verrazano Bridge. Captain Sullivan puts his binoculars down for a moment and smiles at Captain Aspelund.

SULLIVAN: This is a nice time to arrive, Captain. Later, they turn the contour lights off on the Verrazano Bridge. (*He speaks in a baritone voice.*)

CAPTAIN (*evenly and without much warmth*): It looks like a string of pearls. (*He holds his coffee cup up, indicating the bridge.*)

SULLIVAN (*picking up his binoculars and putting them to his eyes and sounding very businesslike*): Half speed. Ten knots. Two ships ahead. (*He pushes the button that sounds the ship's foghorn.*) What range is the radar, Captain?

CAPTAIN: Three miles.

SULLIVAN: Dead slow ahead. Two engines.

CAPTAIN (*repeating all Sullivan's orders, which the mate then transmits to the Engine Room*): Dead slow ahead. Two engines. (*A freighter goes by on the port side, blasting her horn.*)

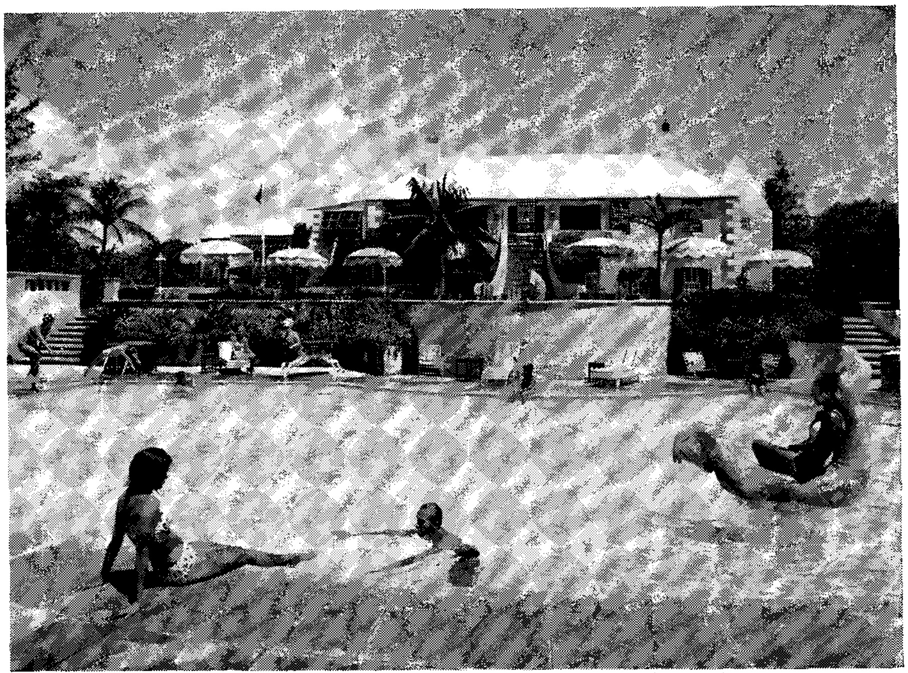
SULLIVAN: Captain, I believe that salute was for us.

CAPTAIN (*warming up just a little bit*): Yes. (*The Statue of Liberty comes into view. Silently, the Captain, looking at Sullivan, points to it.*)

SULLIVAN: It's a lovely night. (*Captain Aspelund nods, sets down his cup of coffee, and lights his pipe. He picks up the* Kladd Dekksdagbok—M/S Sagafjord, *looks inside, and closes it and puts it down. He puffs at his pipe, looking straight ahead.*)

SULLIVAN: Left ten degrees rudder.

CAPTAIN: Left ten degrees rudder. (*The Sagafjord glides quickly and neatly under the Verrazano Bridge. The Captain steps outside and watches as the mast goes under the bridge. The*



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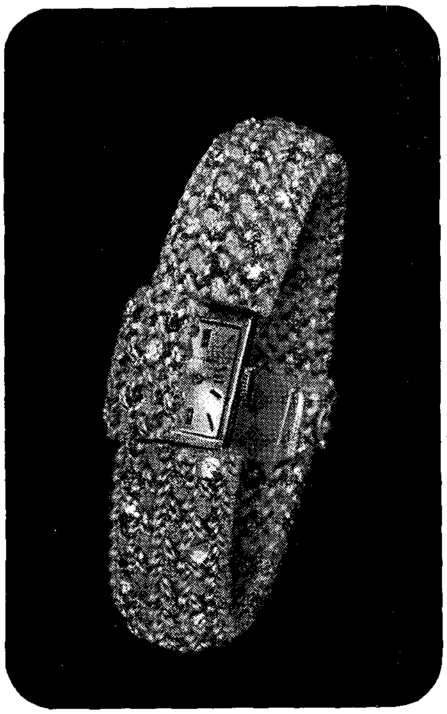

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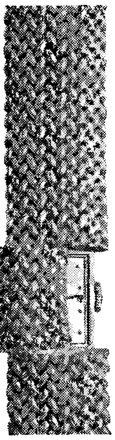

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top of the mast looks as though it were just barely making it, and the Captain laughs and goes inside again.)

SULLIVAN: That only looked close.

CAPTAIN (*smiling, and apparently warming up a lot more*): It was fine. It was very good. (*He continues to smile.*)

SULLIVAN (*now calling his orders in a sharper and grimmer tone*): Stop two.

CAPTAIN: Stop two. (*He sounds more casual than the pilot.*)

SULLIVAN: Hard to left.

CAPTAIN: Hard to left.

SULLIVAN: Slow ahead. Starboard engine.

CAPTAIN: Slow ahead. Starboard engine. (*He nows acts as delighted as a child.*) See how she turns around? With just the starboard engine?

SULLIVAN (*concentrating on his job*): Slow ahead on port engine.

CAPTAIN: Slow ahead on port engine.

SULLIVAN: So far, so good, Captain. (*He still sounds businesslike.*)

CAPTAIN: (*relighting his pipe*): Yes. The ship comes up to the anchorage.

SULLIVAN: Half astern port.

CAPTAIN: Half astern port.

SULLIVAN: Half astern starboard.

CAPTAIN: Half astern starboard. The ship begins going astern.

SULLIVAN (*sharply*): Stop port!

CAPTAIN: Stop port.

SULLIVAN: Stop starboard!

CAPTAIN: Stop starboard. (*The engines of the Sagafjord stop.*)

SULLIVAN: Let go!

CAPTAIN: Let go! (*The anchor is heard dropping into the water. The ship is nicely placed between Staten Island and Brooklyn. The Verrazano Bridge, its lights still gleaming, is behind the Sagafjord.*)

SULLIVAN (*with authority*): Looks like she's holding. We're finished with the engines, Captain. We're finished with the wheel. (*He puts his binoculars down, and then he steps back from the wheel and looks at the Captain.*) She's a beautiful ship, Captain. I want to wish you lots of success. I have no complaints about a ship that handles like *this!* (*Mr. Henriksen enters and greets Captain Sullivan, shaking his hand.*) You certainly know how to build beautiful ships!

HENRIKSEN: It's very encouraging to have this welcome. (*He looks extremely happy.*)

SULLIVAN: I'm glad you didn't arrive a few nights ago. We had a terrible storm.

CAPTAIN (*more friendly, now that*

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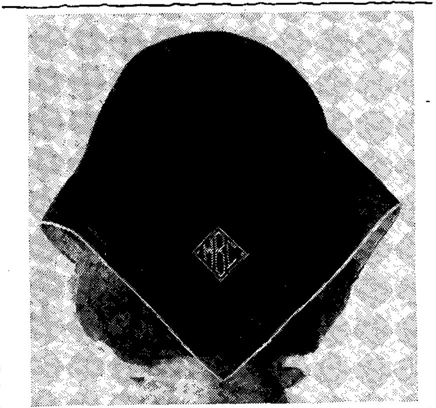

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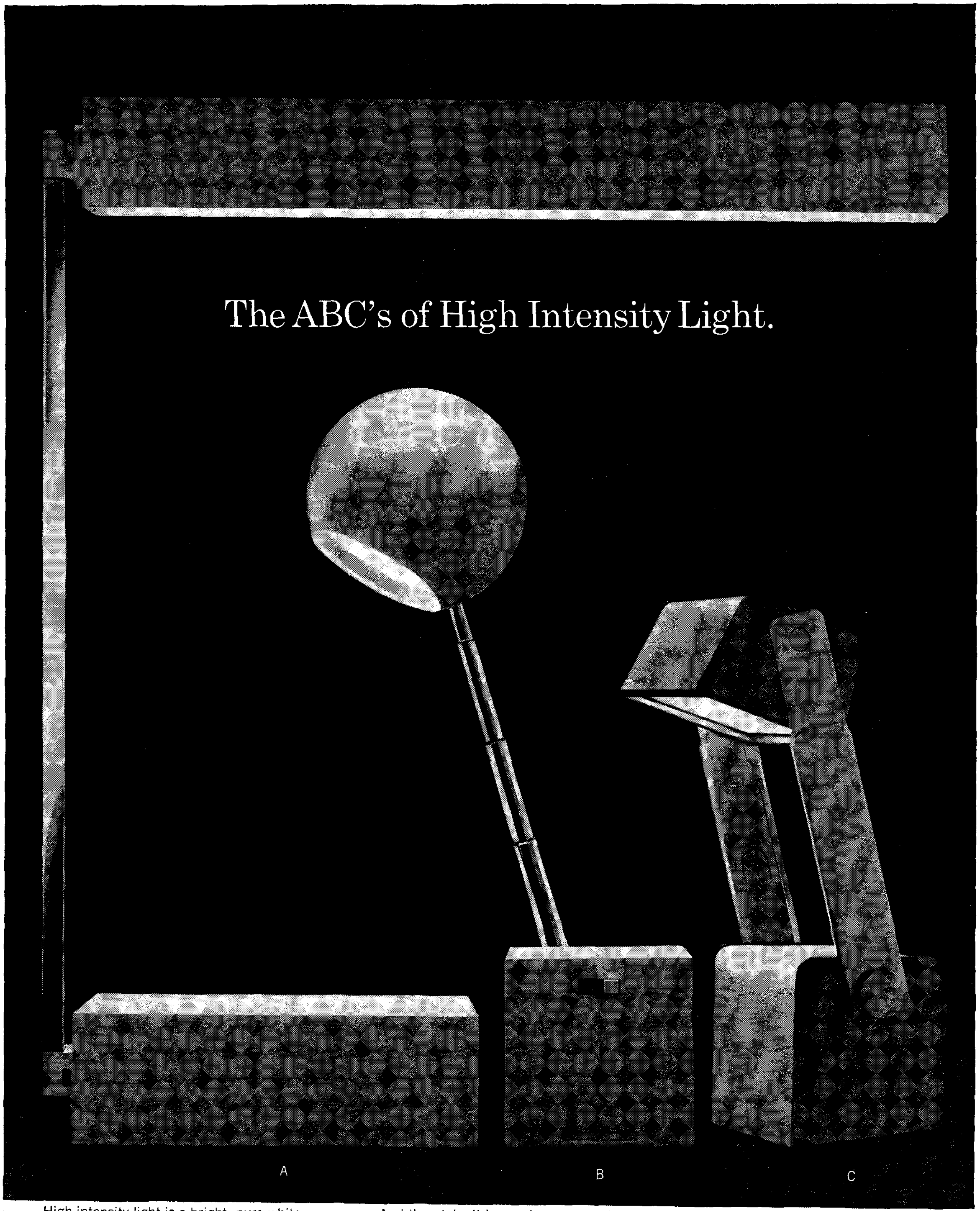

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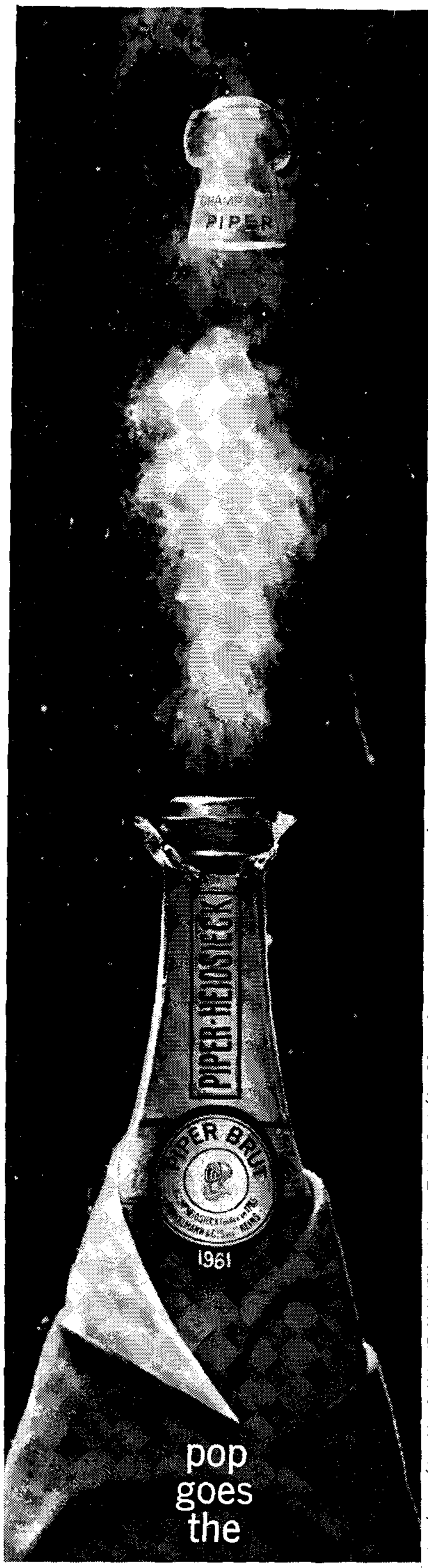

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Sullivan has stepped away from his wheel): We had the swell.

SULLIVAN: Not that I was out in the storm, I'm happy to say. I was behind my television set at home. Well, you're going to have excellent weather for your arrival tomorrow. (*He is suddenly very businesslike again, and turns to one of the Captain's aides.*) Mr. Mate, will you put our position on the chart? And if anybody anchors too close to us, call me immediately. I'd rather it would be too soon than too late. (*He picks up a small leather bag from a corner.*)

MATE: Yes. And you know where you will sleep?

SULLIVAN: Yes. I'm sure I'll sleep well on this ship.

Sullivan leaves the bridge, heading for a small cabin at the foot of the stairway, where he will spend the night. Mr. Henriksen goes out onto the side of the bridge, and the Captain follows him, puffing at his pipe. They both turn to look back at the Verrazano Bridge. Captain Aspelund points the stem of his pipe at it. Mr. Henriksen sighs and starts down the outer stairway, and the Captain goes back inside. He stands at his wheel, looking a little moody. He looks at the radar screen. A freighter is shown passing the Sagafjord on the starboard side. The freighter's foghorn sounds several times, saluting the new ship. Captain Aspelund pushes the button sounding the horn of his own ship in reply, and he gives a brief, wry smile.

THE NARROWS. It is sunrise. A reddish sun is coming up in a clear sky. The Sagafjord is still and white, anchored in the water. The Statue of Liberty is in full view—to the north. The Verrazano Bridge is still there. The ship is flying all her dress flags. She has the Norwegian flag raised forward and the American flag alongside. She is also flying the red-and-white flag that is the signal flag for the letter "H" and that means the pilot is aboard. Then the yellow quarantine flag goes up. A Coast Guard cutter putt-putts its way up to the port side of the Sagafjord, where a side port has been opened on the level of B Deck.

B DECK. The side port. Six Immigration, Public Health Service, and customs officers leap aboard from the cutter.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER (*addressing the first man he sees, who happens to be Jon Brenne, who is holding a mop and has paused, wide-eyed and excited, near the side port*): Hi! You sure

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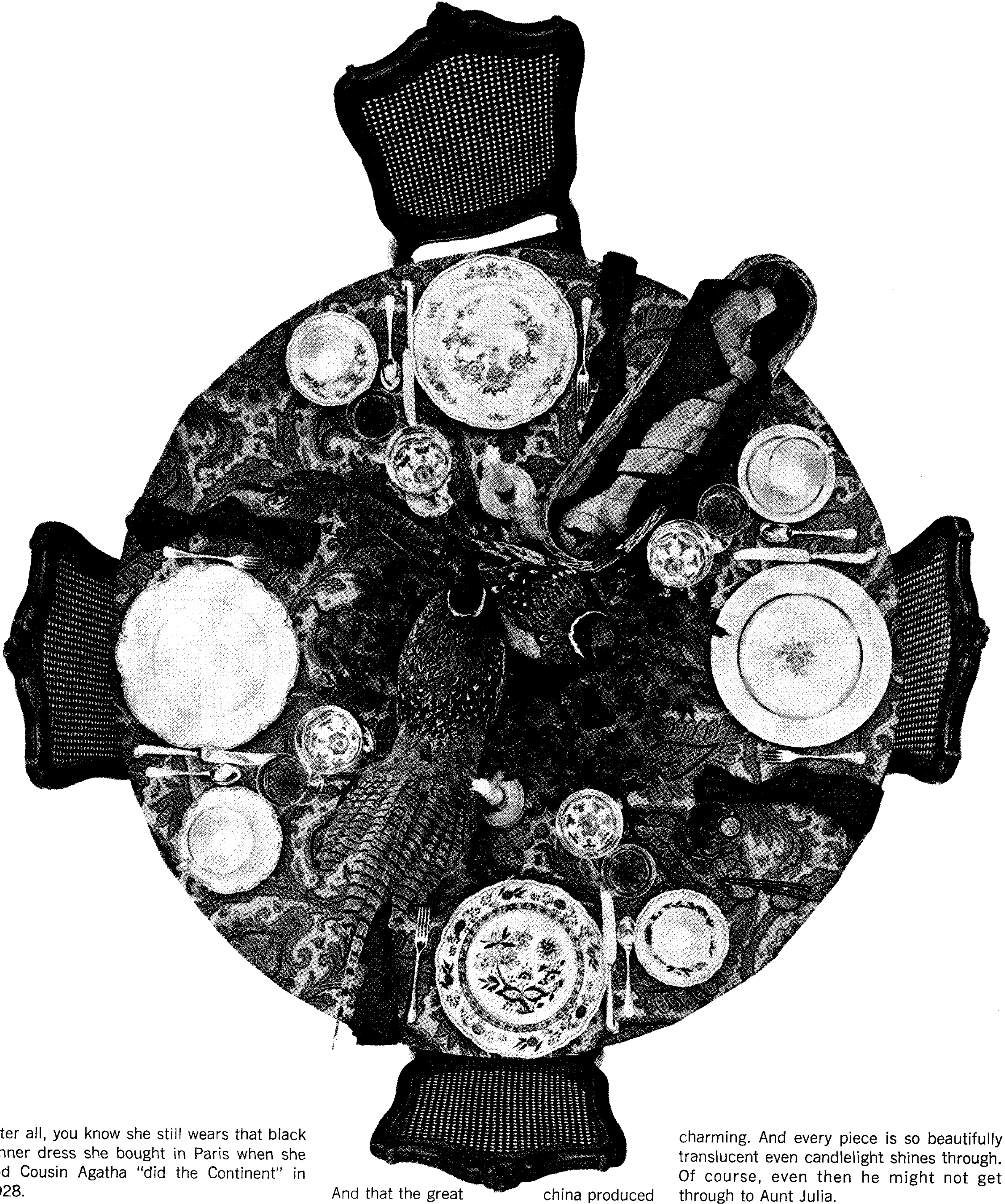

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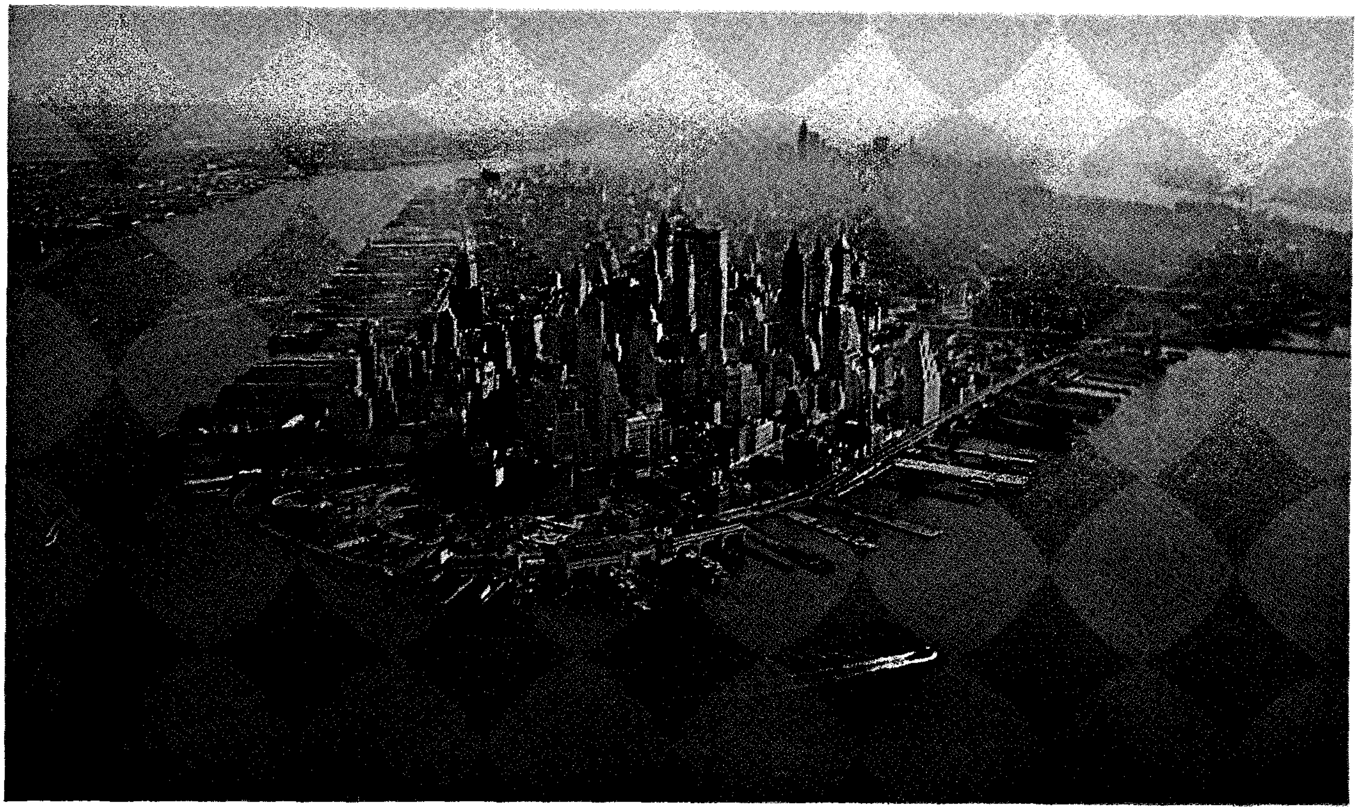

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JON BRENNE: *Takk.* Thank you. Thank you. Hello.

THE NARROWS. One of Mr. Dalzell's tugboats, with a large red "D" on each of its sides and flying the American flag, putts its way toward the Sagafjord. Crowded on the outer deck of the tug are a number of official-looking dignitaries, including one Viking in a Norwegian Navy uniform—the Prince's aide-de-camp. The Crown Prince is somewhere inside.

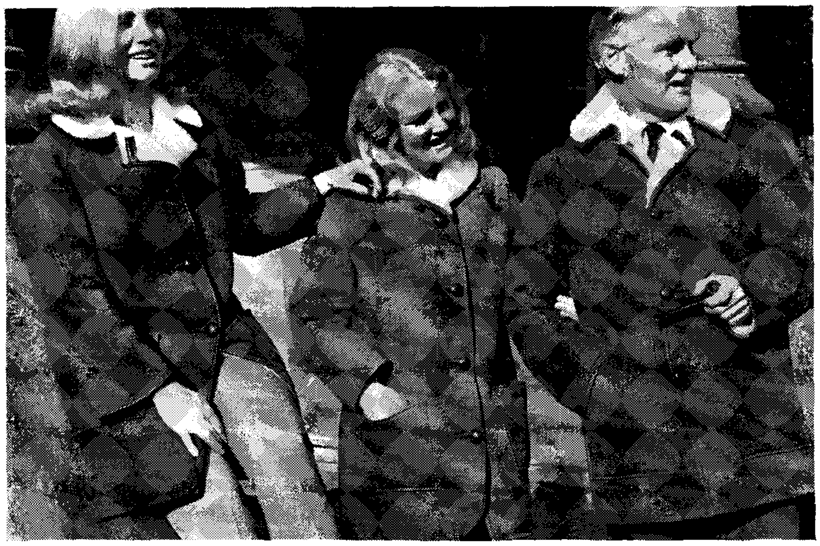
B DECK of the Sagafjord. Ranged on each side of the open side port, waiting for the Crown Prince, are Captain Aspelund and his mate, Mr. and Mrs. Henriksen, Mr. and Mrs. Dalzell, Mr. and Mrs. Haug, and Purser Bjerva. Standing back a bit, respectfully and modestly, are Mr. and Mrs. Nyquist. Lined up thickly behind them are members of the crew, with Dr. Bugge-Asperheim in front. His nurse stands in the corridor, waiting with a number of stewards and stewardesses. Erling Larsen, looking very responsible, drags a large straw mat past the crew, past the Nyquists, and, following directions from the mate, lays the mat at the entrance to the hatch. A tug is heard approaching, and everybody stiffens. It comes into sight—it is marked "Esso"—and passes along. Everybody relaxes. A few moments later, another tug is heard approaching, and this one belongs to Mr. Dalzell. The water slaps high over the rim of the hatch, wetting the mat that has been laid by Erling Larsen, who is now poking his head around from behind Dr. Bugge-Asperheim to see what is going on. The tug makes contact with the hatch. The Crown Prince, tall and princely in gray pin stripes and a maroon necktie, is the first to jump aboard. Captain Aspelund reaches out to steady him.

CAPTAIN (*to the Prince*): Watch your step. (*Then he salutes the Prince and shakes the Prince's hand.*)

CROWN PRINCE (*cheerily*): Hal-lo!

The Prince shakes hands with Mr. Henriksen, and then the Captain swiftly leads the way up from B Deck to the bridge. All the members of the crew, including Erling Larsen, Jon Brenne, and Lola, the dancing stewardess, are smiling, and as the Crown Prince walks swiftly past them they applaud. Mr. and Mrs. Nyquist, both looking very serious, dash along behind the fast-stepping Prince, and up and up they go—the Prince quickly taking in the ship's hospital and crew quarters on

THE OUT COAT



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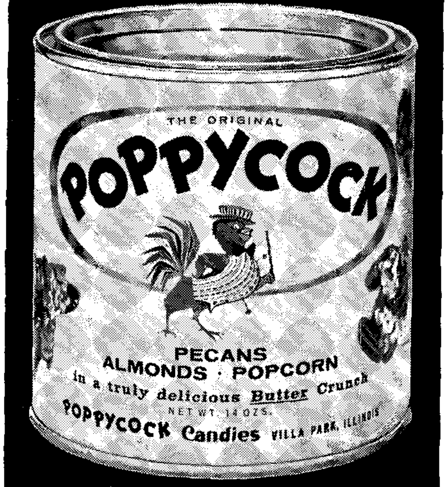
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B Deck, the passenger staterooms on A Deck, the barbershop and the gold-domed Saga Dining Room and Grand Stairway Foyer on the Main Deck, the Henrik Ibsen and Olav Trygvason Suites on the Upper Deck, the gold-draped ballroom on the Veranda Deck—to the bridge.

SUN DECK. The passengers are crowded along the rail, leaning forward intently, taking photographs, waving, and looking. The Sagafjord is moving past the Statue of Liberty. Mr. and Mrs. Madsen are holding their little girls up for a look. Mr. and Mrs. Blair are standing behind the family, and they, too, are looking at the scene as though they had never seen it before. Willy Olsen is standing forward on the deck, gazing in the direction of Wall Street. New York City police helicopters are flying low over the Sagafjord in greeting. Coast Guard seaplanes come down to do a little buzzing and greeting of their own. Miss Immerslund and Mrs. Maurstad, both looking dazed, peer up at the planes. Mr. Skullerud stands behind them. He gives the buzzing seaplanes a kind of half-hand salute and then turns, looking up toward the bridge, and repeats the gesture. Mrs. Maurstad smiles at him.

SKULLERUD (*to Mrs. Maurstad*): I told you this skipper would bring us through.

BRIDGE DECK. Captain Sullivan is back on the job, standing by the wheel, with Captain Aspelund beside him.

SULLIVAN: Slow ahead on the starboard engine.

CAPTAIN: Slow ahead on the starboard engine.

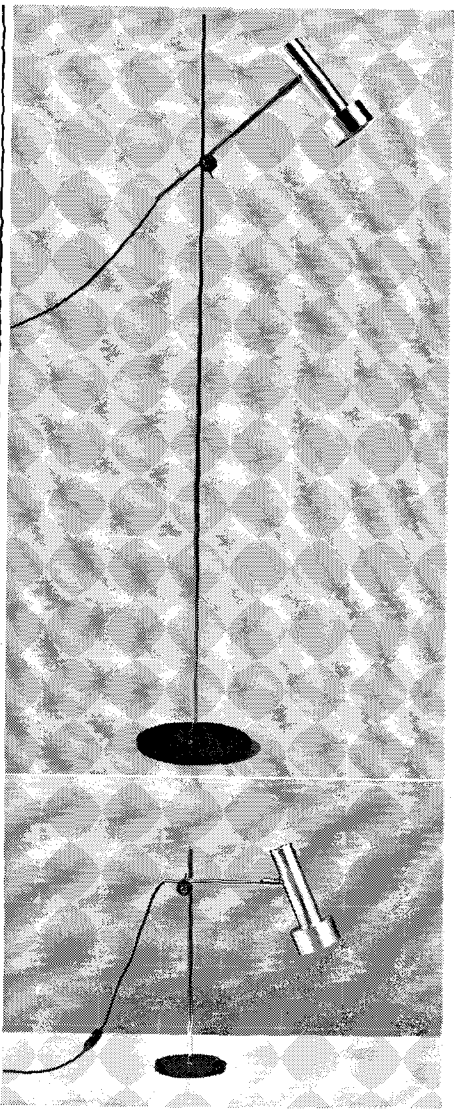
SULLIVAN: Slow ahead on the port engine.

CAPTAIN: Slow ahead on the port engine. I think we want to take our time. We are expected at ten o'clock. We do not want to arrive too early.

SULLIVAN: Not too much time off the Statue, though. All the tugs are coming around now, Captain. And the fireboats. (*The tugs and fireboats are tooting and spurting, and the Coast Guard and Police Department aircraft above are continuing to greet the ship.*)

CAPTAIN: It is always the same. (*He looks and sounds morose.*) We had the same with the Stavangerfjord when I was taking her away.

SULLIVAN: I remember that day very well, Captain. We were all sorry to see you go. (*There is a pause,*



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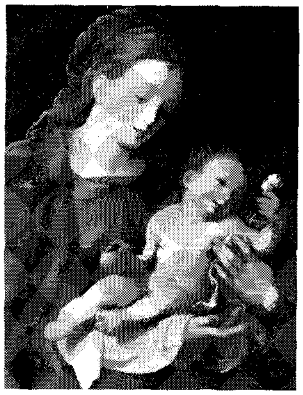

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and the Captain gives a little cough.)

CAPTAIN: You never learn to say goodbye.

SULLIVAN (*pushing the button to sound the ship's horn in reply to the toots of greeting from the tugs and fireboats*): I saw a lot of the old Stavangerfjord. She was a good ship.

CAPTAIN: I took her back to Norway and patted her on the bridge and said "Thanks." I've been sailing since 1928, and I've never learned to say goodbye. (*The Crown Prince saunters in and looks around at everything. He does not talk to anybody, and the others, respecting royal custom, do not speak to him. Mr. Haug enters, holding a thirty-five millimetre camera.*)

CROWN PRINCE: Ah! (*He smiles at Haug.*)

HAUG (*lifting his camera to his eye and motioning for Captain Aspelund to pose for a picture with the Prince*): Your Royal Highness, if you will . . .

The Prince happily obliges, and the Captain coöperates. Nick, the ship's photographer, runs in, takes a number of photographs of the Prince looking things over, and departs. M. Assaiante enters. He, too, looks things over and departs. For the first time on the voyage, he appears satisfied and at peace. The p.a. system has not put in a call for him all morning. Then Mr. Dalzell joins the others on the bridge. He is accompanied by a jaunty man with a beefy complexion who is wearing a brown gabardine raincoat and a Tyrolian hat with a feather stuck in the side, and is carrying a walkie-talkie. The jaunty man is Mr. Dalzell's docking pilot, Captain Bruce Deane. He and Captain Aspelund greet each other with camaraderie.

CAPTAIN DEANE (*shaking hands with Captain Aspelund*): Hi! Glad to see you here! Good to shake your hand! (*He puts his other hand over the handshake, as if to double it.*)

CAPTAIN ASPELUND: Captain Deane! My old friend! (*He grins. He and Captain Deane are not paying any attention to the Crown Prince or anybody else.*)

CAPTAIN DEANE: Well, how do you like her? How does she handle?

CAPTAIN ASPELUND (*still grinning*): Just like a car!

CAPTAIN DEANE: Well, tell me, did you break any records, Captain? (*He laughs hard.*)

CAPTAIN ASPELUND: We did not try to.

CAPTAIN DEANE: How's the weather been?

CAPTAIN ASPELUND: I ordered the nice weather six months ahead. (*He*

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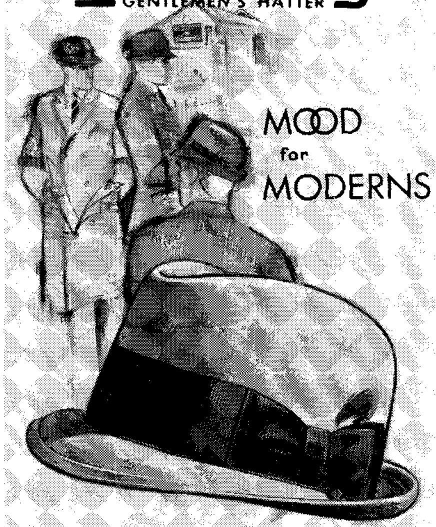

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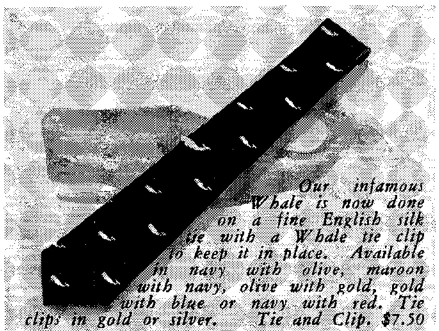

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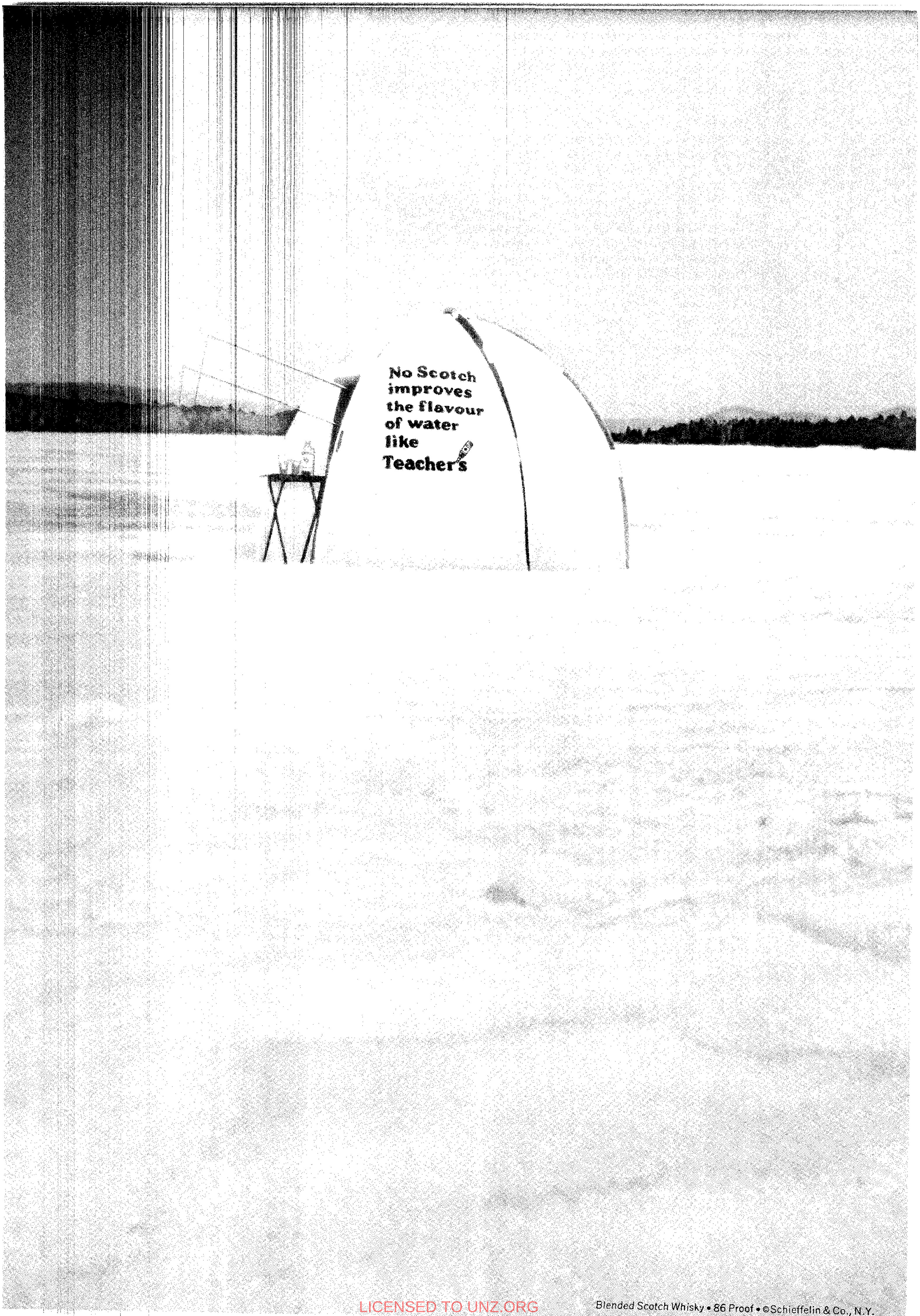
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waves his pipe at the sunshiny day all around, and Captain Deane gives another great laugh.) We had a little bit of pitching, that's all. *(Mr. Dalzell approaches the Crown Prince and shakes his hand.)*

Dalzell *(to the Prince)*: Just want to say congratulations.

Crown Prince: Thank you.

The Crown Prince makes a little royal bow. Then he wanders outside to watch the docking. The Sagafjord is coming close to N.A.L. Pier 45, at the foot of West Tenth Street. The tugs and fireboats are making a bigger racket than before. The marine parade is now going on in full force. The Dalzell tugboats are sporting their new bow covers. They are decked in flags. The red "D"s on their sides have been freshly painted. All the dress flags on the Sagafjord are fluttering. Nick, the ship's photographer, seizes a moment between shots of passengers to get a shot of the flags. Passengers on the Sun Deck and the Main Deck are dashing from port to starboard and back to see as much as they can. On the Bridge Deck, in the sheltered area where Silka, the Newfoundland dog, has lived during the voyage, Hans Hultin is now untying his dog. He gives Silka a hug and pats him on the head. It is the first time Hans Hultin has lost his cool. Nick, the ship's photographer, appears and shoots a picture of Hans Hultin and Silka. Hans stiffens. He stops hugging his dog.

Haug *(to Mr. Dalzell)*: He *(indicating the Crown Prince, outside)* didn't say anything about the aluminum shutters on the broken windows in the lounge. He didn't even seem to notice.

Dalzell *(beaming at Haug, then at his tugboats, and then at Captain Deane)*: Great! Congratulations! *(Captain Deane is now taking over from Captain Sullivan, who gracefully relinquishes the responsibility for the docking of the ship. Captain Aspelund is polite to Sullivan, but it is clear that he doesn't feel the same kind of bond with him that he feels with the older man. Captain Deane, keeping his raincoat and his Tyrolian hat on, issues some quick instructions to the tugboat operators over the walkie-talkie.)*

Captain Deane: Dead slow ahead on starboard.

Captain Aspelund *(with enthusiasm)*: Dead slow ahead on starboard.

Captain Deane: Dead slow ahead on your port engine.

Captain Aspelund: Dead slow ahead on port engine.

Captain Deane: Well, Captain. *(He takes a moment to give Captain*

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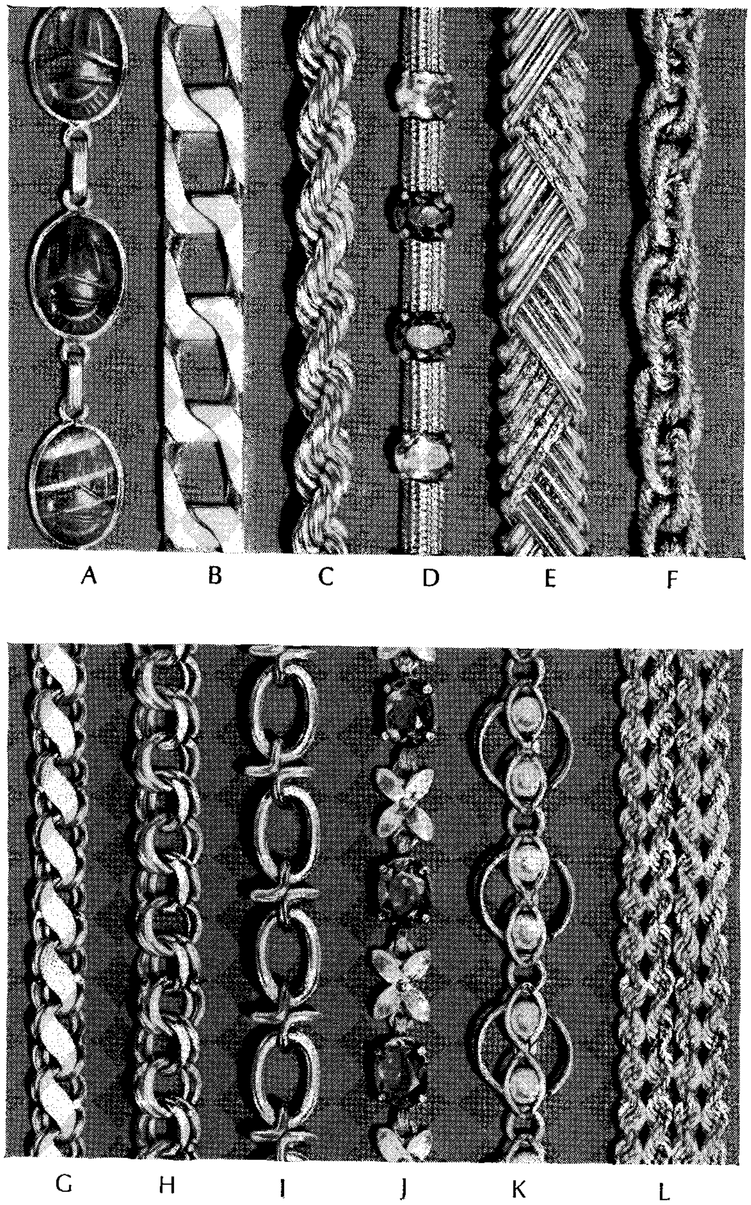

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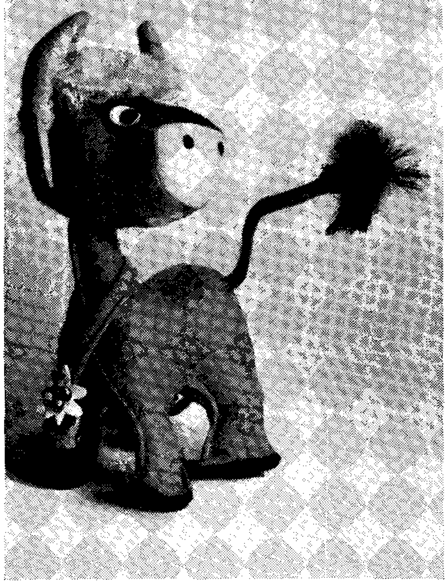

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Aspelund a sound thwack on the back.) I haven't seen you since you got off the Stavangerfjord.

Captain Aspelund (*his face lighting up*): Remember the time we left you and lost a rudder going home for Christmas?

Captain Deane: I sure do! Boy, what a time you had!

Captain Aspelund: She was a good ship. We lost a rudder, but she made it across very well anyway.

Captain Deane: The old Stavangerfjord was a beaut! You were crazy about that old girl, weren't you, Captain?

Captain Aspelund: She was a good ship. I miss her.

Captain Deane: Now you're all fancied up for cruising! (*He laughs.*)

Captain Aspelund (*with a rueful smile*): It was hard to say goodbye to the Stavangerfjord. I was with her for eight years. Back and forth across the Atlantic every month. I made about two hundred crossings with her.

Captain Deane (*alert and businesslike*): Half astern starboard.

Captain Aspelund: Half astern starboard.

Captain Deane (*as the Sagafjord moves a bit, this way and that, getting so close to Pier 45 that the people waiting on it can be seen waving handkerchiefs and little Norwegian flags*): Well, Captain, you'll have a lot of fun on this ship, won't you? She's really luxurious.

Captain Aspelund (*slowly and a little sadly*): Yes, I think so. I think I am beginning to like her.

Sun Deck. Mrs. Nyquist, accompanied by Mr. Nyquist, has buttonholed Mr. William Barclay.

Mrs. Nyquist: Mr. Barclay, do you wish to say now whether you want to keep your reservation on the Sagafjord to make the ninety-three-day cruise?

Barclay: Of course! She's O.K. Of course!

The Lorentzens, beaming and calm, approach and bid Mr. Barclay and the Nyquists a formal, and cheerful, farewell. Mrs. Lorentzen holds on to her husband's arm, looking very happy. Mr. Lorentzen gives his fellow-passengers a small, friendly bow. Then the Lorentzens, holding hands, head for their stateroom.

B Deck. The hospital. Dr. Bugge-Asperheim is preparing to get off the ship. He is closing a small suitcase. He is all dressed in his uniform and ready. He will be one of the first to

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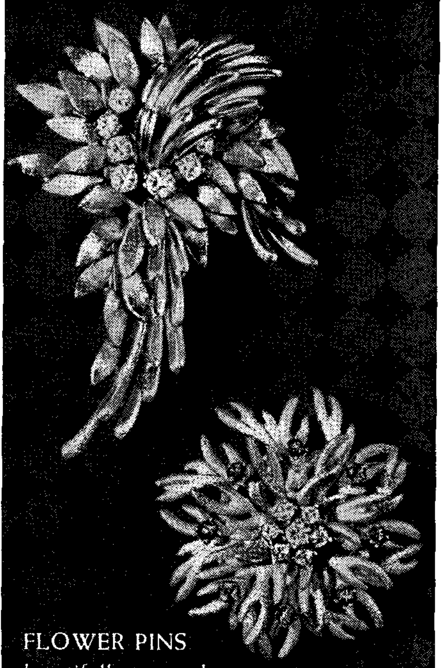

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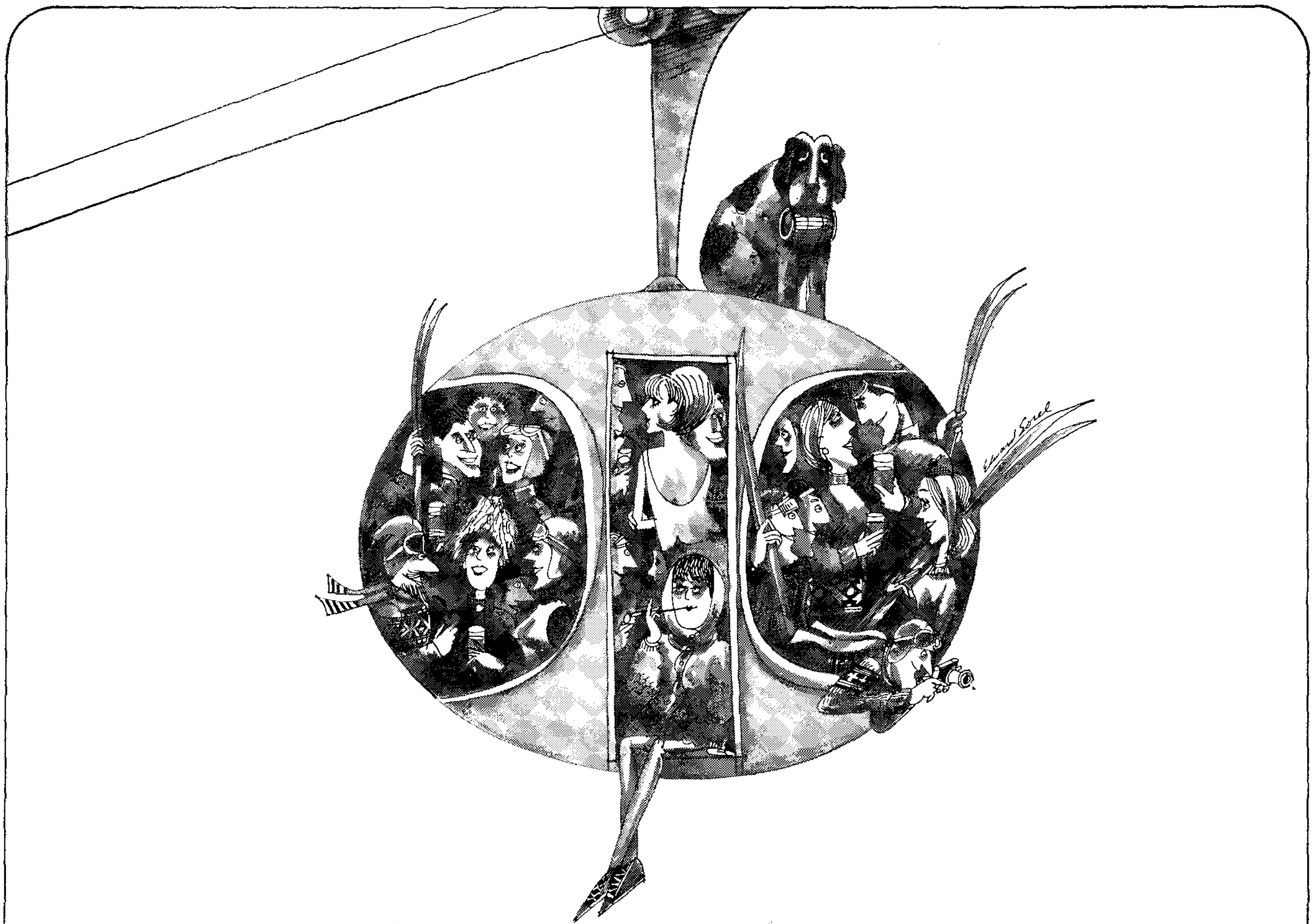

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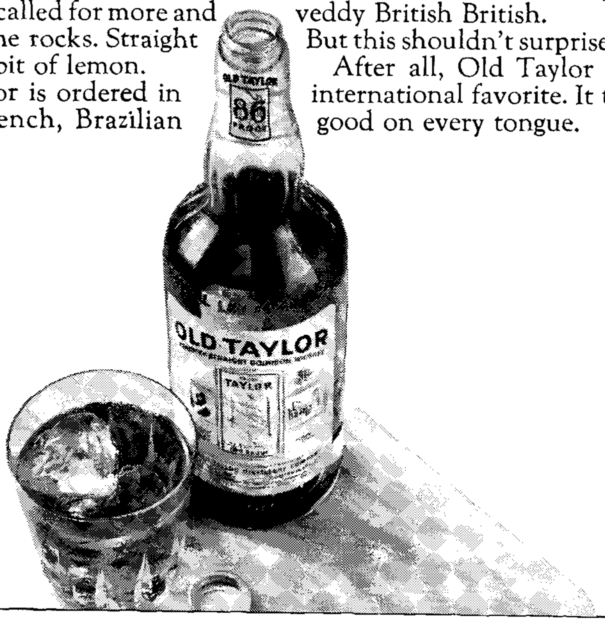

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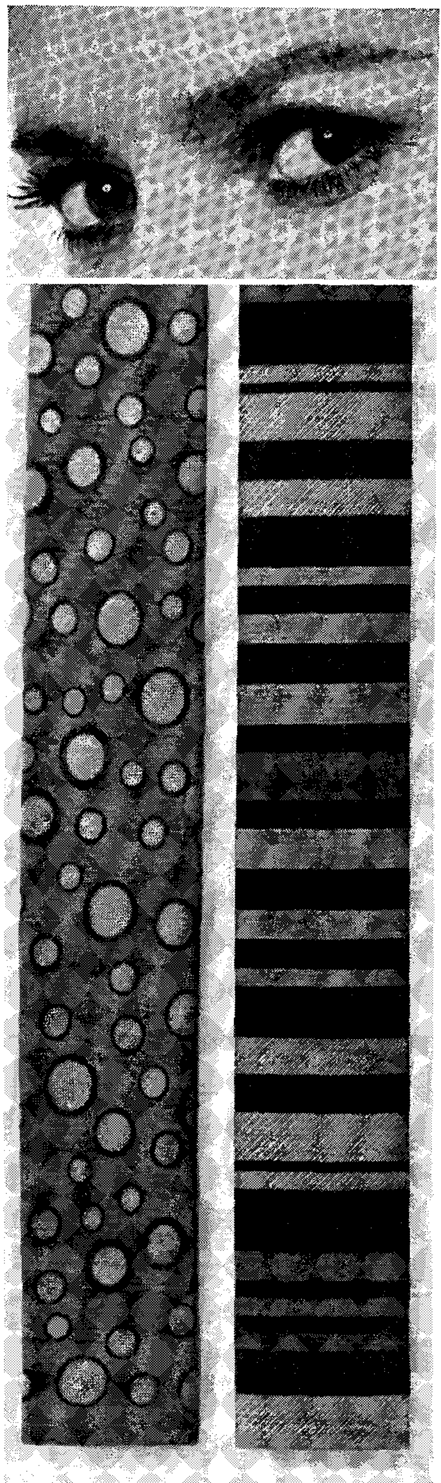

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disembark. He is neat and pink and healthy-looking. His nurse is slowly stacking some medicines away in a cabinet. She closes and locks the door, and then she asks the Doctor for permission to go up on deck. Magnanimously, he waves to her to go ahead.

UPPER DECK. Jon Brenne and Erling Larsen have run up on deck, still carrying large oily rags with which they have been wiping machinery. Forgetting that they are not supposed to leave the Engine Room, they crowd to the rail and wave their oily rags at the large crowd waiting on Pier 45 to welcome them.

BRIDGE DECK. Captain Deane and Captain Aspelund are giving the final, tense orders now that the Sagafjord is about two minutes from being safely in berth.

CAPTAIN DEANE: Slow ahead on port engine.

CAPTAIN ASPELUND: Slow ahead on port.

CAPTAIN DEANE: Slow ahead starboard.

CAPTAIN ASPELUND: Slow ahead starboard.

CAPTAIN DEANE: Throw a line out! (*From Upper Deck, sailors throw a thick line out to the pier, where it is caught and fastened.*)

CAPTAIN DEANE: Stop your starboard engine.

CAPTAIN ASPELUND: Stop starboard engine.

CAPTAIN DEANE: Stop your port engine.

CAPTAIN ASPELUND: Stop port engine.

CAPTAIN DEANE: Half astern starboard.

CAPTAIN ASPELUND: Half astern starboard.

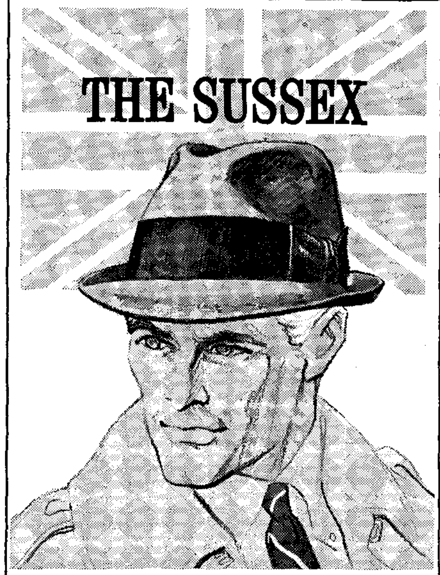
CAPTAIN DEANE: Stop engines.

CAPTAIN ASPELUND: Stop engines. (*Other lines are thrown out to the pier. All lines are caught and made fast.*)

CAPTAIN DEANE: Finished with engines.

CAPTAIN ASPELUND: Finished with engines. (*His voice drops.*)

MAIN DECK. The Madsens, with their two little girls, turn reluctantly away from the rail. Mr. Madsen is loaded down, with his binoculars strapped across one shoulder and a camera strapped across the other shoulder. Berit and Dorthe are wearing Danish cardigans of heavy red wool, with matching berets. Mr. Madsen bends down and buttons up their sweaters. Then he takes the children



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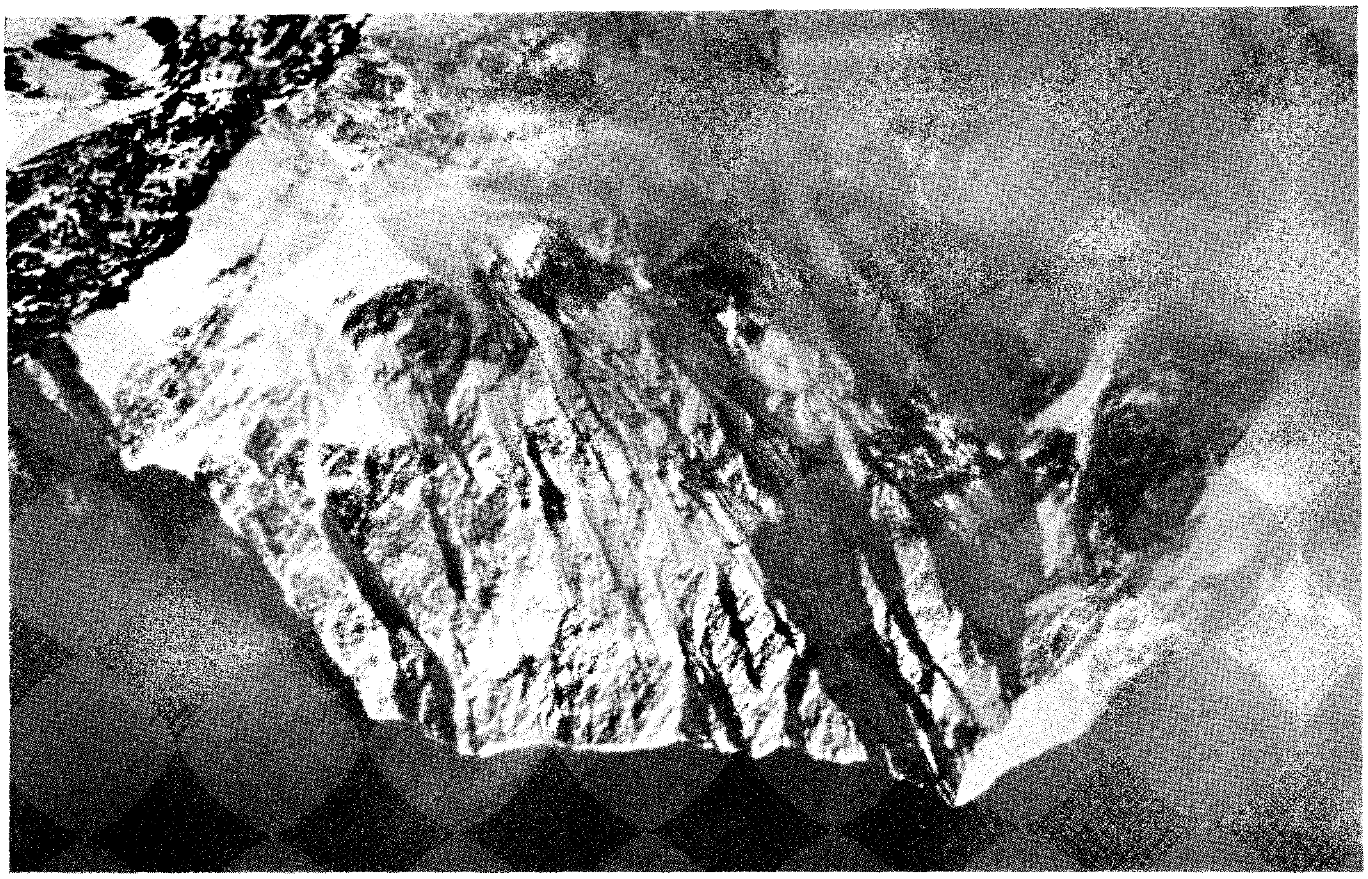

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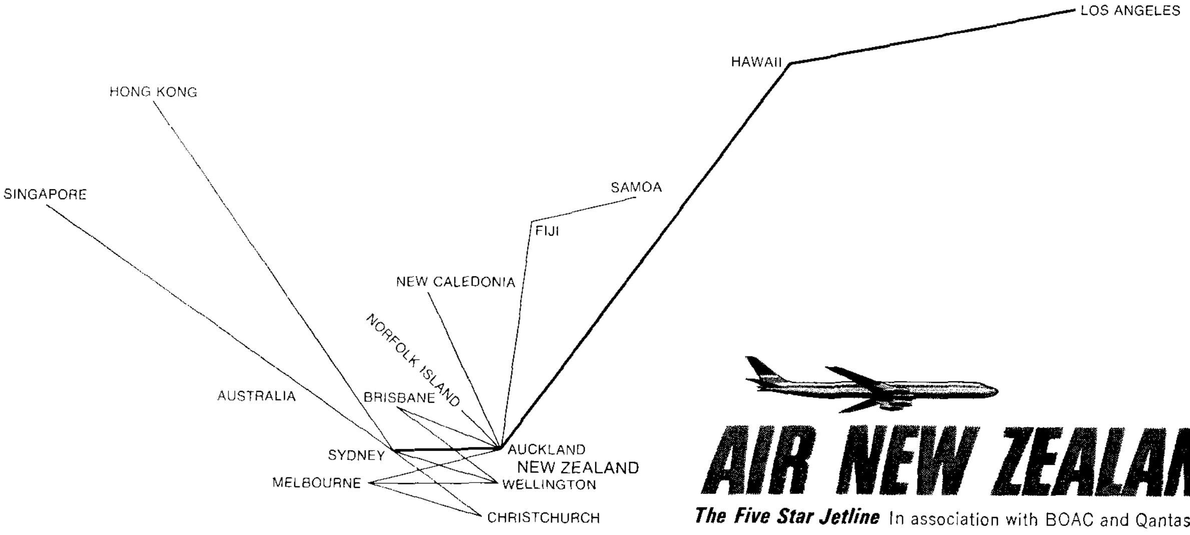

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by the hand, and, followed by Mrs. Madsen, they go toward their cabin to prepare to go ashore. Everybody on Pier 45 is cheering and waving. Over the p.a. system of the Sagafjord the Norwegian national anthem is played—"Yes, We Love This Country." Outside on the bridge, the Crown Prince stands at attention. Standing just behind the Prince is Mr. Henriksen, also at attention but looking appraisingly, and with satisfaction, at the mob on the pier. Inside, Captain Aspelund stands at salute. As soon as "Yes, We Love This Country" is finished, the Crown Prince turns and shakes Mr. Henriksen's hand, congratulating him. Mr. Henriksen's expression clearly signifies that the Crown Prince has responded to the Sagafjord as enthusiastically as his father had. Captain Deane puts his walkie-talkie to his mouth.

CAPTAIN DEANE: All tugs are finished. Thank you. *(He puts his walkie-talkie down. Then the p.a. system starts to play "The Star-Spangled Banner." Again, the Crown Prince is standing at attention and Captain Aspelund and the others in uniform are giving their salute. As soon as "The Star-Spangled Banner" is finished, Captain Deane laughs and clasps Captain Aspelund's right hand in both his hands.)*

CAPTAIN DEANE: She's all yours again, Captain.

CAPTAIN ASPELUND: Yes. *(He looks at the waving, cheering welcomers on the pier, and he puts his pipe in his mouth and lights it.)* She is a nice ship.

—LILLIAN ROSS

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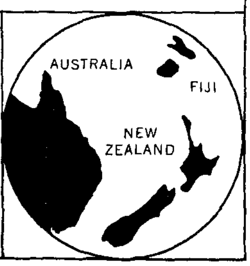
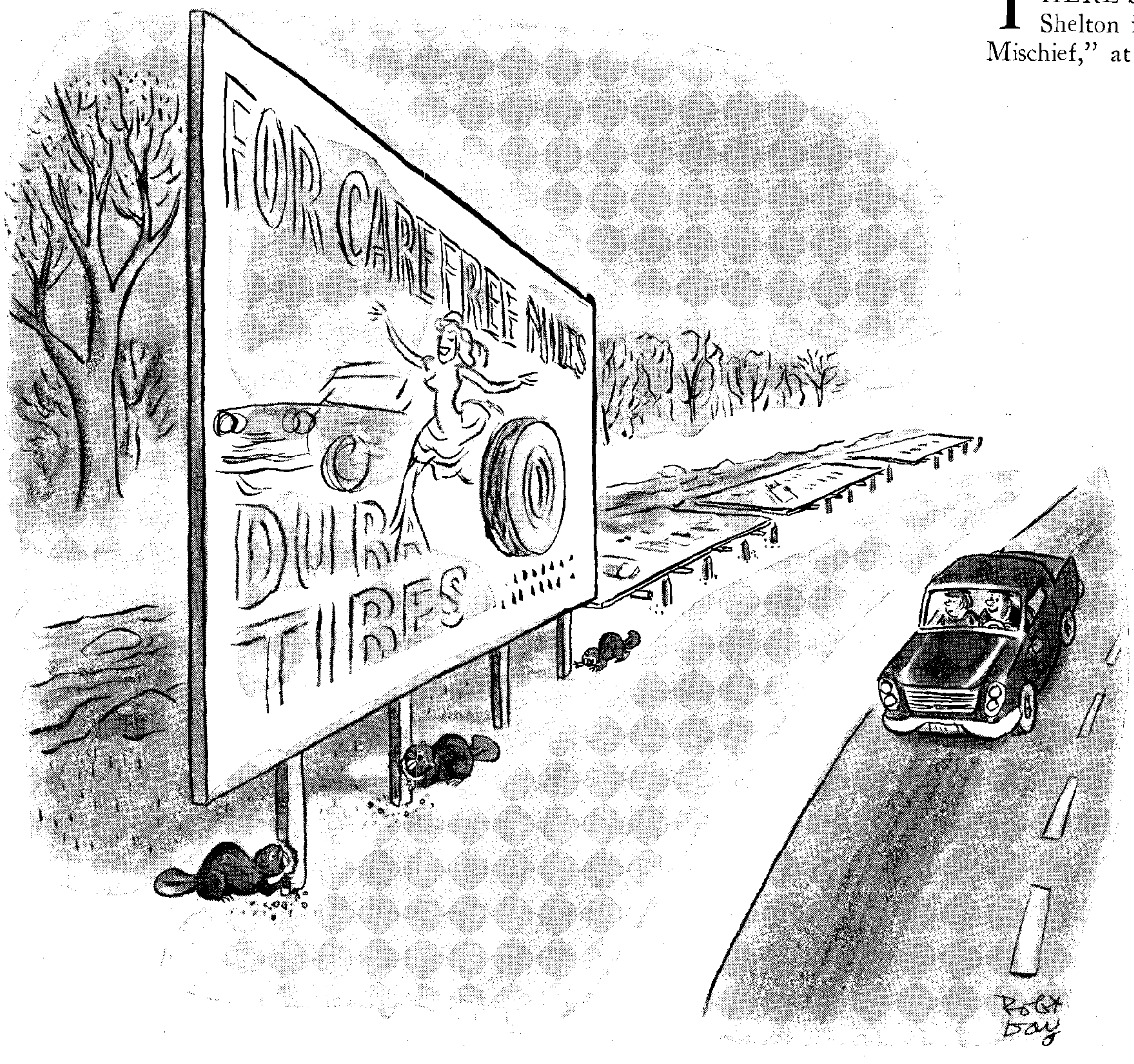


THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"THREE HAND REEL" is the overall title of a group of one-act plays based on stories by Frank O'Connor and currently on view at the Renata. As adapted by Paul Avila Mayer, the O'Connor tales do not add up to an entirely satisfactory theatrical entity, and there is a good deal of unevenness in the production of the work, by the acting group known as the Irish Players. But, for all its handicaps, "Three Hand Reel" does have a touch of the magical style of O'Connor's fiction, and certainly in "The Frying Pan," the first of the entertainments, the company does well by the source material. In this rueful little sketch we are introduced to a couple whose married life has grown miserable because of the husband's constant glooming about the fact that he never succeeded in becoming a priest. He is envious of a curate who is the best friend he and his wife have in their small Irish village, and his envy takes on an ironic aspect when the wife and the curate discover that they have a love for each other that can know no fulfillment. The actors who appear in "The Frying Pan" are Liam Gannon (the would-be priest), Helena Carroll (his wife), and John Cullum (the curate), and they are all excellent. As we move on to "Eternal Triangle," the second of the plays, and "The Bridal Night," the third, Miss Carroll, the daughter of the Irish playwright Paul Vincent Carroll, demonstrates an impressive versatility. In "Eternal Triangle," she is an aging trollop who takes shelter in a tram in Dublin Square when the shooting of the Easter Rising is at its worst, and recaptures some of the innocence of youthful romance in the arms of a watchman (Mr. Cullum), who is also nostalgic about his lost youth. By way of a bit of humor in the piece we have a drunken Dublin ancient who doesn't know what all the shooting is about and isn't even quite sure what the watchman and the doxy are up to. Neil Fitzgerald is very funny in this role, but "Eternal Triangle" as a whole is rather loosely put together. "The Bridal Night" has a story practically impossible to act convincingly, but here, again, Miss Carroll surmounts a lot of difficulties in portraying a schoolteacher who becomes the idol of a backward youth (Mr. Cullum) and is presently persuaded by his mother to spend a night in his bed before he is taken off to an asylum. Mr. Cullum's task here is beyond his resources, but maybe the lovesick lunatic would be beyond anybody's resources.



"More power to them, I say."

THERE'S an actor named Reid Shelton in "Man with a Load of Mischief," at the Jan Hus Playhouse, who looks a lot like Mr. Cartwright, the head man in "Bonanza," on television, and who is similarly unemotional. But when Mr. Shelton latches onto a tune he makes the Jan Hus a wonderfully melodious place. The songs he and the others sing in "Man with a Load of Mischief" were provided by John Clifton, who had help on the lyrics from Ben Tarver, the author of the book. Mr. Tarver, who based his material on a play by Ashley Dukes, has come up with the sort of thing that used to keep operettas going—a plot involving a fugitive maiden, a wicked lord, a mysterious valet, a saucy kitchen wench, and an honest innkeeper and his wife. The setting is early-nineteenth-century England, and the action is tiresome, but Mr. Clifton's songs are lively,

Give him Madame Rochas. A few drops at a time.
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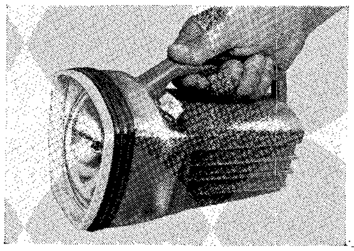

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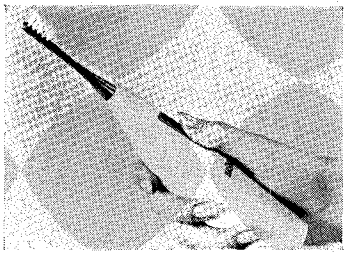

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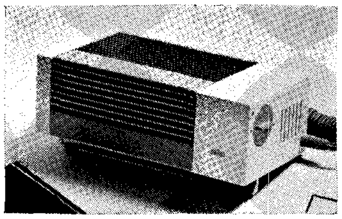

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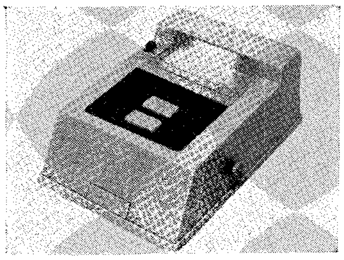

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and I guess they compensate for some of the old-hat plotting.

"JAVELIN," at the Actors Playhouse, takes us to a tent somewhere in ancient Israel, and there we find Saul brooding about his successor and about the way things are going in a battle with the Philistines. Saul's successor might be his son-in-law David or it might be his son Jonathan. Saul is crazy about David, and Jonathan is, too, it appears. Anyhow, there is a spate of footless dialogue in this play, which was written by Owen Rachleff, and I'm afraid I lost interest in the whole business around the time the prophet Samuel showed up and cut loose with a Hester Street accent. The actors in "Javelin" are uniformly depressing to watch, and I think naming them would be unkind.—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

The temporomandibular joint may be characterized figuratively as an evangelic *joint which, by nature of its evolution,* proclaims itself truly a "special creation" in mammals and not an adaptation of a previously existing structure. Among joints, it is a hereditary pseudoarthrosis that struggles postnatally for both its cartilage and its contour, an iconoclast whose embryology repeats its phylogeny, a transgressor which dwells clinically in the limbo between medicine and dentistry. It reigns as the paladin of joints, for, having served as the evolutionary deliverer of the middle ear, it gallantly became the enduring hinge on which woman's emancipation continually swings. Its versatility fills us with respect for a structure so magnificent in function that at one moment it is the sliding pivot of trituration and mastication, at the next, the gnashing safety valve of rage and fury, and, in moments of sublime creativity, the proprioceptive junction for poetry and song.—*American Journal of Orthodontics*.

Whaddya say we try another joint?

•

NOTICE:

Here died GARIBALDI: the general came to Caprera with a seed's sack, after to have given Italy to the Italians.

The rough earth flourished sudden: trees, flowers, leaves, roseies, olivetrees, acid fruits, pine-trees sprouted under his expert hand. And with his great hands built the "white house." Here lived he in seren peace and laborious solitude, here died accompanied from the song of two black-caps and here he sleep "lion in burial, with a breath that raise the wave." Here one preserve, like in a natural sacrarium, his relies, his poor camp-bed, his fulminating sword, his in rags glorious flags and here the hero of two worlds is living yet still and ever in the mindful heart of Sardinia.—*From a travel pamphlet on Sardinia.*

You just don't forget a fellow like that.

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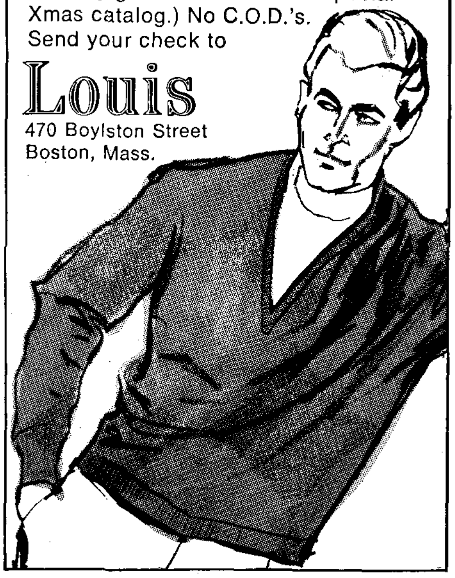

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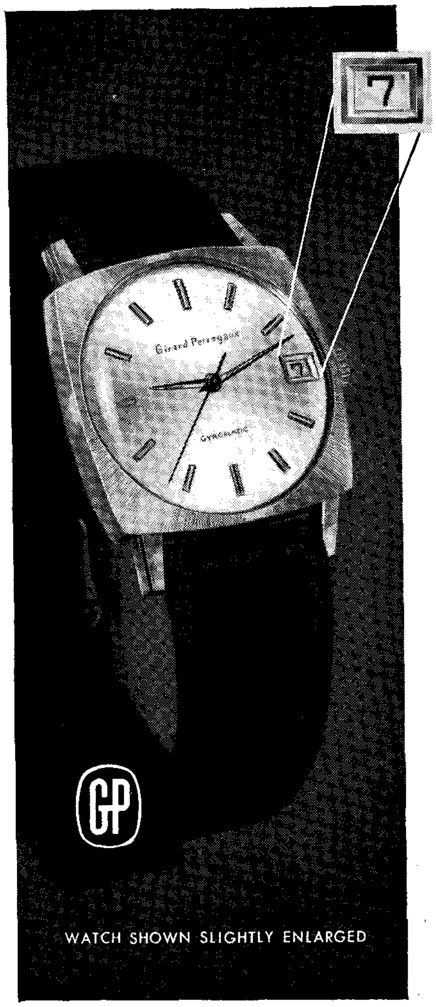
THE RACE TRACK

Success Story

YOU don't need a voodoo divining rod or a hand of glory to predict that when the ratings for 1966 come out the Wheatley Stable's Successor will head the two-year-olds. This younger brother of Bold Lad splashed his way to an easy victory in the Garden State Stakes at Garden State Park in Jersey last Saturday, winning by three lengths from George Widener's Bold Hour, his constant rival. Max Gluck's Proviso was third, twice as far behind. Mrs. Frances Genter's In Reality, who had beaten Successor by a neck in the Pimlico Futurity at Laurel a fortnight before, tired in the stretch and finished fourth. It really wasn't much of a race. Bold Hour took the lead quickly, and it looked as though he couldn't be headed, but on the turn for home Successor came through with a run like Buckpasser's, and that was that. The Garden State Stakes, for which twelve colts paraded, had a purse of $314,125, of which the racecourse management put up $125,000 and horse owners added $189,125 in nomination fees, additional subscriptions, and starting fees. Successor's bit was $188,475, rocketing his earnings in nine starts, four of which he won, to $441,404. I confess that I didn't think he'd like the distance—a mile and a sixteenth—any better than Bold Hour did, but he was going so well at the end that he may be something more than a sprinter. Now he'll have a short rest before he begins training for his engagements in Florida. For the record, he was the fortieth stakes winner this season for Eddie Neloy, his trainer.

IT was France, Russia, America in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on Veterans' Day. With an astonishing burst of speed, Alec Weisweiller's Behistoun came from seventh place—there were ten runners—in the final quarter of a mile to win by a couple of lengths from the U.S.S.R.'s Aniline, with Charles Engelhard's Assagai, the favorite, third, about a length away. Ever since the first International, in 1952, the race has been a thriller, but it has never produced as spectacular a run as Behis-



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1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Light Rum
¼ oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
2 oz. Pineapple Juice
½ oz. White of Egg
¼ oz. Lemon Juice
Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL
1 oz. Galliano
1¼ oz. Brandy
Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GOLDEN CADILLAC
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream
Place in blender with small quantity of crushed ice. Use low speed for short time until creamy. Pour into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST
Fill old-fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Galliano over ice and squeeze and drop ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Stir and serve.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL
(Prize Winning Recipe—United Kingdom Bartenders Guild)
1 oz. Galliano
½ oz. Cointreau
½ oz. Orange Juice
½ oz. Cream
Shake in cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GAY GALLIANO
(Prize Winning Recipe—Sandy Lane Hotel, Barbados, W.I.)
¾ oz. Galliano 1½ oz. Rum
½ Fresh lime juice
Put ingredients into blender with shaved ice. Mix until thick (semi-frozen). Pour into champagne glass and garnish with twist of lime peel.

MILANO
(Prize Winning Recipe Copenhagen, Denmark)
1 part Gin
1 part Galliano
1 part fresh lime juice
Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Serve with cherry.

ITALIAN HEATHER
(Prize Winning Cocktail Milan, Italy)
1½ oz. Scotch ½ oz. Galliano
Stir with ice. Strain into glass with twist of lemon peel.

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toun's. His effort surpassed that of Match, another French horse, who beat Kelso and Carry Back in 1962. Aniline, who was third to Kelso and Gun Bow in 1964, led for most of the mile and a half, with Assagai closest. Behistoun was dead last passing the stand the first time round, but De Forge, who rode him, saved ground until there was less than half a mile to go, and then steered to the outside and turned his mount loose. (Remember how De Forge won this race for France on Diatome last year?) The time was 2:28⅘, which was five seconds slower than the mark set by Kelso in 1964, but, according to clockers, after the mile and a quarter had been ticked off in 2:05 the last two furlongs were run in an almost incredible 23⅘ seconds. I doubt whether even Buckpasser could have done that. Vasco de Gama II and Silver Shark, the other French colts, were fourth and fifth, followed by our Tom Rolfe, England's David Jack, Canada's George Royal, Brazil's Folio, and Venezuela's Socopo. Aniline, probably the best horse ever bred by the Soviet Union, deserves full marks. Assagai tired in the going, which, though listed as firm, was heavy from recent rains. Behistoun, France's fifth International winner, is a medium-sized dark-bay three-year-old colt by O'Grady out of Beotie, whose sire was Worden, the winner of the International in 1953. O'Grady, by the way, is by Relic, a son of War Relic, who was by Man o' War. Mr. Weisweiller, a textile manufacturer, named Behistoun after a village in Iran noted for its classical Persian inscriptions. To Laurel horseplayers, he was No. 7, which paid a $34 mutuel.

As for the horses at Aqueduct last week who were worth remembering, the Niblick Stable and its trainer, Jim Conway, have a better-than-average runner on the grass in Rego, winner of the Knickerbocker Handicap on Election Day. And Mrs. Peter Duchin's Mr. Right stepped as nimbly over a sloppy track in winning the Roamer Handicap last Saturday as he did on a fast track in winning the Dwyer months ago. —AUDAX MINOR

•

> NEW YORK (UPI)—Head-on use of dividers to separate traffic could be practically eliminated by collisions on major highways moving in opposite directions, according to highway authorities.
> —*Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.*

Then let's get started!

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Gone Wrong

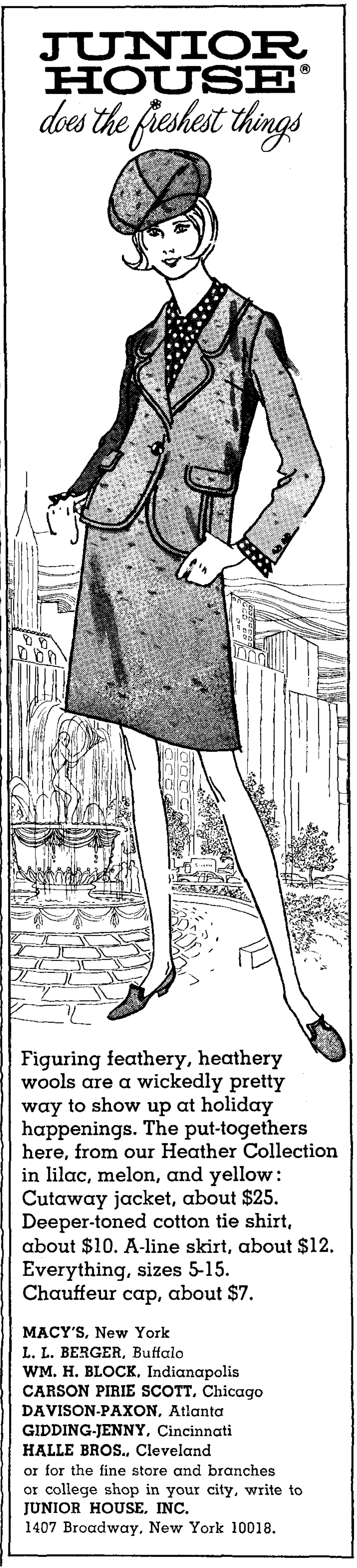
PALEOZOOLOGISTS speculate that the dinosaur may have committed suicide through inadvertence, its body having grown too big and cumbersome for the little brain that was supposed to be in charge of it. I was reminded of this putative sad event in prehistory as I sat through the long, long hours of "Is Paris Burning?," a movie that, with an air of continuous self-congratulation, slowly, tiresomely dies of the disparity between its huge bulk and the tiny pinch of intelligence informing it. Because it is plain that this ill-assembled botch is the work of many hands, nearly all of them working at clumsy cross-purposes on a kindergarten level of incompetence, I am sorry that, lacking private knowledge of how the innumerable sequences were shot and eventually Scotch-taped together, I am obliged to lay much of the blame for its failure on Gore Vidal and Francis Ford Coppola, the confessed authors of the grossly corny screenplay; I hope they will find some way of distributing appropriate shares of blame among their deserving colleagues.

GLOBE
2 SPY THRILLERS
ADULTS ONLY

The movie is based, of course, on the best-selling book of the same name, in which the liberation of Paris in August, 1944, is conscientiously delineated. The subject was—and is—an ideal one for a documentary movie on the order of "To Die in Madrid," but Hollywood's preoccupation with box-office socko has caused the picture to reject history in favor of the shoddiest brand of fiction. Instead of attempting the portrait of a great city nobly set free, the owners of this precious "property" have chosen to present a series of soap-opera vignettes; each of them stars one or more instantly recognizable movie-magazine-cover celebrities, most of whom pop up and at once tip over in death with the regularity and expressiveness of an endless belt of tin ducks in a penny arcade. In their haste to turn treasure into trash, the producers have even abandoned the cardinal figure upon whom our interest has been invited to turn—General von Choltitz, the German commander of Paris, who refused to carry out his orders to destroy the city. The question in the title is Hitler's, hysterically reiterated, and the entire action of the movie is intended to lead to a grand climax in which von Choltitz will find the moral courage to reject love of country and blind obedience to military discipline in order to perform a single decent—and stupendous—act. That climax never arrives. The scene is simply not there. It is a characteristic omission, and I should think that the director, René Clément, would deplore it as much as we do.

The cast, prodigious in size and in the degree to which it goes to waste, includes Gert Frobe, Alain Delon, Leslie Caron, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Kirk Douglas, Glenn Ford, Yves Montand, Anthony Perkins, Simone Signoret, and Orson Welles. Mr. Frobe is an excellent actor, and he evidently hoped to make something fine out of his role as von Choltitz; he never had a chance. Mr. Clément's direction of individual scenes is often very good, and I remember three shots with particular pleasure, not for their novelty but for the fact that, though familiar, they seemed heartfelt—a line of tanks moving along a narrow road among wheat fields, the running up of the French flag over the Prefecture of Police, and the rocking of a bell in its timber cradle in one of the towers of Notre Dame. The musical score is by Maurice Jarre, and the camerawork is by Marcel Grignon. The dubbing of voices is technically atrocious, and the confusion over the kinds of accents to employ and the very words to be uttered would be laughable if it weren't so irritating. In order to establish that they are French, some of the actors are made to speak with an "Eez zat zo?" accent, while other purported Frenchmen speak straight Amurrican. With one exception, the actors who play Germans speak English, but their lines invariably begin with such phrases as "*Jawohl, mein General!*" The exception is the actor who takes the part of Hitler; he speaks German, and his lines are translated by subtitles. Mindlessness triumphant.

"PENELOPE" is a brisk, slick, handsome, and often funny movie of no redeeming social importance whatever, thank goodness. It was shot on location in New York, the Hong Kong of the Hudson, and stars Natalie Wood, Peter Falk, Dick Shawn, and Ian Bannen; we also get fugitive



Figuring feathery, heathery wools are a wickedly pretty way to show up at holiday happenings. The put-togethers here, from our Heather Collection in lilac, melon, and yellow: Cutaway jacket, about $25. Deeper-toned cotton tie shirt, about $10. A-line skirt, about $12. Everything, sizes 5-15. Chauffeur cap, about $7.

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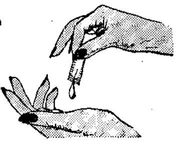

glimpses of Jonathan Winters, Lila Kedrova, and Lou Jacobi. The screenplay, which has a plot of appealing intricacy and silliness, as well as an occasional witty line, is by George Wells, and the pell-mell direction is by Arthur Hiller. Miss Wood is a pretty young thing whose husband, a hard-working bank president, appears to think more highly of money than he does of matrimony. By way of attracting his attention, his wife holds up his bank on the very day of its moving into palatial new quarters on Park Avenue. We learn that she has always had a gift for theft, and the movie concerns itself with her attempt to give up stealing, to make restitution of what she has stolen, and to get her husband's mind off mere moola. You will not be surprised to learn that she succeeds in her ambitions. Miss Wood is pretty and chipper, and Peter Falk makes a superbly tough and percipient police lieutenant.

"THE DEFECTOR" is a sad little spy-and-counterspy melodrama, made all the sadder by the fact that it stars the late Montgomery Clift. Also on hand are Hardy Krüger, Macha Meril, and Roddy McDowall. The director of photography was Raoul Coutard, who provides some charming scenes of rural Germany; the director was Raoul Levy, who, with Robert Guenette, put together the unsatisfactory screenplay. —BRENDAN GILL

•

The morning service in the small Italian church was under way when Galileo's attention was caught by a lamp swinging overhead in the breeze. He watched, fascinated, for it seemed to him that, no matter how far it swung in either direction, it took the same amount of time to complete the arc. Using his pulse as a timer, for he had no watch, he discovered he was right; at this moment, the idea of the pendulum was born. Little did he dream that the vast array of hall clocks at Wanamaker's would come about as a result of his discovery.—*Adv. in the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

He was too busy to dream the great dreams.

•

SYRACUSE, Oct. 26 (AP)—Syracuse coach Ben Schwartzwalder cites middle guard John Krok as "a thinker," who plays good football.

"We have a few thinkers on our ball club, and John is one of them," the Orange coach said in praising the senior lineman.

Schwartzwalder also gave a kudo to Tom Rosia, a senior center.—*The Post.*

Just one measly little kudo?

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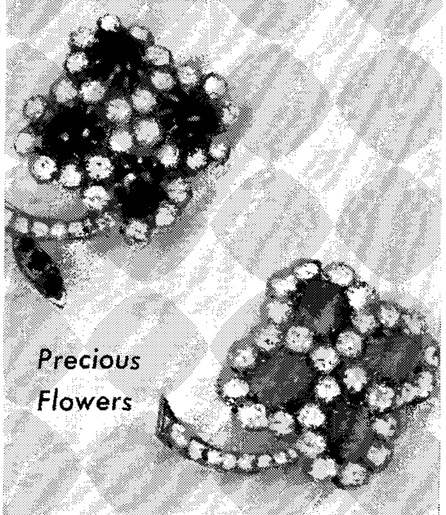
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Lewis & Thos. Saltz of course.

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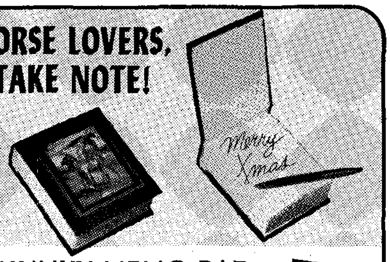

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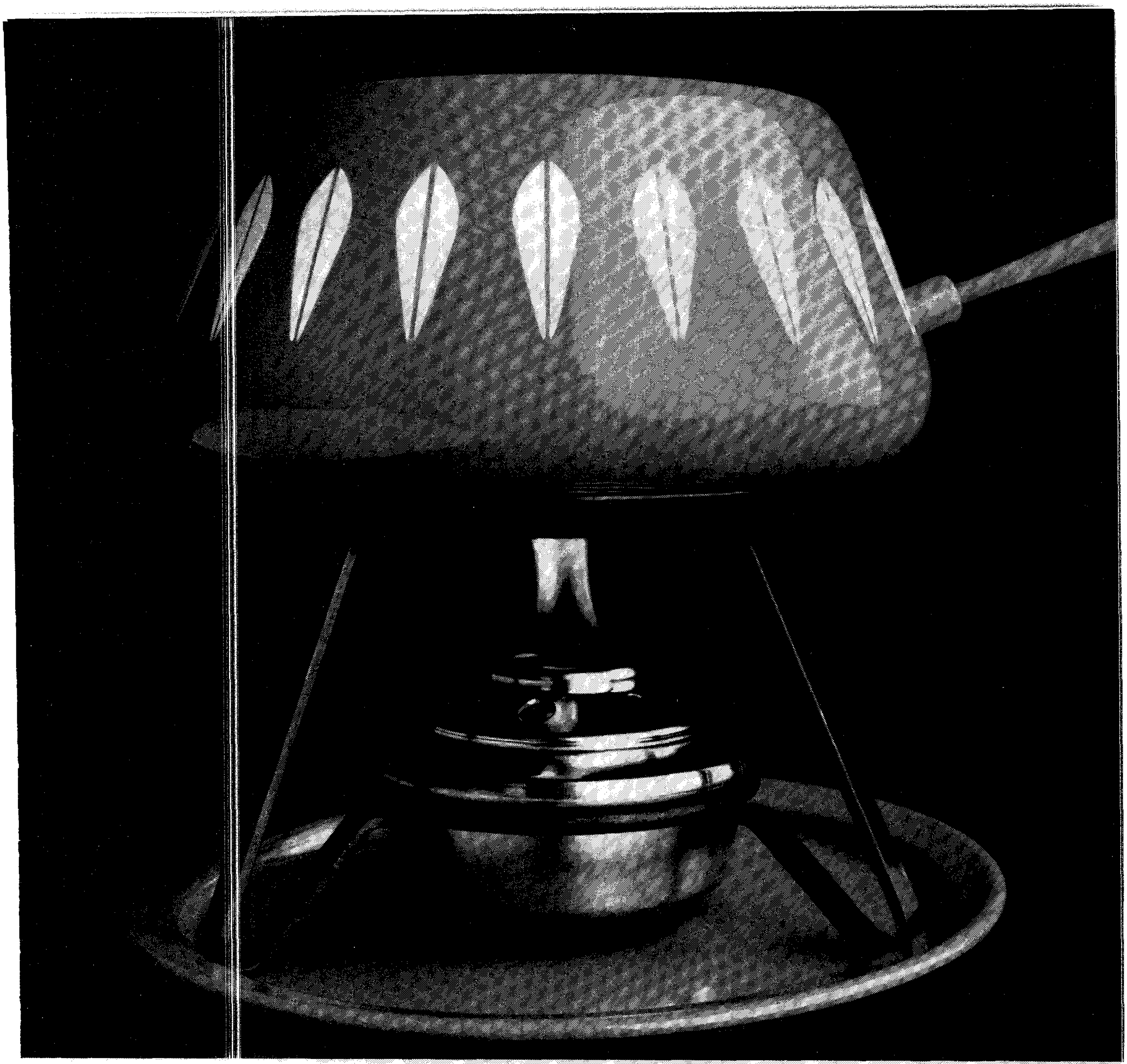

Will Americans now think of Norway as the Land of the Great Melting Pot?

We, Norwegians, know a good thing when we see it. Whoever that first Norwegian was who met up with Fondue cooking, he raved about it when he got home. And by word of mouth, the message got around. As more and more Norwegians started to enjoy Fondue cooking, we thought we ought to give them a good Norwegian pot to Fondue in. And do ourselves some good at the same time.

A little research showed us that most Fondue pots were made of tin lined copper which made them quite expensive and rather difficult to clean, or, of stainless steel which is not the best material in the world for conducting heat evenly.

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IN the part of Australia where I grew up, we used to come across snakes quite often when we were walking in the bush, and our fear and loathing of them was something more than the usual thing—mainly, I suppose, because very occasionally some of us really did get bitten. I never saw a snake—that furtive sliminess, that mad, hating eye—without a sudden instinctive constriction of the heart, and after the first moment of panic was over we children had just one thought in our minds: Kill it. Do not let it get away. And so we would grab a stick, and in a spasm of furious terror we would beat at the hideous twisting thing until at last it lay inert in the dust. Even then, we would not dare to touch it; we would hook it up with the stick and toss it away out of sight into the long grass, where ants were bound to demolish it within a day or two.

We knew all about snakes. There was the ferocious tiger snake, which automatically attacked and could run as fast as you could. Then, there were the brown snakes and the taipans and many other varieties, all of them deadly, and they lurked among rotten logs and in the bracken and on the edges of swamps, waiting to strike; if they did strike and you did nothing about it, you were dead within half an hour. The pythons and carpet snakes were not poisonous, but they would drop on you from an overhanging branch and suffocate you by wrapping themselves around your neck. Many of the lizards were poisonous, and those that were not inflicted a sore that continued to suppurate for years. Snakes could be calmed by music, and one way of getting them into the open so that they could be killed was to lay out a saucer of milk—a drink they could never resist.

These notions I have lived with all my life, and it never occurred to me to question them until I returned to Australia last year and spent some time with Eric Worrell, a self-taught herpetologist who runs a snake farm at a place called Gosford, which is a little to the north of Sydney, in New South Wales. Now, I do not suggest that my experiences at this place came to me as a revelation—that overnight my revulsion turned to love—yet it was quite a sharp shock to learn that a great deal of what I thought I knew about reptiles, and had been talking about all these years, was wrong; not just inaccurate but absolutely wrong. Even the simplest articles of my beliefs were miles away from the truth. No Australian snake will ever attack unless it is provoked; it invariably runs away. It does this because it is an intensely frightened and fragile creature; one blow on those delicate hairpin-thin bones will instantly break its back. Its poison is its only means of self-defense, and even this is not very effective; among all the varieties of Australian snakes—and there are a hundred and thirty-six of them—only ten are really deadly. The rest can do no more than inflict a sting like a wasp's. No lizard is poisonous, and none can inflict a wound that will not heal. No python ever dropped on a man out of a tree. Snakes are quite indifferent to music (the snake-charming act is a plain fraud), and they hate milk. Moreover, they are not in the least slimy or clammy. If you pick one up, you will find that it is warm and dry, and feels rather like a young baby's arm or leg. They are the cleanest of all creatures, and they have no smell; you can handle them all day and there is no odor whatever left on your hands.

Worrell has about a thousand snakes, which he milks for their venom. He does this by picking them up by their tails—they are not strong enough to coil themselves upward and bite him—and then, with a deft movement, grasping them just behind the head. Next, with his left hand, he presents to the snake a small glass beaker with a rubber membrane stretched across the opening. When the snake strikes, its two fangs, which are hollow, like hypodermic needles, penetrate the membrane, and a thin, pale fluid flows down into the glass. This fluid is dehydrated into a powder, which will keep fresh for a long time and is ultimately made into a liquid with which horses are injected. When the horses have attained the right amount of immunity, about a gallon of their blood is drawn off, purified, and used by hospitals as a snakebite serum. Worrell, a stocky, bearded man with very strong arms, moves with great delicacy—it is a juggler's poise and concentration—during these milking operations, and, for some reason, one does not ever fear that he will make a mistake

I happened to go down to Worrell's

farm because I was making a television film about Australian wildlife and, much as I hated snakes, it seemed only fair that they should be included in the show, if only as the villains of the piece. The place was more or less what you might have expected—the tropical snakes in warmed, glassed-in enclosures, and the others crawling around by the hundred in open pits. The only thing that divided the onlooker from the snakes in the pits was a low concrete wall, over which one leaned and felt one's flesh creep. Worrell jumped in, picked up a three-foot tiger snake by the tail, and held it out to me.

"Take it," he said.

"No," I said.

"I promise it won't bite you."

"No," I said.

"There's nothing for you to be afraid of."

"I don't care," I said. "I am not going to do it." And I didn't. Yet he was extraordinarily compelling; his confidence was infectious.

While the cameras were being set up, he pointed out to me a sheet of corrugated iron that was lying on a low, flat mound in the sunshine. "Under this there are about forty blacksnakes," he said. "Now come and sit here and lift it up. It will make an excellent shot."

"What will happen?" I asked from my side of the wall.

"They will move quietly away."

"How?"

"Some will go off in that direction. Others will just slither across your lap and disappear."

"No," I said.

"You're not frightened, are you?"

"You bet I'm frightened."

"All right. *I'll* sit here and lift the sheet of iron. You stand alongside me. I tell you, you will not be bitten."

Strangely, I felt better after I had climbed over the wall, and I felt no real desire to jump back again when he lifted up the iron sheet. There they lay, black, intertwined with one another and gleaming in the sunshine, and with that kind of numbness that overtakes one in a car accident—a sense of fatalistic passivity—I watched them placidly slither away. This was Round 1, and we moved on to the pythons.

We did a good deal of filming that day among both the snakes and the lizards, and I found that as time went on I was able to go into their pits as long as Worrell was with me, and preferably in front of me. But I could not bear to be left alone, even when I

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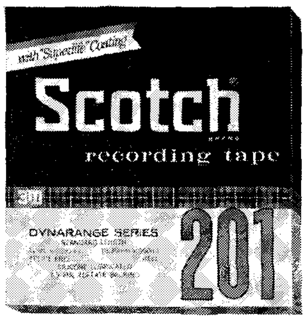

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was assured that the snakes at my feet were not venomous. There was an alligator in a pond at the back of the snake houses, and I even warmed a little to this monster when Worrell told me its history. For fourteen years, it had lived in a small concrete pit in the Sydney Zoo, and for some reason the authorities there decided one day that they wanted to get rid of it. They offered it to Worrell, who accepted gladly. Somehow, he and his men netted the great brute, got it into a truck, and drove it back to Gosford—a strange travelling companion on that crowded highway. They did not know quite what would happen when they liberated the alligator in the pond. They soon saw. For two days, it threshed about in the muddy water, mad with joy. It rolled over, it clawed at the banks of the pool and threw up the mud, and if an alligator's yawning jaws can demonstrate inexpressible delight, then that is exactly what happened. For a long time, the beast followed Worrell along the fence of its enclosure whenever he appeared, and would take food only from his hand.

The pythons, however, were a little disappointing, since they were all coiled up asleep, and at dinner that night I said to Worrell, "I wonder what they are doing now?"

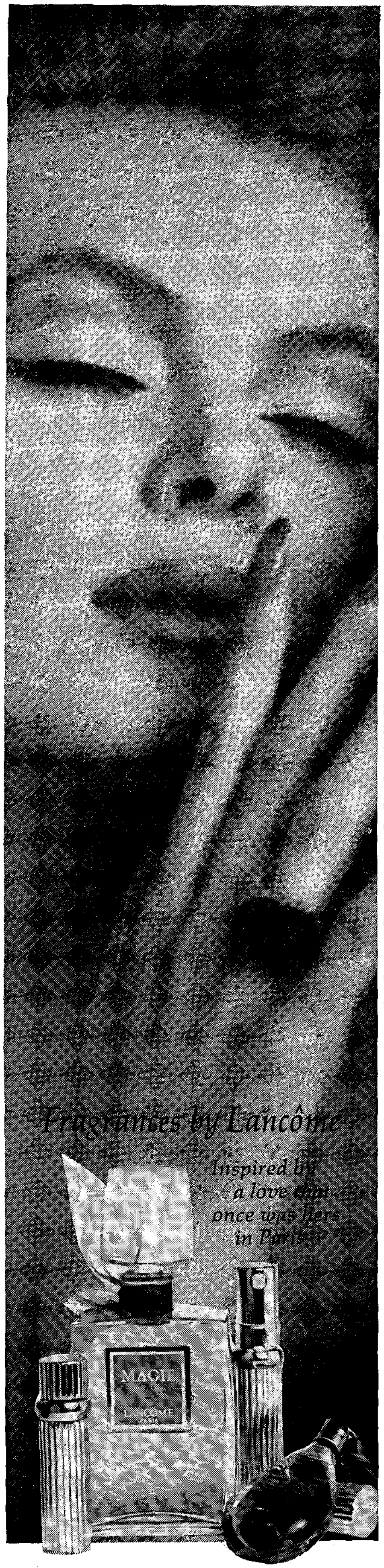
"Let's go and see," he said.

On the way over to their enclosure, we paused to look in on some young tiger snakes that Worrell was keeping a special eye on. He picked one up and handed it to me. "Take it," he said.

We had had a good dinner, and Australian wines these days are almost up to the quality of the French. I took it, holding it by the tail and well out from my body, and then quickly handed it back.

It was a ridiculously small incident, of course, but privately I felt, with elation, that I had crossed some kind of neurotic frontier of the mind, and I went on eagerly to see the pythons. They were housed in a series of small, warmed rooms with glass fronts, and in a gentle artificial light we could see that they had uncoiled themselves from the dead logs and branches on which they had been asleep all day. Their sleek heads and perhaps as much as three or four feet of their bodies swayed to and fro through the air with a strange questing motion. It was as though they were looking beyond us, searching for something in the darkness outside. Back and forth they went, in a slow, compulsive rhythm. It was exceedingly beautiful, and it had the mesmerizing effect that is sometimes

PHOTO/WILL ROUSSEAU



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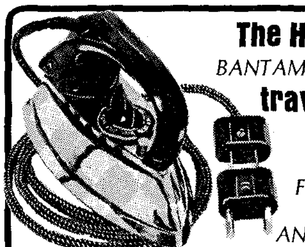

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produced when one looks down into a rock pool and sees there long strands of seaweed that are drawn first this way and then that by some invisible current.

"Come on," Worrell said. "Let's go inside."

"Have they eaten?"

"As a matter of fact, they have. But it wouldn't have mattered anyway."

He unlocked the door of a cage where some half-dozen scrub pythons—it was difficult to tell just how many—were moving about. They took no notice of us at all as we stepped inside, and it was at least reassuring that they moved so deliberately and slowly. On the other side of the glass, the television crew were setting up their cameras, and it was an odd business being on the inside looking out. None of the cameramen smiled or waved; they simply peered at us standing there among the slowly writhing bodies as though we were part of the exhibit, and I began to have the feeling that I, too, ought to be swaying back and forth and putting on some sort of show.

"Even if I angered one of them," Worrell said, "I could still calm it down again. Look."

He took his handkerchief from his pocket and fluttered it before the head of the nearest python. At once, it drew back its head and coiled its great body into an "S," ready to strike. Worrell pocketed his handkerchief and reached forward to take hold of the python behind its head. He was a little too slow. The head darted forward like a piece of elastic that had suddenly been let go, and the two cruel jaws clamped themselves on his hand between his thumb and fingers. Blood spouted out, and it must have been horribly painful, but he calmly prised the jaws apart, and as the python turned away, he went after it, murmuring to it, reaching forward to it, stroking it. And the python did in fact subside. Presently, Worrell was able to take it up, and it coiled itself around him, settling down comfortably around his waist and shoulders. Although I had taken no part in these proceedings, I had—one searches for a phrase—a good conceit of myself for having been there in the cage and only a couple of feet away when the bite was made, and it was a little galling to discover when we emerged that the cameramen had run out of film and had recorded nothing of the incident.

Next day, there was a telephone call from a farmhouse about five miles away. "A snake got into my little boy's bedroom last night," the woman there said. "A big one. Now it's gone out

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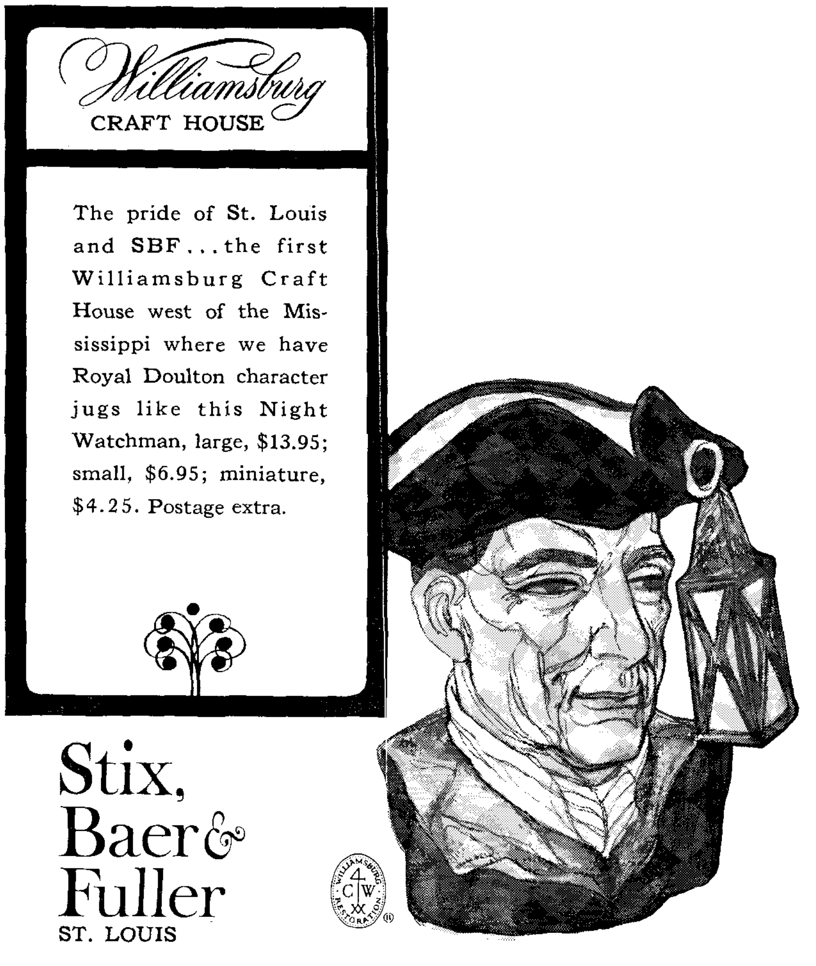
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into the shed, and it's coiled around the rafters there."

Worrell gets many calls like this, since all the local people know that he is an eccentric who actually likes snakes and wants as many as he can get for his collection.

"All right," he said. "I'll come."

When we arrived at the farm, we found an old man leaning over the gate, obviously on the lookout for us.

"You got a snake here?" Worrell asked.

The old man jerked his thumb back in the direction of a large wooden shed in the yard. "He's there," he said.

It was a diamond python, six or seven feet long, and I found that after the experiences of the previous day I could look on it not as an object of horror but as a living creature—even more than that, as an object of great beauty. There were marvellous markings on its greenish-yellowish head, and its diamond-patterned coils flowed around the rafter like some flowering tropical creeper that had grown up out of the ground.

The woman and the rest of the farmer's family now arrived. "The snake is harmless," Worrell said. "It will not attack your little boy or any of you. On the contrary, it will do a great deal of good around the farm by killing off the vermin."

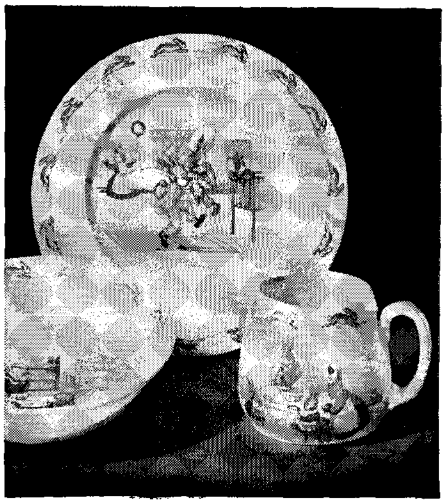
"Take it away," the woman said.

"You don't want rats and mice around the place, do you?" Worrell said.

"Take it away."

He got a sack out of his car and told me to hold it open while he clambered up onto a wooden box and began to disengage the snake from the rafter. It was very neatly done. First one coil was loosened, then the next, and then, at the right moment, he took the snake by the neck and dropped it into the sack. I fancied I heard a sigh of relief go up from the family.

I had a fellow-feeling for that snake—it really was a very beautiful thing—and I went back to see it in its enclosure at Worrell's place several times that day. Snakes are sluggish creatures, comfort-loving and not very intelligent. This one had coiled itself down in the warmth and was happy. When they wanted a picture of me with a python, I had no hesitation in choosing this one. As with small babies, the thing with pythons is to hold them not gingerly but firmly. In that way, you give them confidence. This one wrapped itself around me two or three times, shifted its position a little until it was really comfortable, and then went



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into a doze. It would be a lie to say that I was not frightened, but at least I was not in a panic. I felt that I had a certain rapport with the creature, and that it was not going to bite me any more than it would have bitten a tree on which it might have chosen to rest.

As I have said, I did not come away from Worrell's farm with the sense of having had a revelation about snakes, but I felt quite certain that never again would I look on them in exactly the same way. From now on, they would not be an implacable evil, and I would not wish to kill them on sight. I would know that they were not going to attack me, that they had a place in the natural scheme of things, and that, when seen with a detached eye, they had much beauty, and much grace in all their movements. In short, the myth was broken—the myth that was compounded of so many warnings from my parents, of Kipling's horrific short story of Rikki-tikki-tavi, and of so many bad snake dreams and snake fears in my childhood. All this gave me a certain glow of satisfaction—plus, I must admit, a slight feeling of superiority.

And, of course, I was entirely wrong again. One does not recover from ingrained irrational fears quite as easily as this. Not three months after I had left Worrell, I came across a little adder one day when I was walking along a dry watercourse, and instantly habit reasserted itself: I grabbed a stick and beat it to death. I was sorry afterward, and excused myself on the ground that it might have bitten someone who inadvertently stepped upon it in the grass—but then I am not absolutely sure that I would not do the same thing again. Which leads one to the uncomfortable thought that the world must be filled with people who are convinced that mice are going to run up their legs, and that bats will get into their hair, and that spiders will always bite them, and that walls are going to close in on them, and that they are bound to jump off if they look down from a great height, and that God knows how many other fearful delusions bedevil our minds from earliest childhood, and that some of us are never really going to get over them.

—ALAN MOOREHEAD

•

According to the bureau statement, the sergeant and the Russian met in June, 1065, in a rural area of nearby Arlington County, in Virginia, where Mr. Malinin questioned the airman about his Pentagon duties.—*The Times.*

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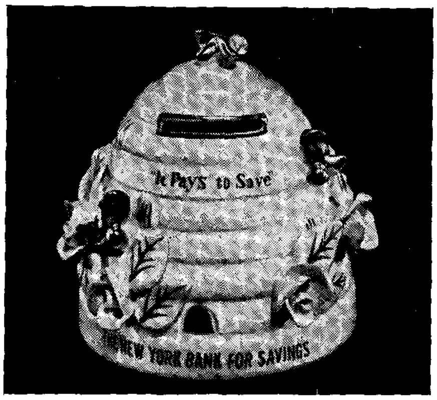

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THE ART GALLERIES

Old-Timers' Week

ONE of the most charming distinctions the Impressionists may claim is that they were just about the last truly happy school of artists to appear. At least, there was no group like them for a long time afterward. No sooner do I say this than I realize that objections may be raised. The Dadaists were a merry group, and so, in their way, were the Surrealists. So, too, it might almost be said, are the Pop artists we have with us now. But in each case qualifications exist. There is in the attitude of the Pop school a good deal of condescension, which relieves their work of lightheartedness and turns their laughter partly into a snigger. On the other hand, a certain desperation underlay the merriment of the Dadaists, and this might be said in even greater degree of the Surrealists. Both these movements arose in the uneasy period between wars, and the men of both groups, being artists, became aware of the tensions and the menaces in the atmosphere earlier and more clearly than the majority, even if they could not precisely trace the causes; theirs, then, was a case of laughing that they might not weep, and I think this accounts in large part for the trace of the hysterical—especially among the Surrealists—in their painting.

The Impressionists were to my mind the only ones who quite simply enjoyed life as it unfolded itself around them and the possibilities it offered to an artist—enjoyed it, indeed, almost openmouthed, in spite of all the difficulties life presented. We tend to forget, after all the years between, how cruel their hardships were, and how implacable and relentless was their persecution by the academicians. Then, when art galleries as we know them were nearly nonexistent, the official annual salons were the making or the breaking of an artist. Acceptance and a favorable notice meant success; rejection meant life in a vacuum, ignominy. Yet though their numbers were growing and their influence was spreading, the Impressionists were rejected more or less en bloc year after year, and when, finally, in the middle eighteen-seventies, they began giving

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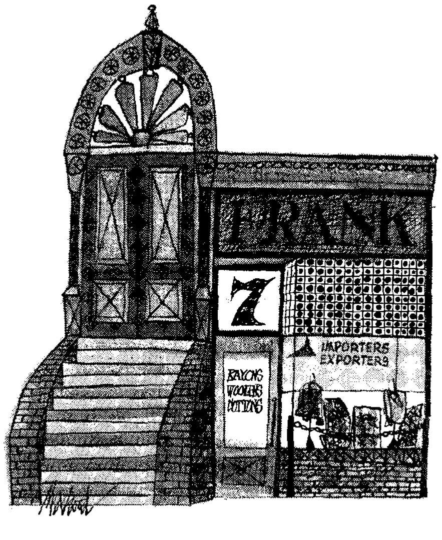
independent exhibitions in self-defense, they were attacked so mercilessly (and unanimously) that one suspects a concerted purpose behind it.

All this discourse hinges on a remarkably comprehensive and indeed just about definitive loan exhibition of paintings by Alfred Sisley at the Wildenstein. If Sisley, in his work, must be ranked among the most spontaneous and joyous-seeming of all the Impressionists, he was, in life, one of the most hard-pressed and persecuted, and his career was marked by the most violent of ups and downs. As his name indicates, he was the one Englishman in the school, but he was so merely in background. His parents were British, but he was born in Paris, in 1839. His father was agent for a firm of exporters, and Sisley lived nearly all his life in France, mostly in the country round about Paris. In all respects his beginnings were auspicious. His father was prosperous, and though he had hoped that his son would follow him into commerce he made no difficulty when Sisley, in his early twenties, opted for a career as an artist. This was in 1862, and his choice of art schools—Charles Gleyre's—had its fortunate side, for while Gleyre was a mediocre painter, it was in his classrooms that Sisley met three other young artists—Renoir, Monet, and Bazille—who were, with him and a few others, to form the nucleus of the Impressionist movement. Through these early years, Sisley's role, like Manet's, was to be the gifted, well-to-do amateur, the member of the *jeunesse dorée* who could paint as he wished without worry about money. With the advent of war, in 1870, his father's business, beset by the stringencies of the siege, plunged to ruin; a short time later his father died, and Sisley was forced not only to work for a living but to scramble for it. His life was mainly hand-to-mouth from then



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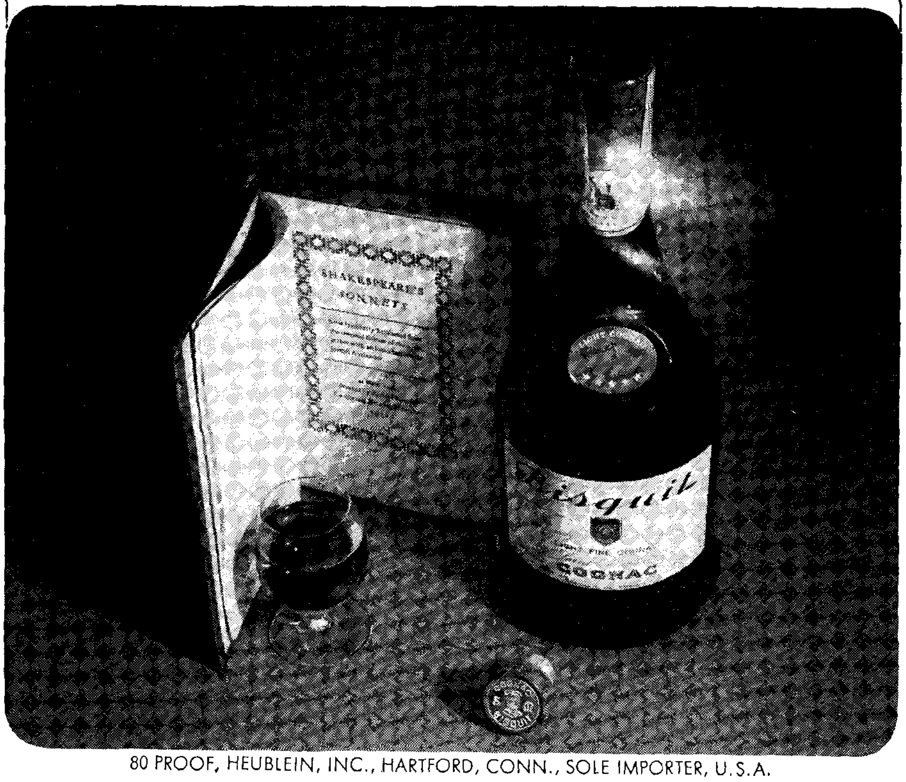

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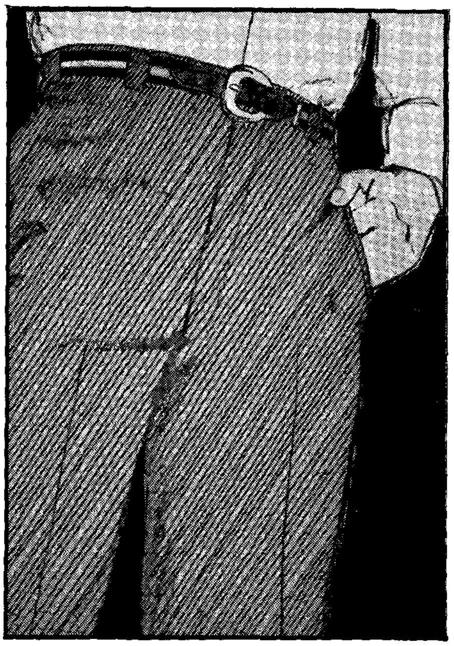
on, and if it hadn't been for that remarkable man, Paul Durand-Ruel, who backed him with loans, purchases, and encouragements—like some others who had faith in him—he might never have survived.

What impresses one about all this—and, for that matter, about the lives of Monet, van Gogh, Renoir, Pissarro, and so many of the others—is the incredible amount of dedication to his work that each man displayed, equalled, it should be added, by that of the wives, who, after *all,* also had to endure the privations, hunger rations, evictions, and similar harassments and humiliations. Through it all, it seems never to have occurred to Sisley, or to his wife, born Marie Lescouezec (and a very pretty woman, as one sees her with Alfred in a double portrait by Renoir), that he should give up painting. Was it the venomousness of the attacks on him, and on his confreres, that stiffened his resistance? Whatever it was that steeled him, he kept plugging along, living most of the time in the small towns on the fringe of Paris—Marly-le-Roi, Louveciennes, Moret-sur-Loing, and so on—because it was cheaper that way, and because he had deliberately chosen landscape as his field of painting and this brought him nearer to it.

One prime requisite of the nonconformist painter is longevity. Whatever his earlier privations, if he lives long enough, as Monet and Renoir did, he may find himself basking in a warm glow of general adulation, while the pictures that his wife had stacked away unsold in his early days now can be released one by one at enormous prices. Poor Sisley did not live long enough to achieve even this backhanded triumph. He died, aged fifty-nine, of a combination of debilitating ailments, and one of his last letters asked a friend if he could recommend a doctor who would treat him but who "would not want more than a hundred or two hundred francs." As a final fillip, his last up came just too late. Only a few months after his death (his wife had died just a few months before, but a son and a daughter remained), the accumulation of unsold canvases in his studio was put up for auction, and in one of those unpredictable, inexplicable reverses of taste that have dotted the history of art the sale set in motion a vogue that in a short time drove his prices up to levels that Sisley would probably have regarded as simply unbelievable.

I am tempted to say that all this sounds like a soap opera, as of course it does. The odd thing about it is that the



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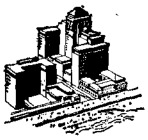

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downs of Sisley's career had so little effect on his work—which, after all, was also the case with his friends in the school. By coincidence, this is a big moment for the Impressionists, with sizable loan shows of Boudin (who, though technically not an Impressionist, can be taken to be, through his disciple and fellow-Havrois Monet, the daddy of the movement), at Hirschl & Adler, and of the American Maurice Prendergast, at Knoedler. Both these shows reveal an ability of the artist to immerse himself in nature to the exclusion of everything else. Sisley went the farthest of all in that direction, and it may be that in his (English?) reticence he went too far—in, that is, his refusal to impose his own emotionality on the natural phenomena he adored. He was too bland, too indecisive, and though in many of the pictures (I shall list only a few—"La Seine à Bougival," "Le Pont de Sèvres," the marvellous, sunny "L'Aqueduc de Marly") he conveys with the keenest perception both the physical aspects and the emotional evocations of the natural scene, there is a certain thinness in him, a lack of that indefinable force one feels in the work of some of his fellows, which weakens his impact. It may be that the artist, if he feels put upon, should raise more hell about it.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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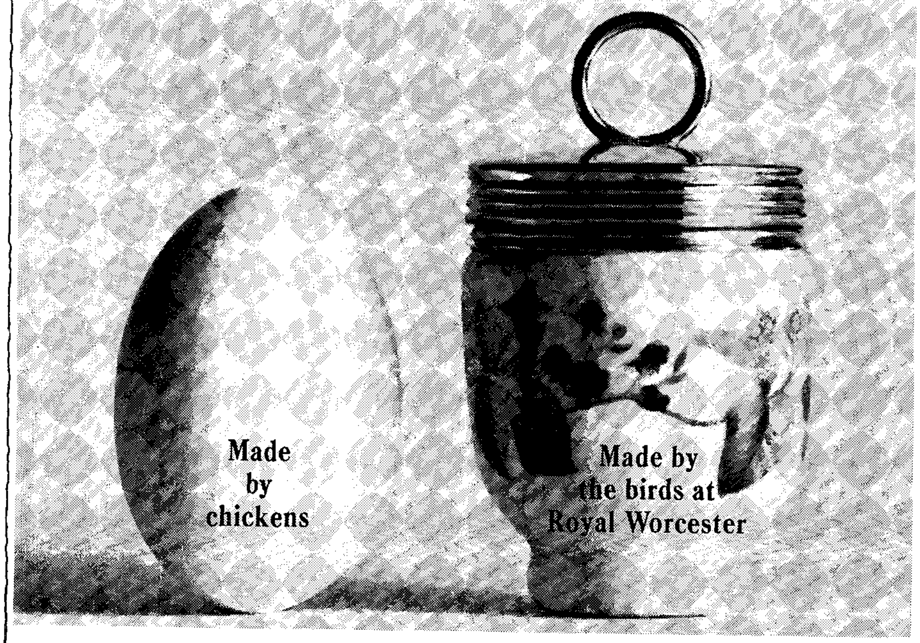

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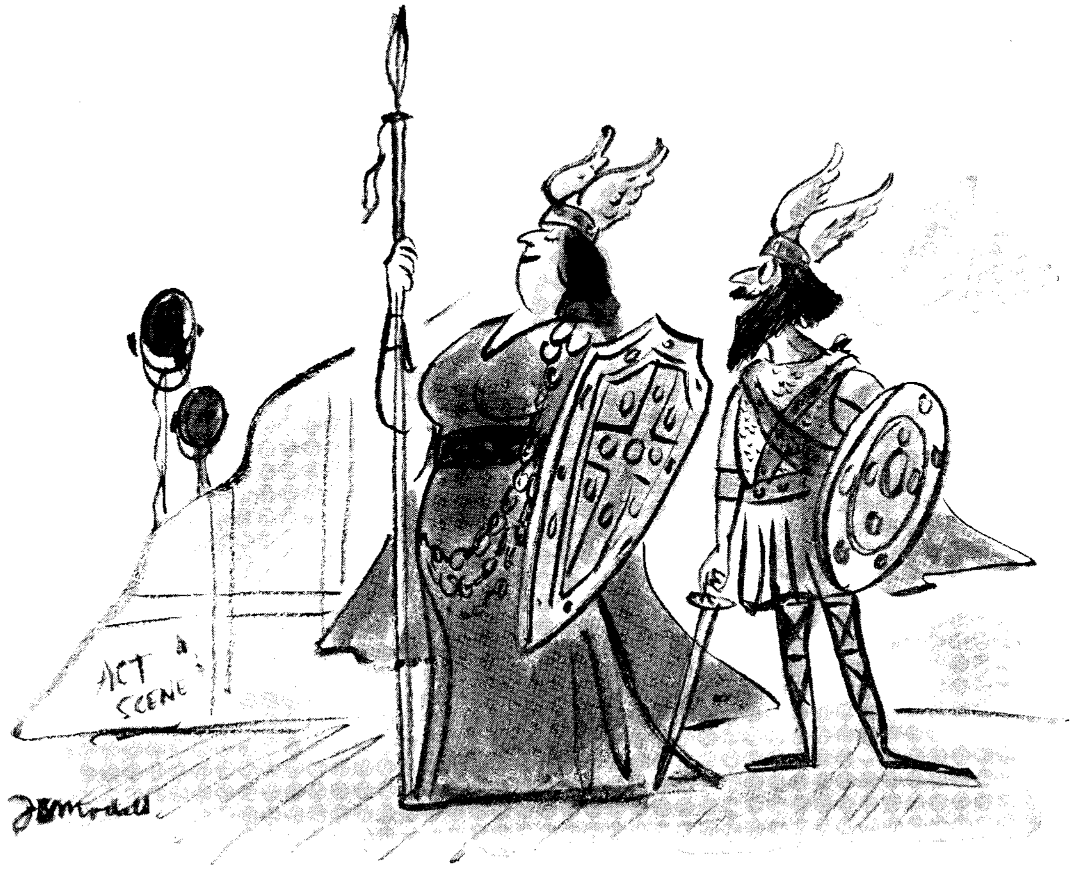
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 12

WHEN the voters sent Democratic majorities to Congress in off-year and on-year elections through most of the nineteen-fifties, it was rarely maintained that they were rebuking the Republican President or repudiating his Republican policies. It would have been a difficult case to make, for the President's standing with the public was always high, and if he had been eligible to run in 1960 and had chosen to do so, he would have won easily—and faced two more Democratic Congresses. Hardly anyone, however, seems to regard this week's elections as anything but a rebuke to the Democratic President and his policies, despite the fact that his party, unlike the Republican Party in President Eisenhower's day, won a good many more congressional seats than it lost. Though the sovereign people have seldom declared their many wills in such eccentric and contradictory ways, there is no doubt that the President has been rebuked—perhaps even as harshly as Richard Nixon and Barry Goldwater claim. For while the opinion polls have had their worst year since 1948, they have for some months now been recording a growing disenchantment with Lyndon Johnson; it may be somewhat more or somewhat less widespread than the polls show, but its existence seems undeniable. It is clear, moreover, that the public identifies Johnson more closely with his party than it ever identified Eisenhower with his. Eisenhower, though in fact more orthodox than Johnson in matters of party doctrine, had succeeded, as Johnson never has and probably never could, in cultivating the impression that he stood not only above his own party but above all parties and above politics altogether. Taken all in all, the increased Republican vote reflects a generalized dissatisfaction with the President and his stewardship. But, taken case by case—Ronald Reagan and Edward Brooke, the Republican governor of New York and the Republican governor-elect of Florida—it seems a hopelessly mixed bag, and almost useless as a guide to the country's state of mind.

Very few campaigns, even among those for senator or governor in the larger states, turned on the record of the national administration or on broad national issues. California may have been an exception—it almost always is—but if so, it was mainly a symbolic one. Though the debate there was principally concerned with state issues and with questions of public and private morality, the voters knew they were being called upon to choose between two men holding very different views on almost everything. In the election of Ronald Reagan, the far right can claim a victory every bit as significant as its success in getting the Republican Presidential nomination for Barry Goldwater two years ago. The senatorial campaign in Oregon was billed as a referendum on the war in Vietnam, with a Democratic hawk confronting a Republican dove. The dove won, but the outcome of the referendum remains in some doubt, for the dove, weeks before the election, had abandoned his perch and flown to one very near that of the hawk. When national issues arose in such states as New York, Illinois, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and New Jersey, they had little or no divisive impact. The rival candidates often responded by standing close together on the safest ground they could find. If the voice of the people was echoed in the pronouncements on Vietnam by the major candidates, it is a most uncertain voice indeed; from what the office seekers said, it could be concluded that administration policy has no strong support and no strong opposition. Few Republicans were critical of any major part of the administration's domestic record, and some of them—Senator Case, of New Jersey, being a conspicuous example—actually campaigned on that record. The Democrats have lost three seats in the Senate, but this does not mean that the administration has lost three votes.

It is being said, by melancholy members of the White House staff as well as by Republican leaders, that the real rebuke to the President was delivered by the voters who retired most of the new and predominantly youthful Democratic congressmen who were elected when he headed the ticket in 1964. These forty-odd newcomers frequently provided the administration's margin of victory in the Eighty-ninth Congress, and for these misdeeds, according to the explanations currently being advanced,



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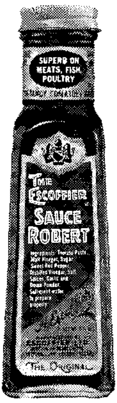
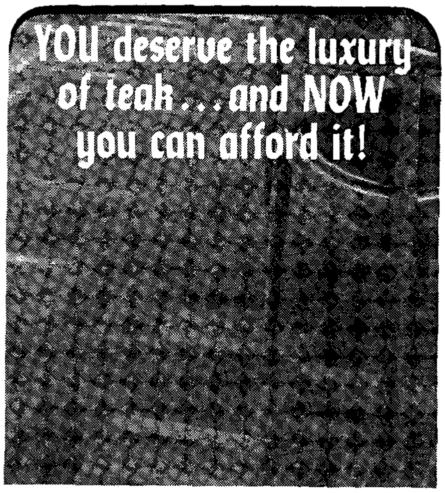


their constituents have recalled them. Though there will be sixty-one more Democrats than Republicans in the next House of Representatives, there is no doubt that the administration's power will be substantially reduced by the loss of much of this political avant-garde. But the defeat of Democrats in states like Iowa, Ohio, and Indiana is hardly a sign that there has been any sudden change in the political climate. What is extraordinary is the fact that any of them were ever elected at all. When Iowa, which in the Eighty-eighth Congress had a House delegation made up of six Republicans and one Democrat, sent to the Eighty-ninth Congress a delegation of six Democrats and one Republican, politicians who managed to keep their wits about them knew that the balance of nature had been disturbed, that a situation existed which *could not possibly last.* The man responsible for that disturbance was not Lyndon Johnson but Barry Goldwater, whose remarkable presence temporarily disoriented the electorate and led it into all sorts of unnatural behavior. When Iowans regret their excesses and replace four of the six Democrats with Republicans, it is not to be concluded that they have changed their view of the President and his program; rather, it is to be concluded that they have groped their way out of the storm cellar and, observing clear skies and a bright sun, have returned to such customary pursuits as sending Republicans to Congress. Actually, it is a source of some surprise to many observers here that the Democrats held on to several districts in which Republicans, unstrung by the giddy events of 1964, violated their ancient traditions and voted for Democrats. In many places, the fever has not altogether subsided. Even Iowa retained one of its new Democrats. And in New York's mid-Hudson Valley, a region in which it used to be thought that only men threatened by blackmail or violence accepted Democratic nominations, two Democrats aberrantly elected in 1964 retained their seats, and one of them—Joseph Y. Resnick, an activist who generally stands far out on the left flank of his party—won by more than six thousand votes over an attractive and intelligent Republican candidate who proudly bears a once invincible name, Hamilton Fish, Jr. Plainly, the natural order of things has not yet been completely restored.

If "liberalism" is largely a matter of passing as many new laws as possible and "conservatism" is a matter of passing as few as possible, the Ninetieth Congress will be more conservative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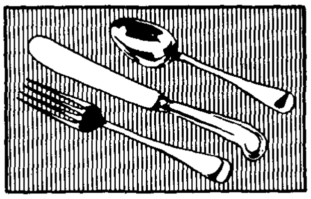

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than the Eighty-ninth. But this would have been the case even if the electorate had simply returned all incumbents in both houses. In the months preceding the campaign, the legislative tempo had slowed perceptibly, and the leaders were urging that the next Congress devote itself to a study of the workings of the new legislation and to making such changes as seemed to be called for. There will be less new legislation and less money with which to implement the old. It seems unlikely, though, that there will be any sharp movement to the right or any reconstitution of the coalition of Republican conservatives and Southern Democrats that held the balance of power through the forties and fifties. The Republican element in that coalition was severely battered in the elections of 1958, 1960, and 1962, and in the disaster of 1964 most of the survivors were relieved of their duties. When that year's returns were subjected to close scrutiny by the Party leaders in the large Eastern and Midwestern states, it seemed clear to them that although they could blame their greatest misfortunes on Barry Goldwater, this was not quite the whole story. Some candidates received more inconsiderate treatment from the voters than others, and almost invariably the ones accorded the severest punishment were those who had devoted their time and energies to causes that had been lost before the first election of Grover Cleveland. The few who had hung on through 1964—for example, John Lindsay, in New York, and George Romney, in Michigan—were men who had come to terms with this century. Enjoying the usual rights of survivorship, Lindsay, Romney, and the others were influential in choosing the 1966 candidates and in setting the tone of their campaigns. It would therefore be surprising if many of the Republican winners in 1966 simply took up where the 1964 losers had left off. What is to be hoped for is that the brighter and livelier spirits among them will do what they can to clear the air here and make intelligent controversy once more a part of political life. This is something the Democrats could not possibly do with Lyndon Johnson as their leader and with overwhelming majorities in both houses.

If Ronald Reagan's success is set aside as a special case, George Romney is the year's biggest winner, and, in what appears to be the view of most people here, he now leads all contenders for his party's Presidential

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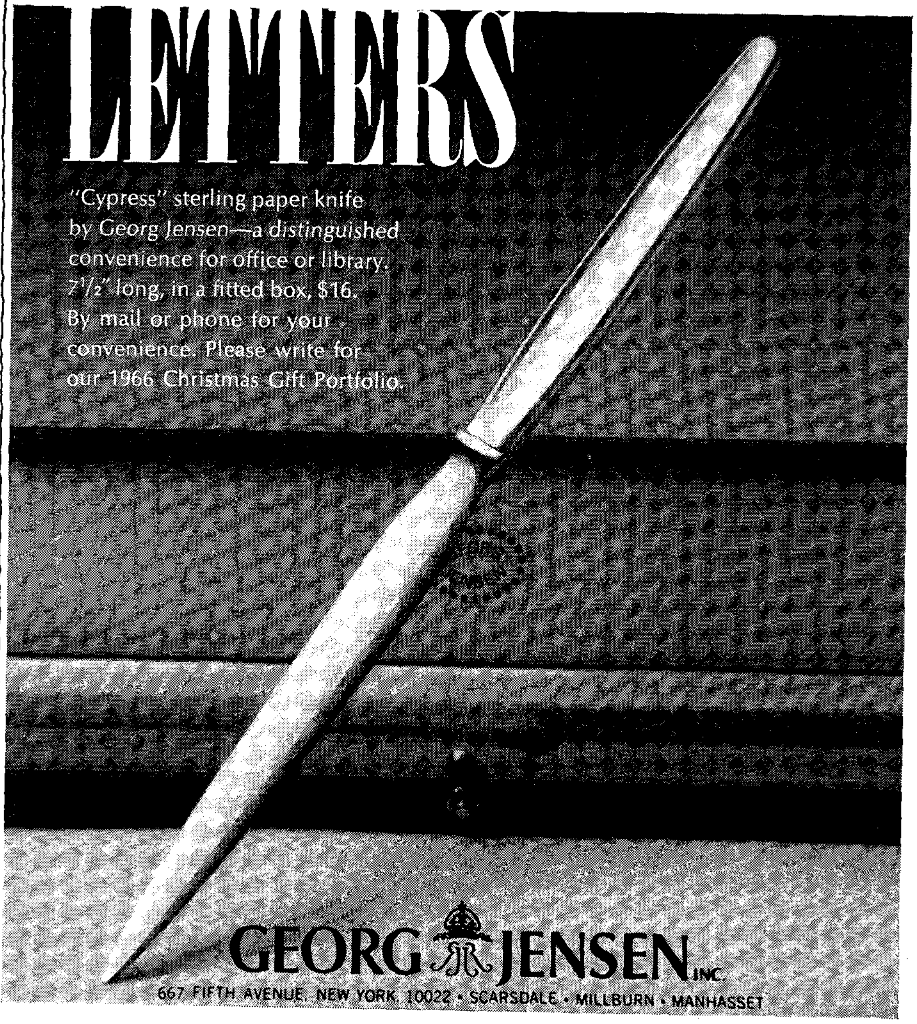

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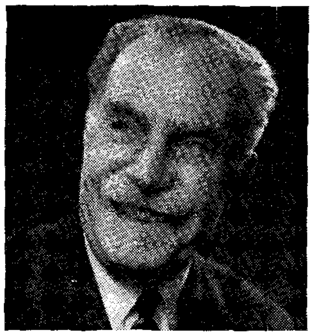

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nomination in 1968. A minority of observers, though, think it most unlikely that his party is yet ready for him. The elections may have restored the two-party system, but there is no evidence that they have made the Republican Party whole. Mr. Goldwater and his followers have been saying that the 1968 Party Convention is bound to be as painfully divided as the one in 1964, and all the known facts support this forecast. The rightists who took over the Party machinery in most of the South and West are still in control. Now, in California, they will direct the government of the largest state. Their victory there may put some of them into a more accommodating mood, but it is hard to imagine them carrying accommodation to the point of accepting the leadership of anyone who declined to accept Goldwater's leadership two years ago. Indeed, it would be a rare situation in any party for a defector in one election to be chosen to lead the ticket in the next. There are some Eastern Republicans who would be just as happy to enter a campaign without the support of the hard-core rightists. They maintain that their numbers are insignificant and that they lose more votes than they win. If it were merely a matter of votes, such reasoning might prevail. But the Republican right is the source of much of the Party's money and much of its political energy. It would seem, therefore, that to achieve any kind of unity and strength in 1968 the Party would have to nominate either a candidate who supported the ticket in 1964 and at the same time maintained a reasonably good relationship with the Easterners or one who was not part of the scene at all in 1964. Somewhere there may be a Republican general or businessman or university president who managed to avoid any public commitment two years ago and is qualified by silence and obscurity to run for President in 1968. But there is one man who at present awaits the honor and is qualified not by silence and obscurity but by hard work, experience, and careful planning—Richard M. Nixon. To quite a few people here, he seems to be the only Republican who could command all factions in 1968.

IT was clear before the election ever got under way that the war in Vietnam was not an issue that candidates of any persuasion could put to effective use. The administration did not lack for opposition, but the opposition was itself bitterly divided, so that in fact there were three camps, and

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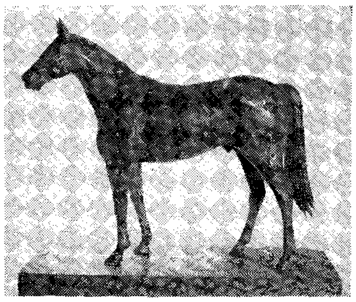

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any candidate who settled down in one would be sniped at from the two others. Uneasiness about the war probably had something to do with the gains that the Republicans made at all levels, but it is impossible to divine a mandate in mere restlessness. One real danger in the situation seems already to have been averted. This was that Hanoi and Peking would interpret any sizable shift in the balance of power here as a sign that the American masses were getting ready to overthrow the Johnson administration. The first reports out of Peking suggest that its rulers are somewhat more sophisticated about American politics than they were thought to be, and that they are aware that the elections give them no cause whatever for jubilation. To be sure, this could lead them to conclude that now is the time for some kind of preemptive escalation on their part. It may do just that, but most people here think this less likely than a sober reassessment—if anything like sobriety is possible in a country in such disorder as China now appears to be—of the high price of disdaining a negotiated settlement. At any rate, it is considered a gain of sorts for the message to have got through that President Johnson is for the time being secure in his role as Commander-in-Chief, and that it is unlikely in the extreme that he will appoint Wayne Morse as Secretary of State or Defense.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

MOST FASCINATING INVESTMENT ADVICE OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Santa Monica* (*Calif.*) *Evening Outlook*]

(Q) "I know you get hundreds of letters, but I'm a persistent person and I'm going to try. I'd like to buy stocks for holding perhaps 25 years until I reach retirement age. Do you still like American Heritage and would you name one drug and two growth utilities?" H. T.

(A) I like persistence when it is not simply a mask for stubbornness. Your question is reasonable and interesting.

•

LONDON, Oct. 15 (AP)—British police are experimenting with air samples in the hope they can be used like fingerprints to track down criminals.

The samples, taken at the scene of a crime, are analyzed by an instrument called a gas chromatograph. Using this device, police say gasses and participles in the air can give clues to a criminal's physical build, the sort of work he does and where he has been just before the crime.

—*The World Journal Tribune.*

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Suzanne Thierry, Paris—Parfum $30 an ounce plus tax.

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FOOTBALL

Taps

THE ceremony—a solemn affair until toward the very end—that went on up in New Haven (and slowly indeed it went) was in essence an in-memoriam for teams that might have been, or for the performers who might have been. Yale, making do for weeks without Dowling at quarterback, had to do without Hill, too, for he had been laid low in a traffic accident in the match with Pennsylvania the week before; Princeton, making do without a number of substantial citizens for some time, had to do without Peters and Baby as well, for they had gone awry in the match with Harvard the week before. Then, on Princeton's first move against Yale, Bracken was put out of action, and the low clouds and the persistent drizzle became the completely appropriate setting. Neither of the bands thought to strike up "Götterdämmerung." At that, it must have been a good game to watch (Princeton coming from behind in the last minutes to win going away, 13–7), but Yale Bowl was not the place to find that out. The exigencies of television required that the outing begin twenty-one minutes late and end forty-five minutes late. (The authorities had to show the air audience some drag-racing sequences.) Prime time on the air, I'm told, is 8 P.M. As soon as A.B.C. has equipped the college stadiums with floodlights, the Ivy League and the rest can be kicking off when the Jets do, and I expect that they will. What *was* apparent in the midnight darkness of the fourth quarter in New Haven was that someone blocked a Yale punt and someone else scooped up the ball and ran for a Princeton touchdown. For those who are still wondering (there were plenty of customers on the train back to New York who were puzzled), the blocker was Kozumbo, the Princeton captain, and the scooper was Stupski, who the week before had, with two mighty tackles, started Harvard toward its first defeat of the fall.

This brings up once again the argument about the weakness of T-formation centers, who are so accustomed to simply handing the ball to the quarterback (instead of spraying it backward to whatever man is to lug it next) that when it is time to snap it rearward to a punter, the *un*accustomed toss can

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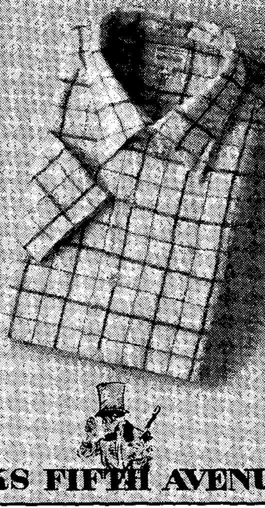

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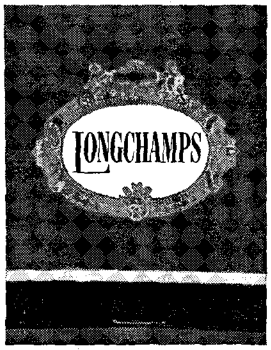

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go wrong. So it did this time. The ball hit the turf instead of the punter's hands, and he had to run right and grapple for it—not quite fast enough, for the kick bounced yards and yards off Kozumbo's chest, and Stupski, a rapid mover, was a furlong ahead of any pursuit when he reached the ball. The four-man Princeton escort that tailed him downfield was an act of supererogation if I ever saw one. And this brings up another matter. Earlier in the day, the Yale and Princeton freshman teams met outside the Bowl. The guests won, 14–0, but that is not the point. Schopf, the Princeton center, comes from a T-formation high-school team, and whenever Princeton had to punt, Respess, a prep-school boy and a much better passer from center, was inserted in his stead to zoom the ball back to the punter.

If there wasn't any Hill in the Bowl, there were Barrows and Kule and Fisher, running valiantly in his boots, and a Yale right end, Weinstein, of enormous skill, and doughty fielding of Princeton punts by Levin, and great Yale defense work by Greenlee, Greenberg, and Hilgendorf. And if there wasn't any Peters or very much Bracken, there were swift maneuvers by James as Princeton's catcher of punts (he has moved punts for more mileage than anyone else in the country this fall) and as Princeton's tailback. Understaffed though the match was, it was still the one to watch last Saturday (if you don't suffer from night blindness), and one that—like so many Ivy League games lately—had a nifty surprise ending.

COLUMBIA had another surprise ending; it put down Pennsylvania, 22–14, for the first *happy* ending Columbia has had in more than a season, and Dartmouth worked on a further surprise ending—its own downfall—for most of the afternoon, then thought better of it and put down Cornell, 32–23. Brown has always been in excellent position against Harvard, catching it between the matches it most wants to take—against Princeton and Yale—but position wasn't everything, or anything, on Saturday: Harvard 24, Brown 7, as neat an imbalance of power as has ever occurred in this venerable series of meetings. There was gallantry by battered Army—Army 6, California 3. Notre Dame, whose count against Duke was quite too awful to mention, will go on and on, and so will the Jets and the Giants. It is easy to see where unequalled Notre Dame is going; it is not so easy to see where the Jets and the Giants are going—at all, at all.

—J. W. L.

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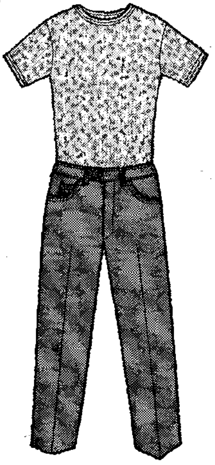

tender

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Sweet father I have shrunk a bit
I think I know
although I think you see me grow
and so I do
although although
sweet father

I can tell when it began
Before I was a full grown man
I was a child the child was
and then I thought and now I know
and so apparently I grow
sweet father

How far to go How far to go
All clocks agreed the child ran slow
and so it did a little man
before the hours began to know
the time before a cock could crow
or I woke up sweet father

Before the hours began to know
I ran easily if slow
according to the clock and still outran it
which left me large which made you small
I saw you ticking on a wall
stricken with time sweet father

I learned the minutes pain by pain
I saw them pass and come again
I watched how fear wound up and struck
I learned what discipline it took
to tick You could not falter
on your wall sweet father

You could not falter on your wall
With steady hands you measured out
the world on which all clocks agreed
that bound and rounded every sense
into the fixed circumference
of time and need sweet father

When I was large and you were small
I still had room inside one head
for any other world instead
of one the one on which all clocks agree
the one that I have grown to see
outgrow me in our time sweet father

It grew in me with time until
what was inside and once a part
outgrew me and stood out
locked and common under a vault of sky
that shall not open
while the habitual clock it ticks in me

It ticks I measure now what I can see
who see you leaving time behind
sweet father I would stop
to see you in eternity
but my enormous children crawl
I must not falter on my wall

—JON SWAN

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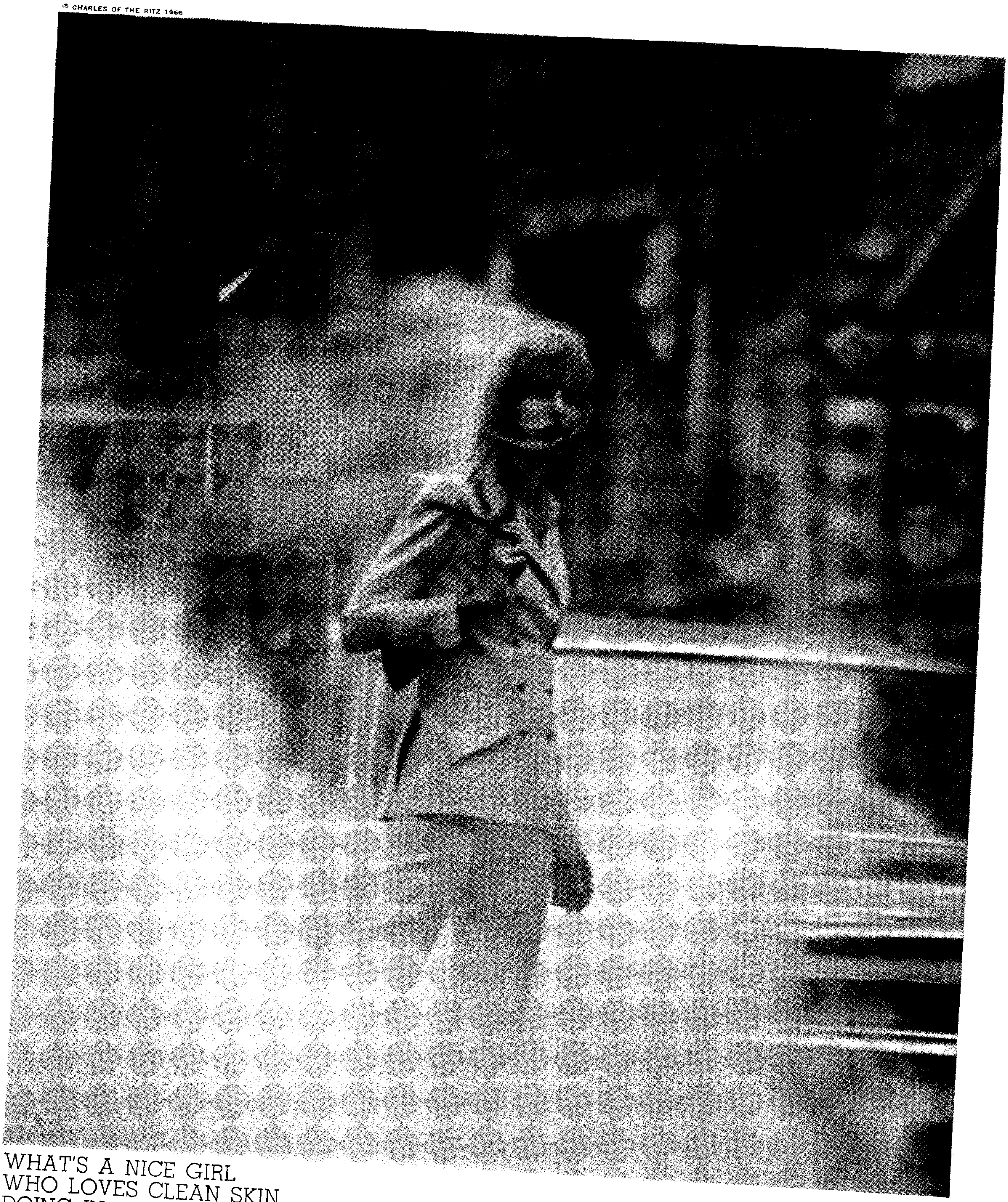

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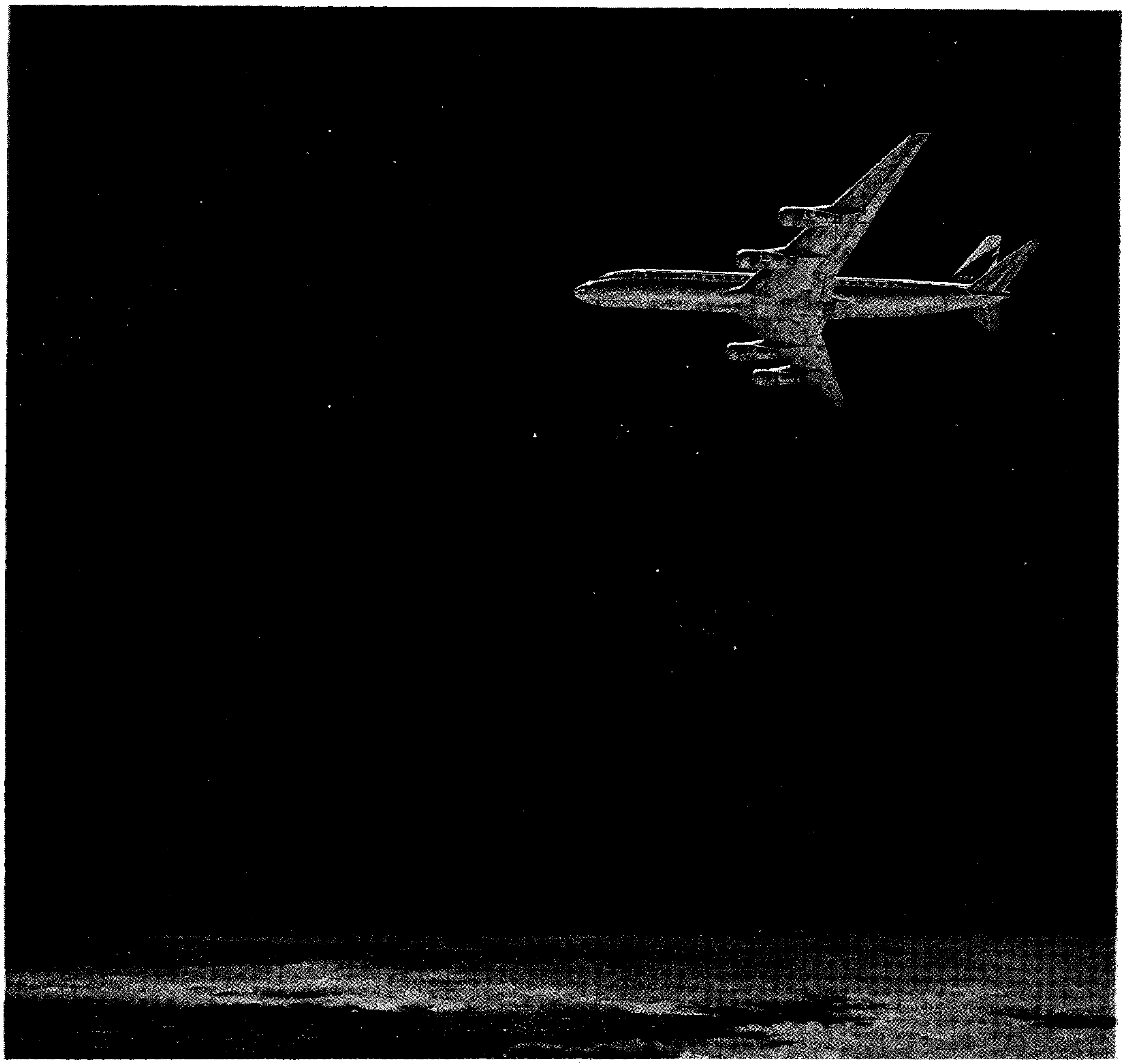

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TWO PEOPLE AND A CLOCK ON THE WALL

Mrs. Bowers asked Melinda if she was afraid of the dark.

It wasn't the first time Melinda had been asked. She said, "Yes," and then leaned forward, creaking the legs of her folding chair, and stared out across the porch.

"Yes what?" her Aunt Sony reminded her.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Now, Sony, leave her be," said Mrs. Bowers. "I am trying to get to the bottom of this." But for all her businesslike ways, Mrs. Bowers didn't seem to know where to go from there. She turned back to Melinda and found her staring at a cornfield across the road, with her chopped blond hair hiding all but the curve of one cheek, and for once not uttering a word. (Melinda was at an age when she talked from morning to night—twelve years old, just before thirteen, when she would clam up and not speak for years.) "*Well*, now," Mrs. Bowers began, but when Melinda gave no sign she had heard, she let her voice trail off and turned back to Melinda's Aunt Sony.

"*I* don't know," Aunt Sony said. She shrugged, and then stopped halfway through, smoothing her dress down to turn the hem of it up and examine a loose thread.

Mrs. Bowers shrugged, too, turning her hands palms upward. For three evenings now, she had been coming to this house, winding her way down the red clay road until she reached Sony Elliott's front porch, and then settling herself in a split-bottom rocker, with a little puff of red dust that rose from all her clothes. She had borne and raised seven children, and when she heard that Melinda was being sent here she had promised to look in from time to time to see how things were going.

Melinda made Sony nervous. All children did, but especially Melinda, running wild in her brothers' dungarees and talking non-stop and forever dropping things. And the worst, of course, was the sleepwalking. Whenever she thought of that, Sony rocked harder and harder in her chair and counted her fat old fingers like rosary beads. "It's just not *natural*-seeming," she would say to Mrs. Bowers. She had said the same to her brother Ben, when he called to tell her they were sending Melinda for a visit. He said Melinda had started sleepwalking right out her bedroom window and onto the roof

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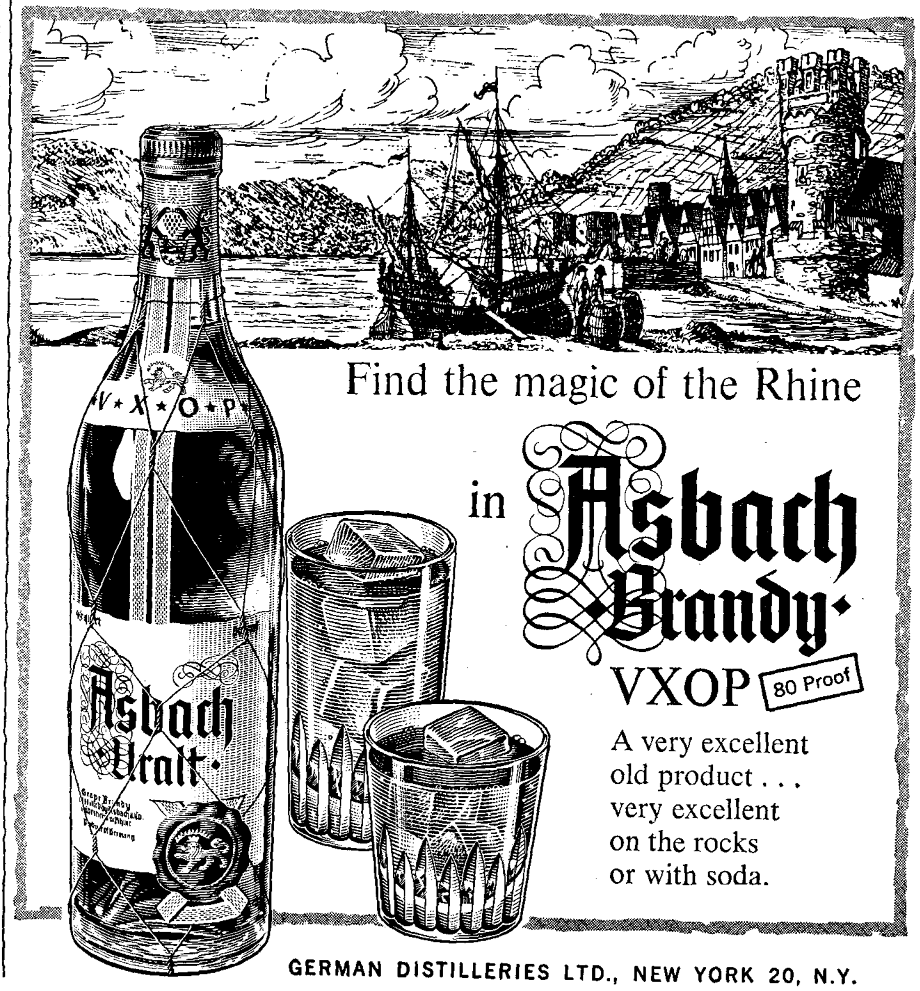

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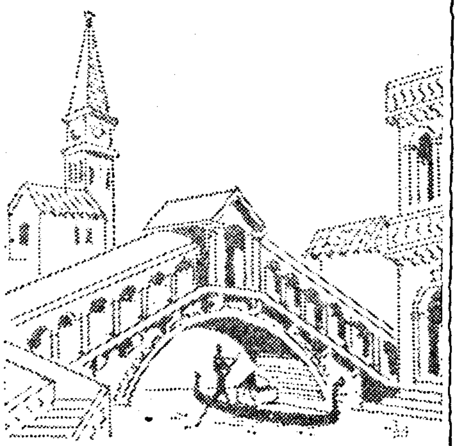

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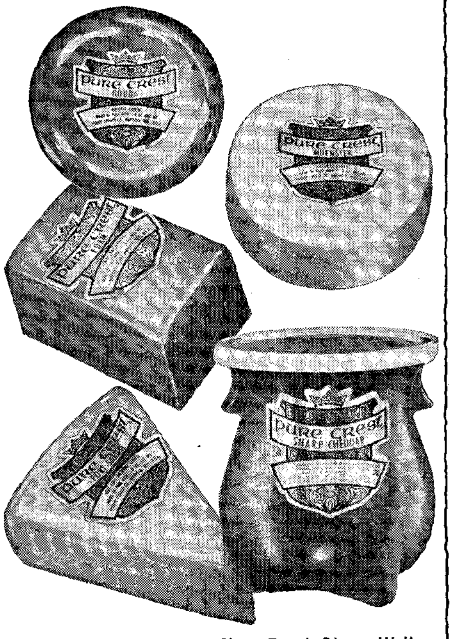

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of the porch, and the doctor had said to get her to the country for fresh air and rest. "But what can *I* do?" Sony had asked. "What if she falls off the roof somewhere, or drowns herself in the creek? It's just not natural, Ben. I wouldn't know how to cope."

"Maybe she'll sleep *good* there nights," Ben said. "That's what we're hoping for."

But Melinda hadn't changed—not even in the country—and in the late evening, when Sony was sitting by her radio with the Sears, Roebuck catalogue open on her lap, she would look up and catch sight of Melinda, time and time again, walking past the doorway with her eyes closed. "It gives me a start," she told Mrs. Bowers. "I don't care *how* many times it happens, I never can get used to it."

"Why, how does she look?"

"Oh, not like in 'Heidi.' Not the way you'd picture it—all in white, with her arms stretched out in front of her. She's got seersucker pajamas on and she's just walking along, not looking to either side."

"Oh, well, *that* doesn't sound so bad," said Mrs. Bowers.

Sony didn't say so, but the way Melinda walked was *worse* than Heidi—more purposeful somehow. She took firm, even strides, instead of drifting, and whenever Sony saw her heading somewhere she thought, Oh, my, what can she be after? Have I got something hidden there? She had nothing hidden anywhere, and not a drawer or a cupboard shelf she wouldn't have been proud to show the tidiest housekeeper, but still, when Melinda walked past, that was the thought that came into her mind.

Tonight, with Melinda sitting there so dreamy suddenly, answering every question put to her but not as if it mattered, Sony thought that even Mrs. Bowers must have given up by now. Mrs. Bowers had brought a new solution with her every day for three days running, always keeping it importantly to herself until she had settled into the porch rocker beneath the big Dr. Pepper clock on the side of the house, and then laying it slowly before Sony, like a present she was unwrapping. First she had said Melinda must be just for the first time falling in love. That was before she had met Melinda, and seen how square and small her face was and how she kept thrusting her nail-bitten hands into her back pockets. Then she said maybe Melinda had witnessed some terrible crime—but all *that* led to was Melinda's giving a sixty-minute

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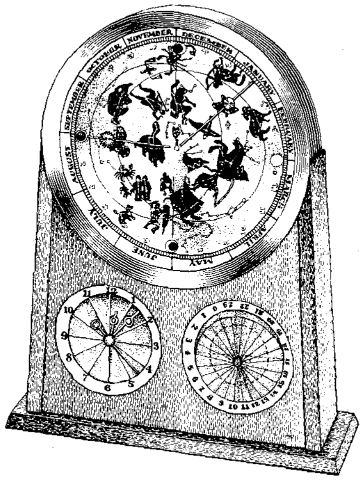

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description of a man she had seen stealing parsley from her father's kitchen garden and getting away with it scot-free. "*Skulking*, like. Hunching up his shoulders, meanly," Melinda said. "Why didn't you tell your father?" Mrs. Bowers asked, but Melinda only said, "He never asked me." That had been the night before. Tonight, Mrs. Bowers said maybe Melinda had a secret fear of some kind. She said it privately, intending it for Sony's ears alone, but Melinda heard her through the parlor windows, where she was looking at the wallpaper with a telescope, and she called out, "Dr. Hope said the exact same thing. Asked if I am scared in the night." After that, it seemed silly to go on whispering in corners, so Mrs. Bowers called her onto the porch and asked her straight out. "Are you afraid of the dark?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?" her Aunt Sony said.

"Yes, Ma'am."

And that was when Melinda started staring at the cornfield, raising her arms above her head in that aimless way she had, so that her yellow metal charm bracelet tinkled faintly and slid down almost to her elbow.

When they had been sitting in silence for several minutes and it looked as if no more was going to be said, Sony sneaked one hand down beside her rocker and lifted the Sears, Roebuck catalogue to her lap. In the glow from the porch light bulb—yellow, to scare the insects away—she could just make out the words beneath the pictured items. The edge of each page was dirty and curled; she sat reading this catalogue every evening, scrutinizing pictures, comparing prices, noting colors—never ordering. When she turned the first page, she was very slow about it, trying not to make a sound, but the paper rustled anyway, and Mrs. Bowers snapped her head up and seemed to be collecting herself.

She turned to Melinda and said, "What is it in particular?"

"Ma'am?"

"In the dark," Mrs. Bowers said. "What is it that scares you?"

"Oh," Melinda said. "I don't know."

"Well, what started it off?"

Melinda stuck one dirty bare foot out in front of her and wriggled her toes. Then she said, "Getting up in the dark to go to the bathroom. Going down the hall past my brothers' and sisters' rooms, and they would all sit up in bed and go 'Rowrr!' when I passed, to frighten me."

"Will you listen?" Sony said, look-

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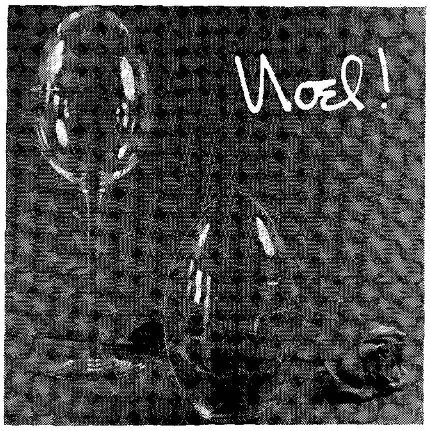

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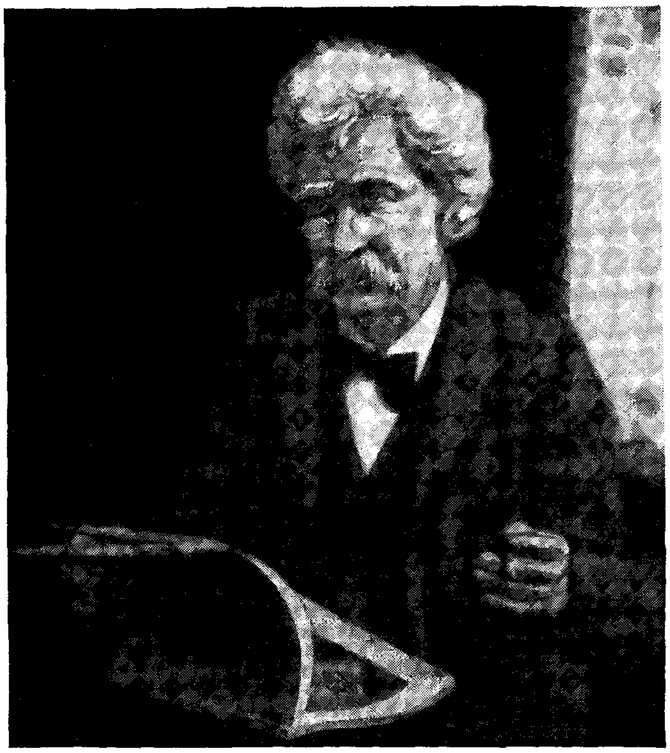

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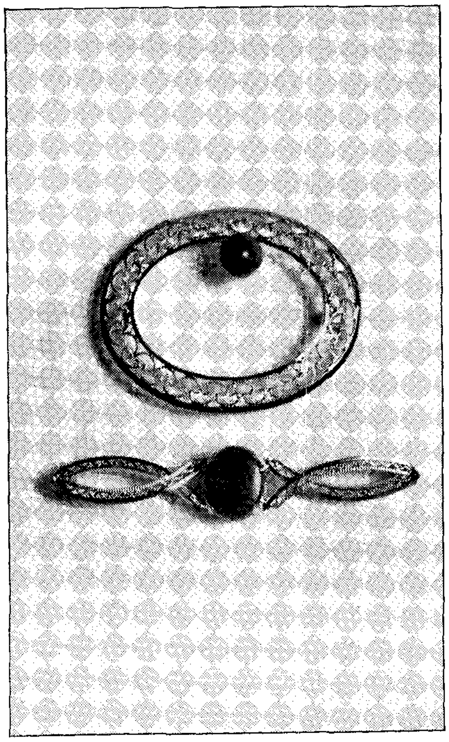

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ing up. "If that isn't the meanest thing."

"Well, I did it to them when *they* went to the bathroom."

"Shame on you, Melinda."

"We are getting off the track of this thing," Mrs. Bowers said. "Now, when was it this started, this going 'Rowrr'?"

"When I was four," Melinda said.

"Oh." Mrs. Bowers looked over at Sony, disappointed; four seemed too long ago to be much use. "I thought it might have started just this year or so," she said.

"No."

Sony went back to her catalogue. " 'Our finest electric toothbrush,' " she read. " 'Encourages more frequent brushing by every member of your family. Includes four plastic toothbrushes, two pointed gum stimulators, all housed in attractive two-tone case. . . .' " She looked very hard at the illustration, but it wasn't what she wanted. She couldn't find what she wanted anywhere in the catalogue, but she went on turning pages.

"You want to hear something funny?" Melinda asked. "One time, Bruce—he's the oldest one, the one that *started* all this going 'Rowrr'—"

"No, wait a minute," Mrs. Bowers said. "I'm trying to think." She had learned by now when Melinda was going to start one of her chattering spells. She kept one hand up, her fingers spread, like a traffic policeman, while she frowned into space. Finally she said, "There's only one thing left then."

"Ma'am?"

"What is causing all this sleepwalking," said Mrs. Bowers, "is that there's something you want to say. You have something to say to people. But you never say it, and your mind gets so caged up it makes you sleepwalk."

Sony put one finger in the catalogue to mark her place—"our most fashionable vinyl raincoats, with the new wet look"—and stared at Mrs. Bowers. "That's so funny it makes me laugh," she said. "She talks all the time."

"Sure, *talks*," said Mrs. Bowers. "That's different. What is it you want to say, Melinda?"

"Huh?"

"What is it you have to say to people?"

Melinda took one finger out of her mouth and stared at the nail she had been biting. "I talk all the time," she said. "Like Aunt Sony was just saying."

Mrs. Bowers pressed on. "Isn't there something you want us to know? Some

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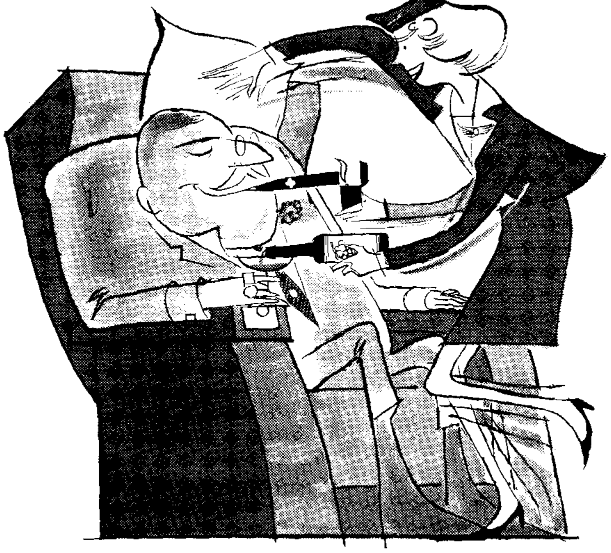

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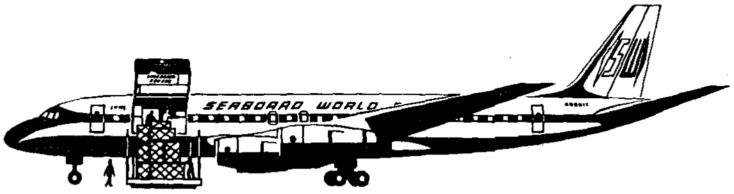

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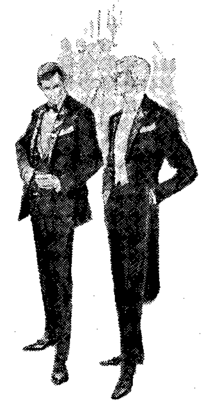

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idea that's hit your mind, some way you're feeling?"

"Eliza, I fail to see where you're leading her to," Sony said.

"I don't *have* anything to say," said Melinda. "Nothing."

Mrs. Bowers nodded several times. "You see, now," she told her, "isn't that a strange thing to admit? Why, it would be tragic, not to have a thing to say. You just toss it off like it doesn't bother you, but would you think about it a minute? Every mind has *some*thing in it, something to tell other people."

"Not mine," Melinda said.

"Suppose you had to make a speech. You'd find something," Mrs. Bowers said.

"Maybe," Melinda said. "I don't know." She paused, staring down at the brass Wrangler button on her jeans. "Well, there was this big old colored man that used to wash our windows for us. He was seven feet tall if he was an inch, but you know what he used to do? He used to roller-skate to work every day. Time and time again, I have seen him—"

"Hold it!" Mrs. Bowers commanded. "You're talking *about*. You have to say something."

"Well, Mrs. Bowers, that's all I know to do."

"Yes, let her," Sony said with a sigh. She had reached plumbing goods in her catalogue.

"Try again," Mrs. Bowers said. "Just whatever comes to your mind, that's all I'm asking."

"Well." With one foot Melinda drew a circle on the porch floor, her big toe making a clean path through the red dust, and then she cleared her throat and said, "I could talk about sleepwalking. Sleepwalking has been in existence since olden times. Some people say that it is caused by a tired mind, and should be cured by fresh air and staying with relatives."

"I'm not sure whether this is saying something or not," Mrs. Bowers said.

"Other people say it is caused by not saying things, and caging your mind in." Melinda paused and looked around her, as if she were searching for something. Then she tightened her hands hard on her knees and said, "In my estimation, sleepwalking is caused by having two people using the same mind."

"*What's* that?" Mrs. Bowers said.

"In my estimation, the second person comes at night and is maybe someone who died and has no place to go. He uses the mind while the first person is

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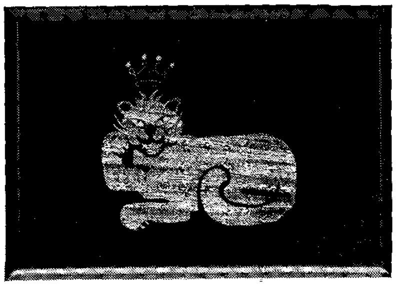

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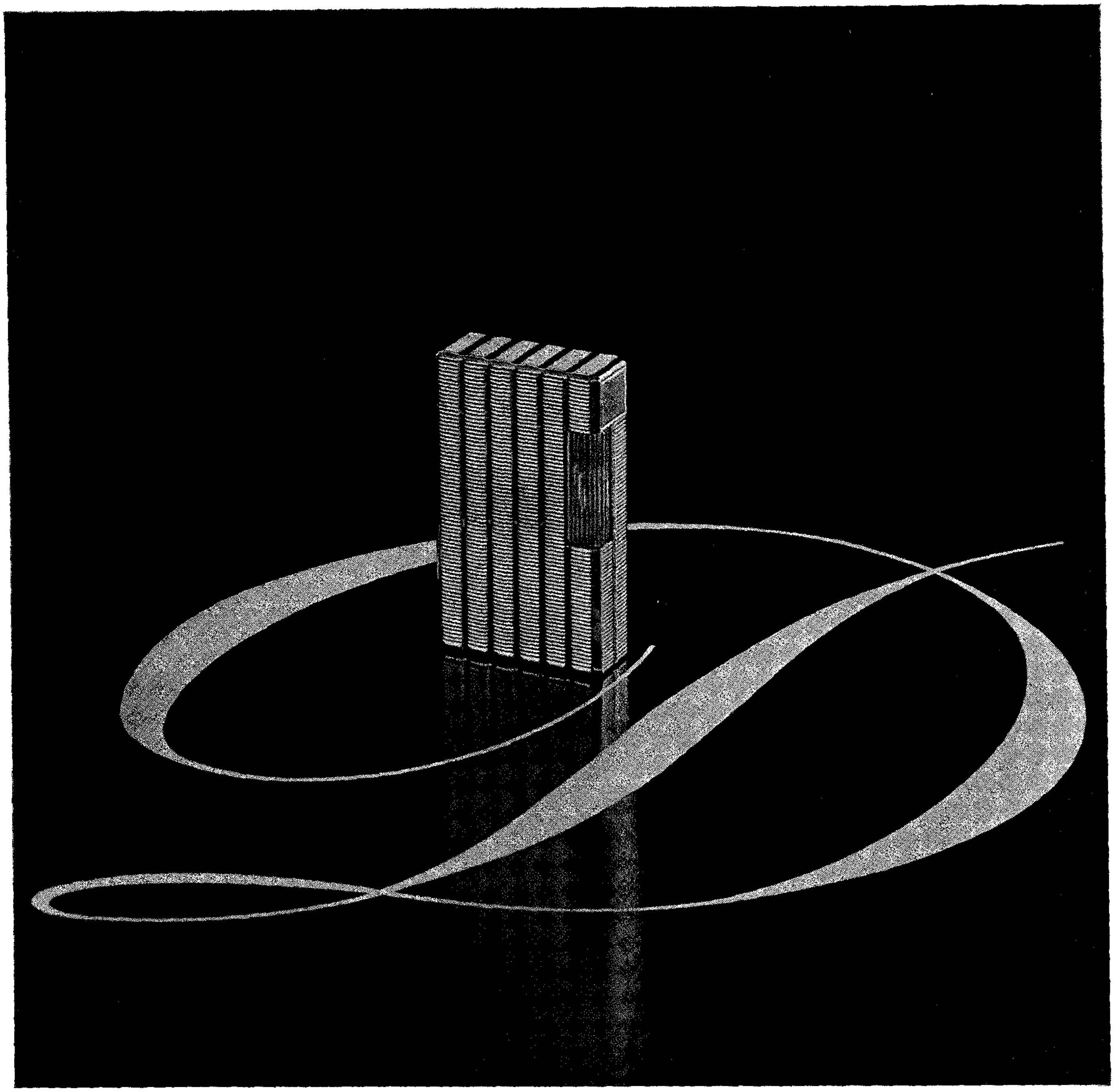

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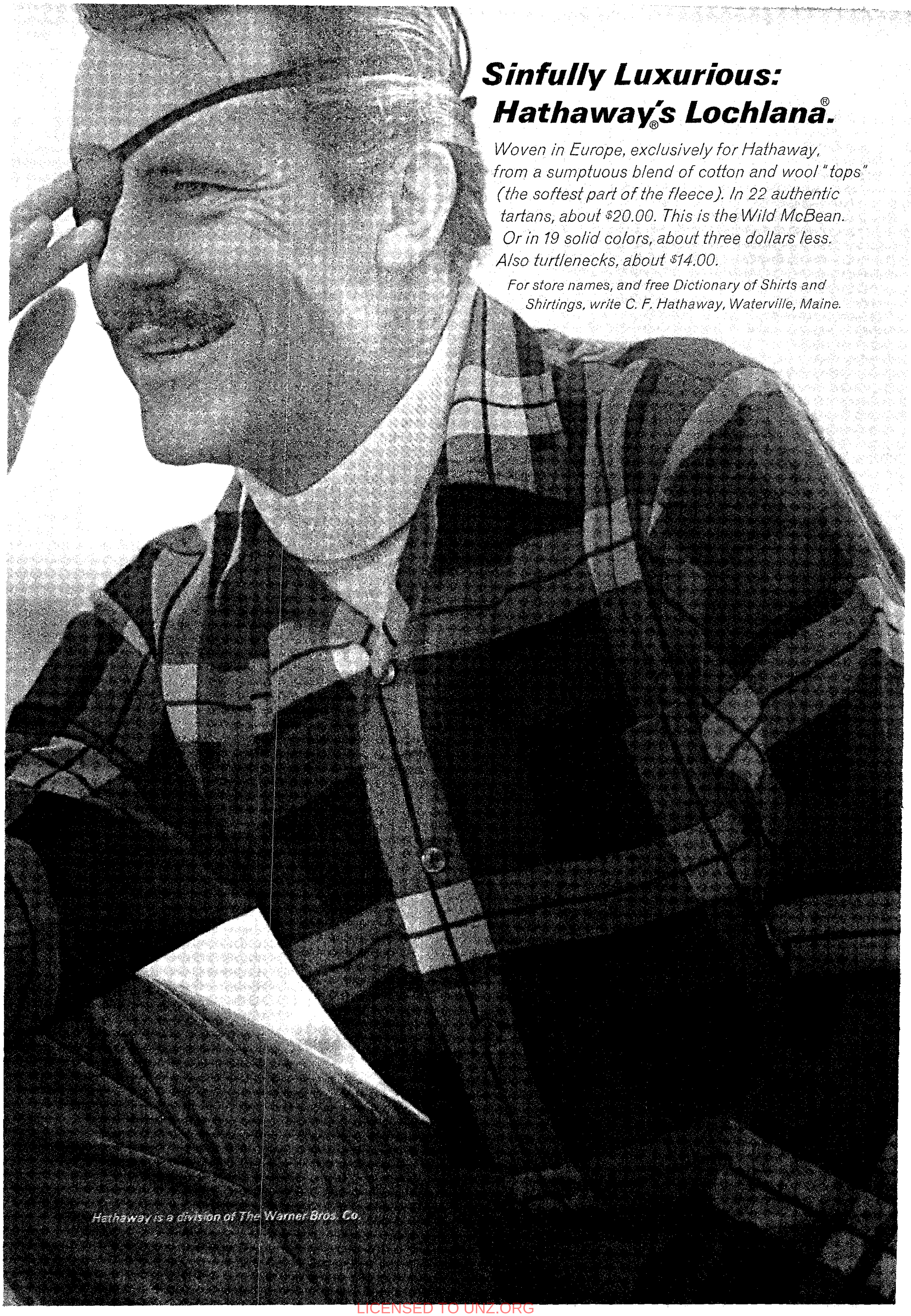

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asleep. He walks the body around and he looks and looks for something, trying to remember from the old days what it is he wants and where to find it. But he can't, really. He says, 'Oh, *now* I remember. I'll find it in one of those cupboards at the end of the hall.' But he doesn't, really."

"Well, this is beyond *me*," Mrs. Bowers told Sony.

"The first person is asleep all night, but the second one won't ever sleep—just keeps looking. The first one says there's nothing to find, but the second one remembers that there is, and goes wandering around trying to think where he left it."

She wiped her hands down the front of her dungarees, and she opened her mouth and took a breath as if she were about to say something more. Then she got up and went inside the house. Behind her, the screen door clicked shut, its spring humming a little in the silence.

"I BELIEVE that child's maladjusted," Mrs. Bowers said.

"Why, Eliza," Sony said. "I didn't know you knew that kind of thing!"

But it was clear that Sony was hardly thinking of what she was saying. She kept her eyes on the catalogue and went on turning pages, rocking gently, bending forward sometimes to have a closer look but then sighing and shaking her head, turning another page and looking once again. —ANNE TYLER

•

Herschel Harshbarger has moved from Tasmania to Brunei, a delightful sultanate on the island of Borneo, where he has established a hospitalization and surgical insurance plan to serve the needs of the rural population. Although the coverage is extensive—it even includes injuries resulting from a gorilla embrace—it is possible for families in the most modest circumstances to afford the insurance. The low rates, Herschel says, are the result of administrative efficiency, modern business methods, low overhead, and the general unavailability of hospitals and surgeons in the area.—*The Antiochian, Yellow Springs, Ohio.*

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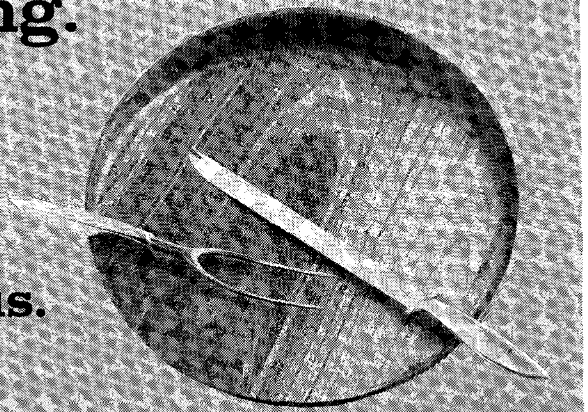

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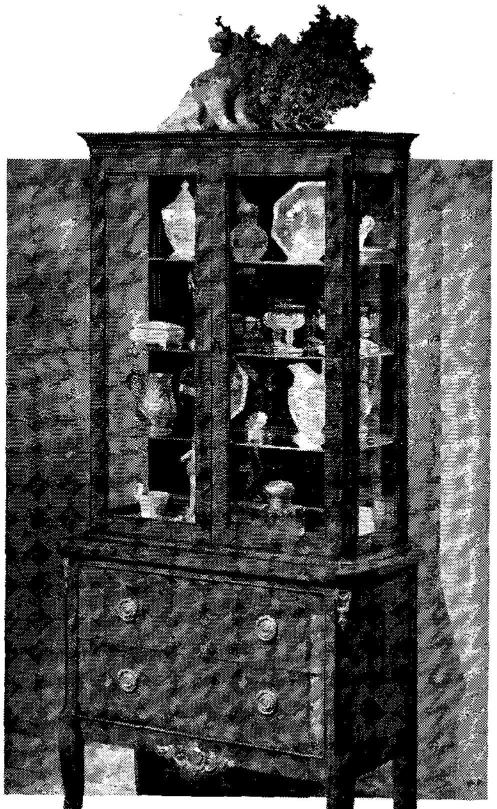

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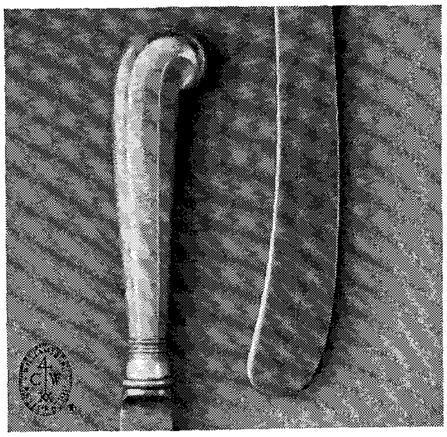

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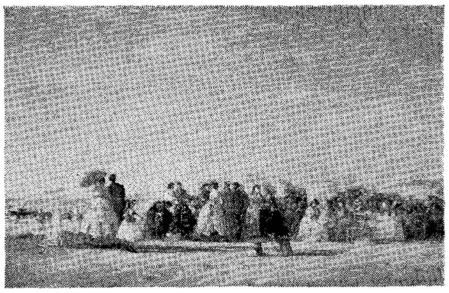
LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 8

TWICE a year, President de Gaulle tells his nation and the world what he thinks about things—a pair of seasonal confidences that customarily take place in the autumn and the spring, recited without fault from memory at his semiannual press conferences in the Palais de l'Élysées ballroom, of which, on Friday of last week, he held the fourteenth since assuming the Presidency. Whereas in our country there is a constant official flow of White House information, like a form of national publicity, plus streams of printed revelatory Washington gossip, radio newscasts, and often TV specials about our President, so that our citizens know several times a day what is on his mind or what problems he is dealing with, President de Gaulle regularly functions in a majestic protocol of silence and curtained reserve, which are part of his character and power. During the year, he ordinarily talks extensively only when he is away from home and travelling, as recently when in Russia, Phnom Penh, and Djibouti. The cabled reports of what the General has said someplace on the other side of the world are always hot news in the French press. In the regular Paris governmental routine, his name appears in newspapers so sparingly that it always catches the reader's eye, even if it is only in a Friday announcement that he is weekending with Mme. de Gaulle at Colombey-les-Deux-Églises—though with what Sunday-noon dinner guests, which might give a hint as to the after-coffee political topics of conversation, is almost never printed. The French know what is going on in the government week by week through the press reports from the Conseil des Ministres, and twice a year they hear about the top level from de Gaulle himself. What he offers then is something almost ocular—his personal view as if he were like the mythical two-visaged Janus, endowed with the ability to look in two directions at once. After giving his view of what has happened of importance, good or bad, in the six months gone by, he then takes a penetrating look at what may be coming up in the near future.

This recent press conference was the only dull one among all the fourteen



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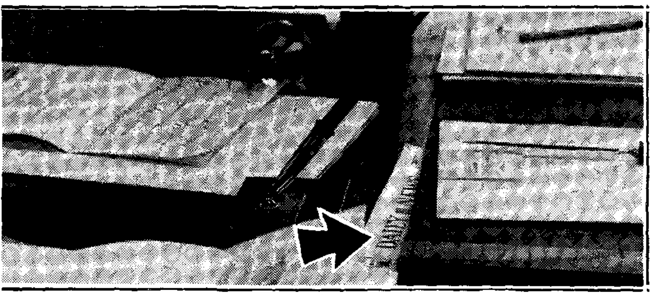

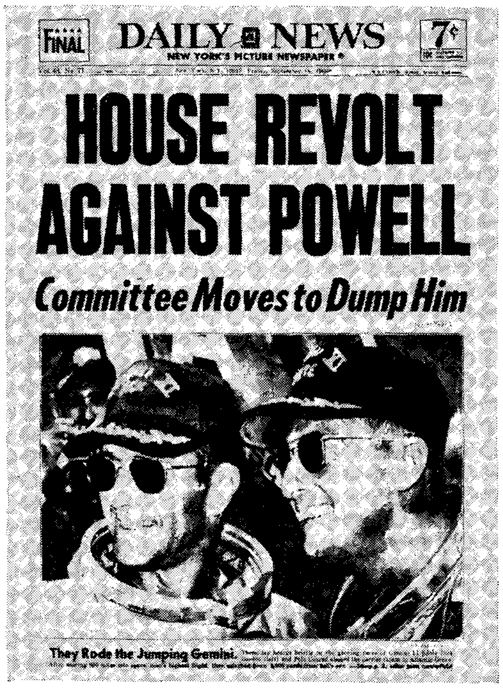
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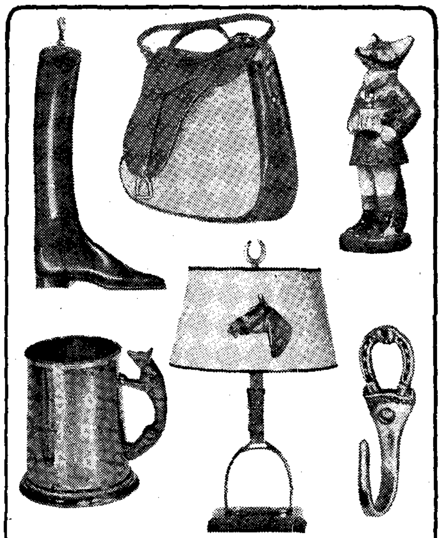

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he has held, and he and France are to be congratulated, for nothing in French affairs has gone very wrong over this last half year. As he warned his auditors in his opening sentence, "We have nothing dramatic to say today. In contrast to the past, France right now is not living in any drama." As for the continuing American war in Vietnam, he seemed like a teacher of history lecturing dryly on the present actions of others and forgetting the chapters on his own former national involvement, especially when he said that he found it "absolutely detestable that a little people should be bombed by a very big people"—which France certainly was (if already waning) thirteen years ago, when she vainly bombed the Vietnamese before the downfall of French imperial power in Indo-China at Dienbienphu. However, like a history adept who could offer a footnote from France's more recent war against a little people in Algeria, he said, with the harsh pride of experience, that if he spoke so definitely of the American necessity to create peace in Vietnam (a peace that de Gaulle said cannot be merely won), it was because in Algeria the French had finally, in 1962, taken that task of deliberate peacemaking on themselves. "And, believe us, it was meritorious," de Gaulle added, it being a peace he himself had made. The attachés of the European chancelleries at the press talk were impressed by his personal warning that "the Americans must recognize that in Asia no important treaty will be valid without the participation of China" and that the United States must draw the obvious conclusions about recognizing "this great state and the position due to it in the United Nations." De Gaulle said little that was new. Yet he himself, in a way, seemed like a new international character, possibly more vexatious than usual and more openly at outs with his former allies both in Washington and in Bonn, but equipped with a new set of international intimates. For instance, his Embassy in Peking is the most influential of any of the Western representations there. In Europe, the General is now acting as an elderly new friend to the fringe of small Communized states—Rumania, Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary—and is soon to dispense official Paris hospitality to top visitors from the Kremlin itself, first to Soviet Premier Alexei Kosygin in December and then, in the spring, to President Nikolai Podgorny and Party chief Leonid Brezhnev, in a fanfare visit. De Gaulle has come a long way

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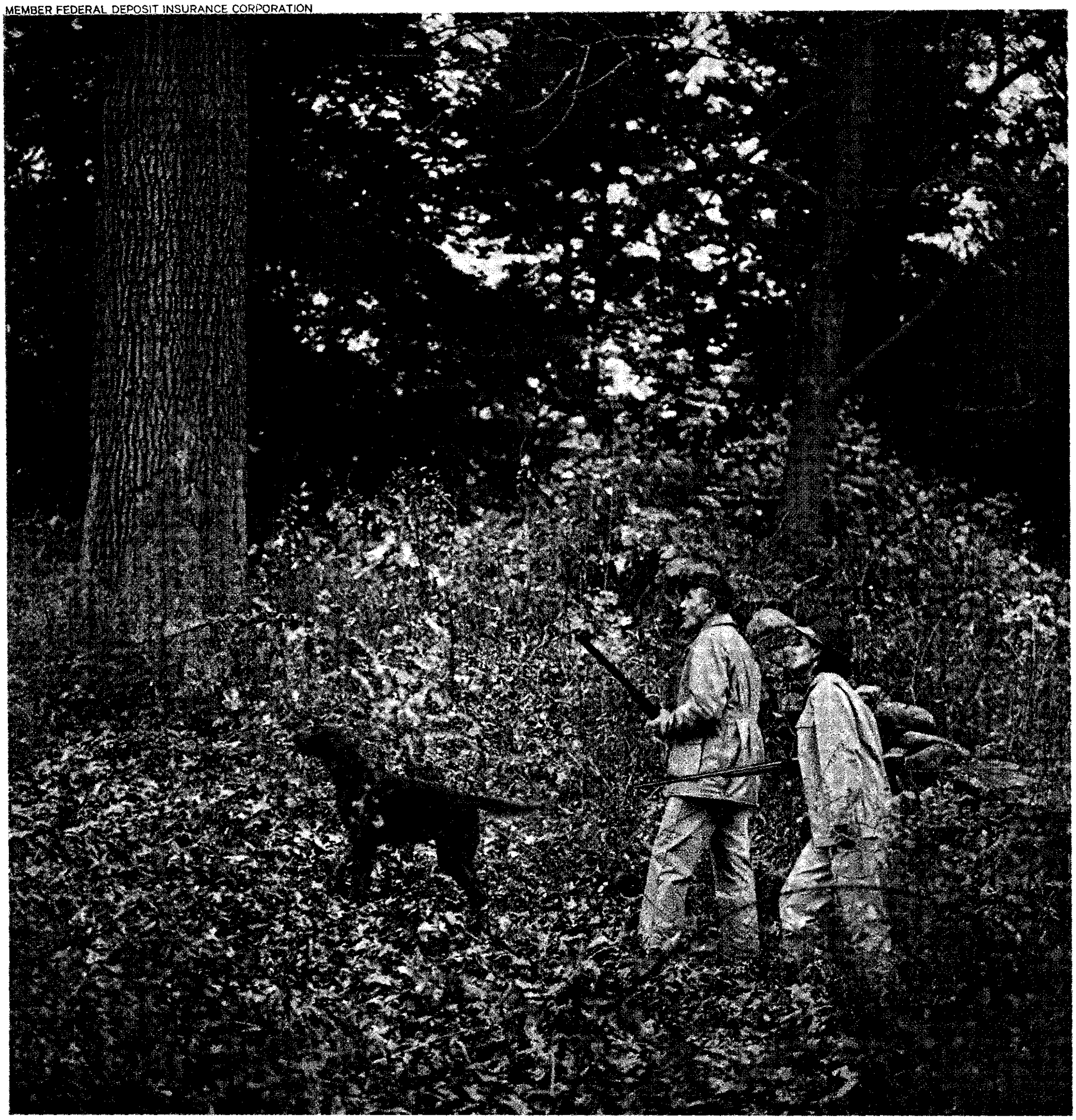

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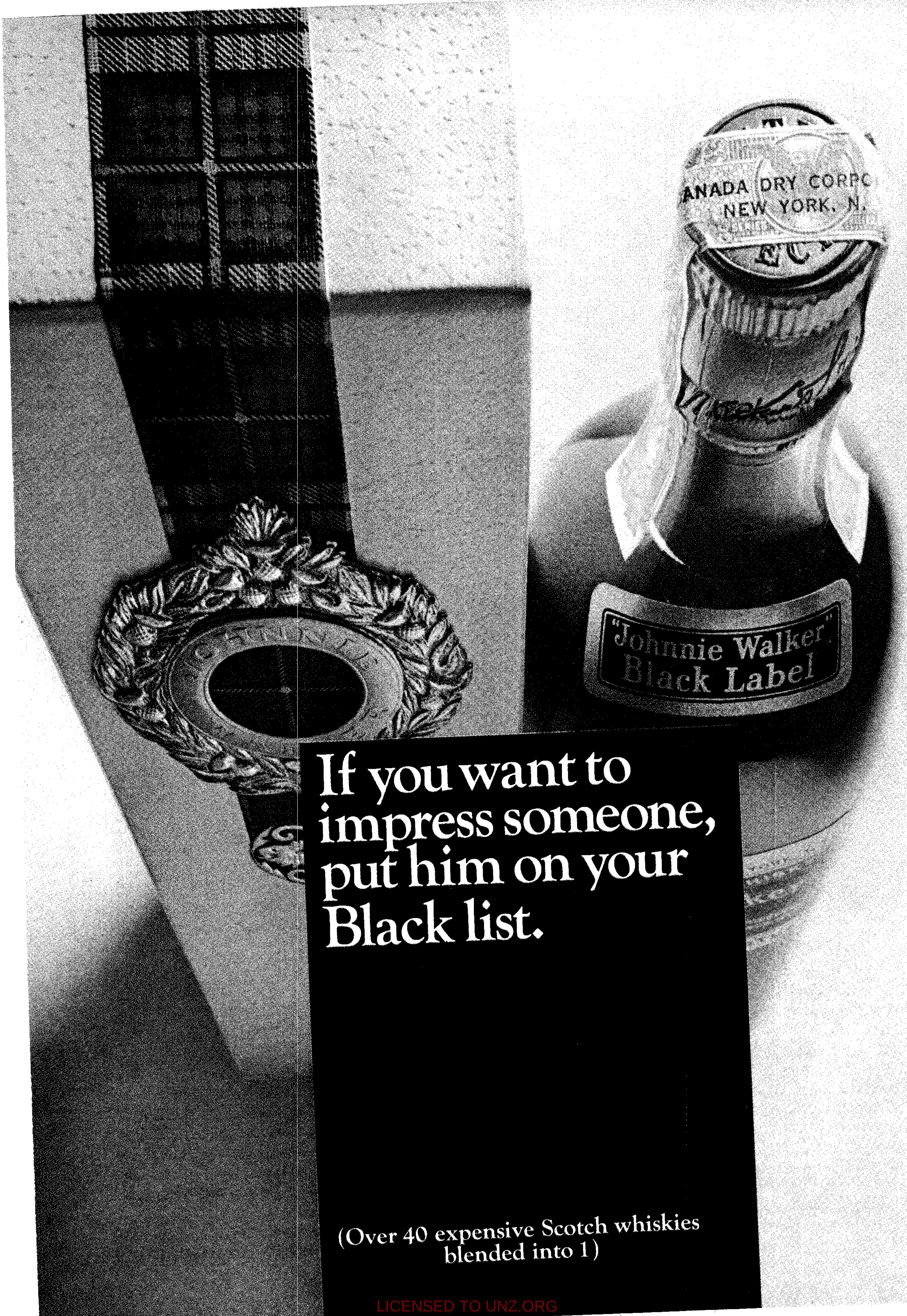
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from his early days as head of France's Provisional Government, when he called the French Communists "the separatists."

What Parisians discussed most about de Gaulle's press speech was what he omitted from it—any reference to the Ben Barka murder scandal and its trial, which, until interrupted last week by the voluntary surrender here of King Hassan's chief of secret police, was the most gossiped-about, shocking Franco-Arab event of this past half year. Mehdi Ben Barka, a rarely liberal young Moroccan leader, was kidnapped last autumn in front of the new Drugstore in St.-Germain-des-Prés and then presumably done to death, in a sordid underworld crime, by French and Moroccan police stooges and crooks, whose trial, now to be started all over again, has already smelled to high heaven.

The brighter news for France's future, which de Gaulle did indeed mention, is the proposed Vallon Amendment—an opening segment of the association between capital and labor that de Gaulle first talked of nearly twenty years ago. By this amendment, industrial workers will become, in a way, minor shareholders in companies that profit from capital gains. French factory labor, now riding high in full employment, would rather have ever-higher wages than shares. The best Paris cartoon on the matter shows a capitalist boss cheerfully telling an unenthusiastic worker, "Now you'll be able to own your own monkey wrench!"

Jean Genet's controversial play "Les Paravents" ("The Screens"), whose revival surprisingly achieved great popular success here, finally closed a few days ago at the Barrault-Renaud subsidized Théâtre de France with another attack, on the next-to-last night, by right-wing students, who threw stench bombs on the audience, and, on the last night, with a brief visit of official approval by André Malraux, Minister of Cultural Affairs, who had just succeeded in getting Parliament to refuse to cut the theatre's state appropriation. His personal intervention in the Assembly was rare good theatre in itself. The incident arose out of his presentation to Parliament of his annual cultural budget, when the Centre Democratique deputy M. Christian Bonnet, from the Brittany town of Morbihan, insisted on reading aloud to the Chamber the most scurrilous passage from Genet's play—a passage he called "a real exploitation of rotten-

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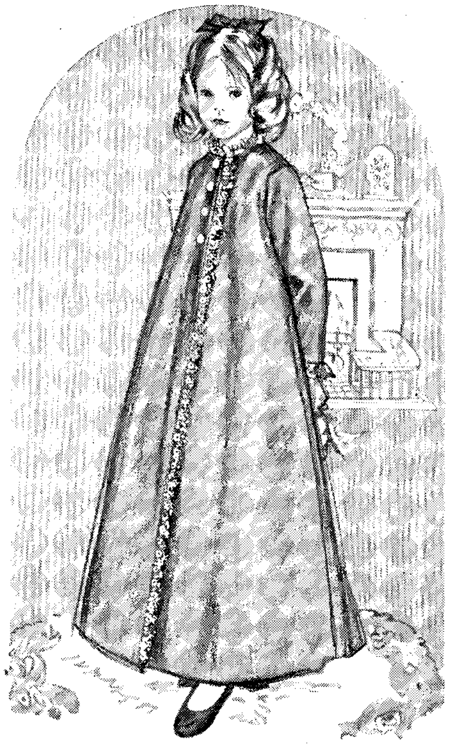

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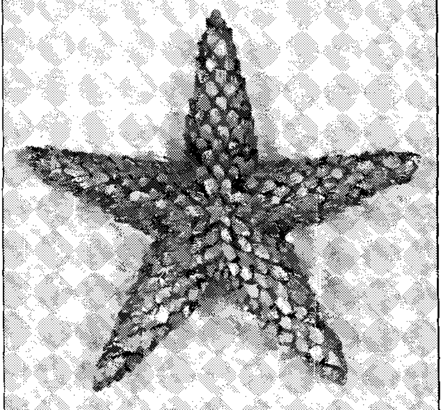

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ness"—because he feared that many of the deputies probably did not understand what the subsidy quarrel was actually about. With extreme moderation, Deputy Bonnet then asked only for the deduction from the Théâtre de France subsidy of the exact sum that "The Screens" had cost to produce, because, he said, it is Parliament's duty to know where, how, and on what the taxpayers' money is being spent in such public projects. Whereupon Malraux, who had already been speaking from the rostrum about his budget with such ardor and volubility that the Chamber could hardly follow his words, tossed aside the sheets of paper he had been carrying in disorder, removed his spectacles, and, with a punctuating gesture of his right hand aloft, began the scintillating harangue that Parliament and its visitors' gallery had been waiting for. "Liberty does not always have clean hands," he explosively began. "You must look twice before throwing liberty out of the window. You say that this play is anti-French; it is anti-human—indeed, anti-everything. And so was Goya, as you can see in his Caprichos etchings. You have mentioned rottenness. Be careful—with quotations you can damn anything. What do you say to 'La Charogne,' by Baudelaire? I certainly don't pretend that Genet is Baudelaire. What I want to say is that if anything wounds your sensibilities, it is unreasonable for you to forbid it. What is reasonable is for you to look at something else. We don't authorize 'Les Paravents' so that it can be objected to, perhaps legitimately; we authorize it despite that, because, after all, we admire Baudelaire for the end of his poem, not for his description of the rotting carcass." (A ripple of applause came from numerous Gaullist benches.)

Deputy Bonnet then interrupted to say stolidly, "I never heard that Baudelaire was published at state expense. Or that Goya's paintings were made with the help of the Spanish state."

"Come, come!" Malraux riposted. "Goya's most famous portraits are those of the Royal Family."

"It is not that my sensibilities have been offended," protested honest Deputy Bonnet. "When all is said and done, as everybody says, no one is forced to buy a ticket for the Théâtre de France. But the taxpayer is forced to pay his taxes"—which has meant paying willy-nilly for the subsidy for Genet's play. "I hate intolerance, I am against censorship," Bonnet went on obstinately. "But you cannot ask the state for three hundred million Old Francs—that is to say, more than the

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theatre's entire receipts—and at the same time refuse to such public authorities as Parliament all right to take a look at what the theatre may be doing."

"Careful!" warned Malraux. "Baudelaire was not published at the expense of Napoleon III, but just the same you have put yourself in the position of those who condemned the poet. Neither you nor I know where poetry finds its roots," he said in final fulguration.

It was one of those rare, up-to-date intellectual debates, and at its end the stalwart provincial deputy gave way before the Paris inclination toward libertinism, which Genet has helped make a certain fashion here.

A NEW satiric film that has become the talk of Paris is called "Qui Êtes-Vous Polly Maggoo?" It was created by the American *Vogue* fashion photographer William Klein, long a resident of Paris, and is certainly well worth your time, if you are patient, for it has everything in it. Essentially, it is an inquiry into what a new fashion-magazine cover girl is made of, the answer being hokum, which soon turns into a kind of public power. Polly is a made-up publicity gimmick (played by an American, Dorothy MacGowan). She suffers through the psychoanalytical American television-interview questionnaires as to what she thinks and feels—nothing, in both cases—and by a studio tape-recording error her answers become garbled with a recorded speech by de Gaulle being played next door. To obtain a brand-new setting for a fashion presentation, one of the magazine's lady editors (a noticeable takeoff on one of the most brilliant New York eccentrics in the game) plans to use a funeral procession. All American fashion life—its myths, modes, snobbery, obedient womanhood, Hollywood gags, and tin evening gowns—is mocked in this racy film, which also has some, though perhaps not enough, of our solid, resilient American sense of humor. "Qui Êtes-Vous Polly Maggoo?" is now playing at four midtown Paris movie houses.

A CURIOUS art discovery occurred near Paris this summer—curious because the inhabitants of the handsome Seine river town of Vétheuil had known so long about the thousand or more Impressionist paintings left by Abel Lauvray, the rich friend of Monet (who lived just down the road until he moved to Giverny and his water-lily pond), that they never talked about

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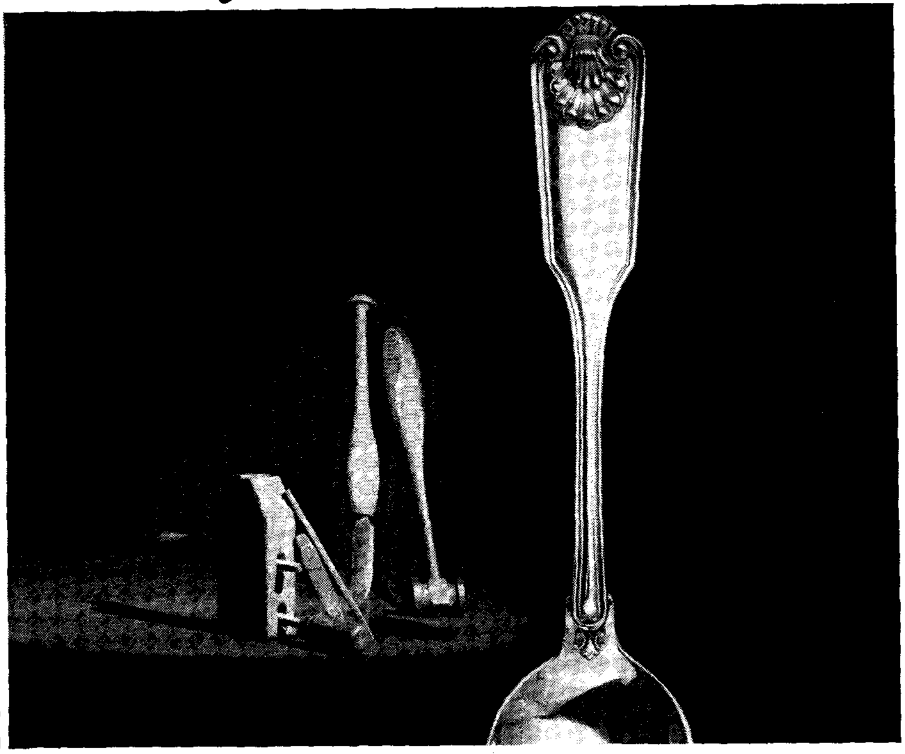

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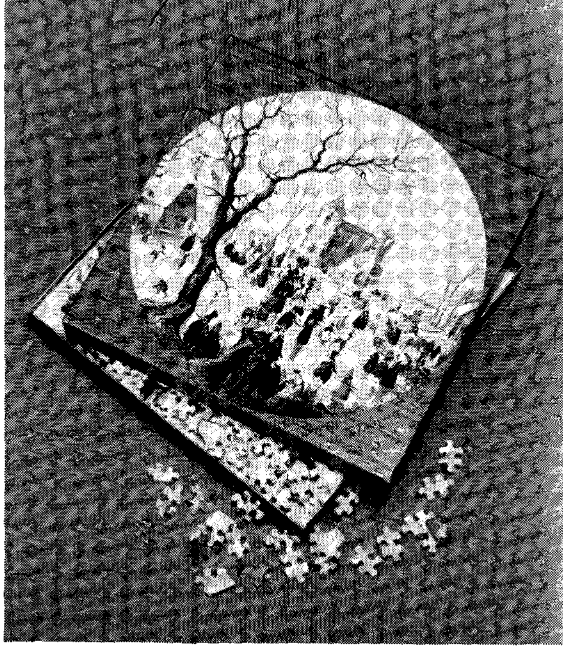

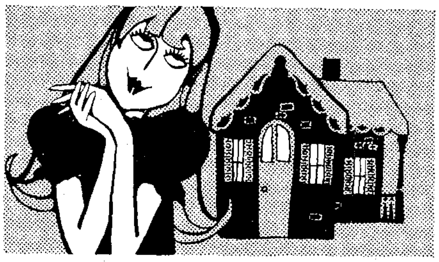

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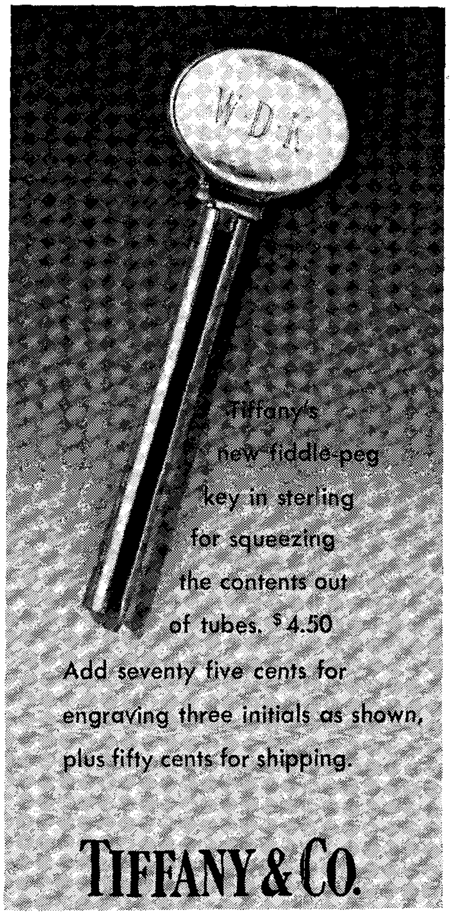

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them anymore. Indifference had covered them with a sort of secrecy. During the summer, by chance, the canvases came to the attention of Fernand de Saint-Simon, an amateur art collector (who, as a publisher of de-luxe books, has recently brought out a new edition of the *Almanach de Gotha*). Of the several hundred canvases piled in Lauvray's weathered garden studio at his death, in 1950, about forty of the most characteristic are to be shown next week in New York's Findlay Gallery. Another several hundred of his paintings filled two more studios in the nearby town of Mantes but were bombed out during the war. Lauvray, who came of a rich old Norman family of solicitors, was an eccentric, hard-working, gifted minor Impressionist painter, who painted all his life for his own pleasure only, never sold a canvas, and would not let an art merchant set foot on his property—a series of gardened ledges dropping from the village high street and the family mansion to the Seine, visible below. He early befriended Monet, who was poor, and for years they painted their neighborhood together—the Vétheuil church (a magnificent pile), La Roche-Guyon (where Braque later painted Cubistically), the Île-de-France's moist fields, the River Epte, the Seine riversides, and the river's cloudy climates, for Lauvray was a born riverine artist. What is interesting and rare in his work is its continuous Impressionism from his youth on. His widow and his sister, both ladies of the old school, still live in the family house, with its herbaceous gardens and gravelled spaces, and a pair of giant linden trees outside the salon window. "He never asked me to go walking unless it was raining so hard he could not see to paint the Seine from his studio window," his widow recently told a visitor. Monet's Giverny house, a few kilometres away, is being made ready to become a museum. Lauvray's is the more charming scene for Impressionist spirit and sights, on its high hill above the meanders of the Seine. —GENÊT

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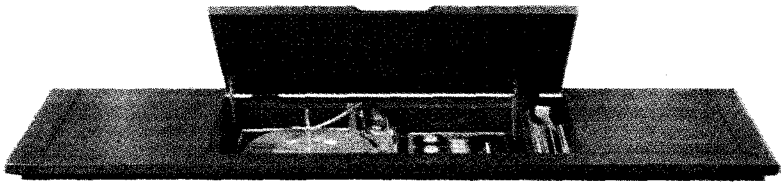

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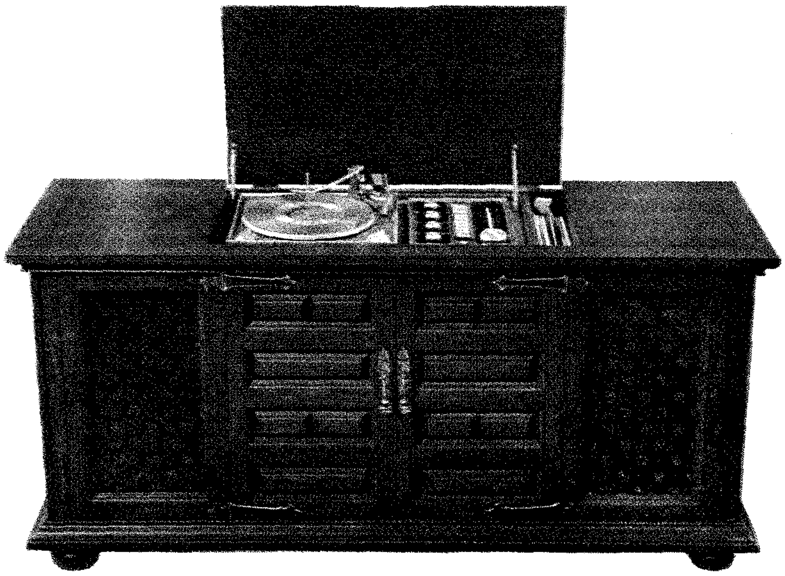

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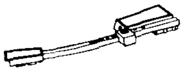

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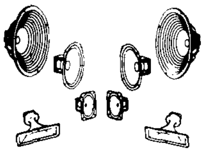

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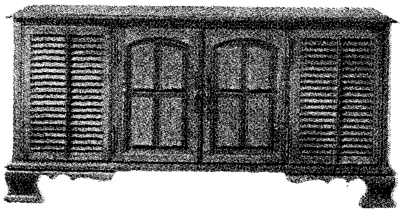

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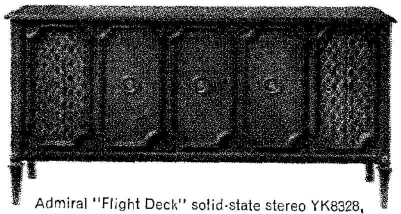

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Leading Lights

FROM a purely technical point of view, Lorin Maazel's performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall last Thursday evening was certainly acceptable. The Philharmonic seemed to acquire a much needed tightening up of discipline. Nearly everything was in proportion. (I say "nearly" because the powerful dissonance at the beginning of the last movement, in which tonic and dominant chords sound simultaneously, was softened to the point at which it lost its meaning.) The ensemble was good, though sometimes it seemed the result of relentless driving. Mr. Maazel himself gave an impression of great assurance—his walk on and off the stage was nothing less than heroic, and his bows, when it was all over, were tinged with the sobriety of a great man accepting deep homage. His gestures during the performance were so like Herbert von Karajan's—the palm turned toward the chest, the caressing beat—that he suggested a carbon copy of the older conductor. There was no doubt that Mr. Maazel knew his score intimately and had developed an effective if somewhat self-conscious way of conducting it. But this was a performance entirely lacking in what is often sentimentally called "heart." The tempos were rigid, even in the slow movement; there were none of those breathtaking moments that profound Beethoven interpreters infuse into their readings, and though climaxes were correctly waited for and duly produced, there was no evidence of any deep penetration into what this great symphony is basically all about. The end of the *andante moderato* (that is to say, the final episode of the slow movement) sounded very much like a waltz—an effect that should be avoided at any cost. All this might be ascribed to the fact that Mr. Maazel is still a young conductor, but I am beginning to be slightly irritated by this excuse of youth. The fact is that most of the brittle and unfeeling young conductors grow up to be brittle and unfeeling old conductors. There are hordes of them around. They can conduct the notes as written quite efficiently, but when it comes to conveying the emotional message of a great work, they fall short. Mr. Maazel is by no means the least talented of them, but we are living in an age of literal-minded, unimaginative performance, and Mr. Maazel is evidently an exponent of it. The art possessed by Toscanini, Furtwängler, Bruno Walter, and their like seems to have been lost. The soloists—Saramae Endich, Shirley Verrett, George Shirley, and Yi-Kwei Sze—sang their difficult roles quite well, but they were so much under Mr. Maazel's thumb that they were never able to expand into the magnificent lyricism that is expected of them in this work. The Collegiate Chorale did the choruses expertly.

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WHILE I am on the subject of conductors, I should like to point out some faults in Thomas Schippers, who conducted the performance of "Aïda" at the Metropolitan Opera House on Monday night of last week. Mr. Schippers' shortcomings were almost exactly like Mr. Maazel's, and a little more pronounced. He produced a vigorous reading of the score, and he held the singers completely under the lash of a driving baton. This has been fashionable ever since the time of Toscanini, who was famous for his rigid control, but in Toscanini's case there was a leaven of genius to give eloquence to what he did. Imitation of him by the less gifted has never produced anything of real artistic worth. Mr. Schippers gave his audience a dictatorial performance, but his dictatorship, unlike that of Mr. Maazel, was not even true to the score he was conducting. There were many cases in point. One in particular sticks in my memory. In the second act, after the triumphal ballet and Amonasro's initial fumings, there is a passage for him that begins with the words "*Ma tu, re, tu signore possente.*" This passage is preceded by a pause that is written into the score. Mr. Schippers ignored the pause and plunged ahead. Anselmo Colzani, who was singing the role of Amonasro and who obviously expected the pause, was visibly disconcerted, and, having no time even to take a breath, sang the phrase inadequately. Apparently, something about the art of conducting intoxicates its practitioners with a sense of power. I don't mind powerful *geniuses*

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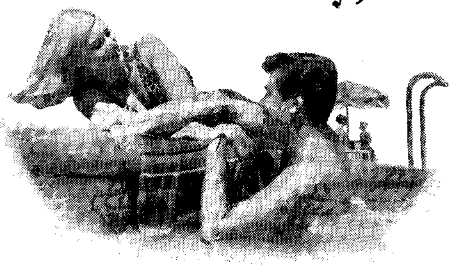

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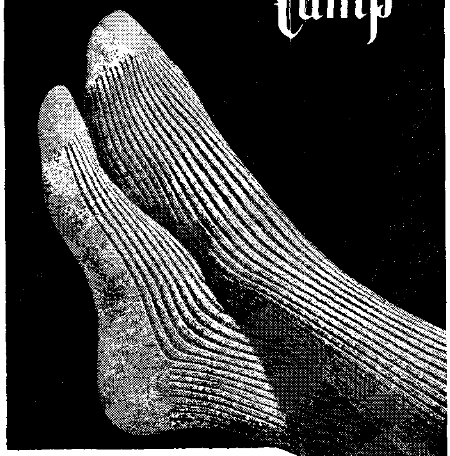

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on the podium, but men who, like Mr. Schippers, use their power without regard to the score they are conducting I can do without.

Vocally, this was an "Aïda" of middling quality. Mr. Colzani is particularly fine in the role of Amonasro, and Richard Tucker, the Radames, sang well, though he is getting to an age when he has to shout occasionally in order to project his voice across the footlights. Gabriella Tucci's acting is overdone, mostly by way of a continuous waving of the arms. She started out somewhat thinly from a vocal standpoint, but by the time the third act arrived she had redeemed every fault with some truly beautiful singing. Giorgio Tozzi was, as usual, an immaculate Ramfis, and Raymond Michalski an excellent king. I have never been a devotee of Rita Gorr's rather gravelly vocal production. She was the Amneris. Lilian Sukis succeeded in singing the part of the invisible priestess in tune, which is an unusual blessing. I liked the scenery and costumes of this production, by Robert O'Hearn, and the stage direction, by Nathaniel Merrill, but Mr. Merrill should give Miss Tucci some pointers on acting. The Katherine Dunham ballet remains the most convincing triumphal-scene ballet I have seen on any operatic stage.

ON Tuesday evening of last week, the Chicago Symphony came to Carnegie Hall and performed an interesting program before a sparse audience. I have never been able to understand why the annual series presented by this superb orchestra and its exceptionally gifted conductor, Jean Martinon, attracts so small a public here. The concerts are generally of a higher standard than those of our own Philharmonic, as well as those of most of our other visiting orchestras. Perhaps Mr. Martinon's programming could be improved by a larger infusion of Bruckner, Mahler, Strauss, and the rest of the post-Wagnerian German and Austrian composers. But what Mr. Martinon does he does superlatively well. He started off the other night with a performance of Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" Overture that would be difficult to match for sheer brilliance. Then came the well-known pianist Alicia de Larrocha as soloist in de Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain." I had never heard Miss de Larrocha before, and though this particular work is so idiomatic that it is difficult to judge a pianist's general style of playing from it, I could perceive that she is a prodigious technician,

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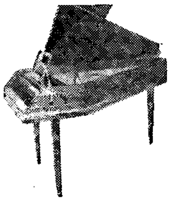

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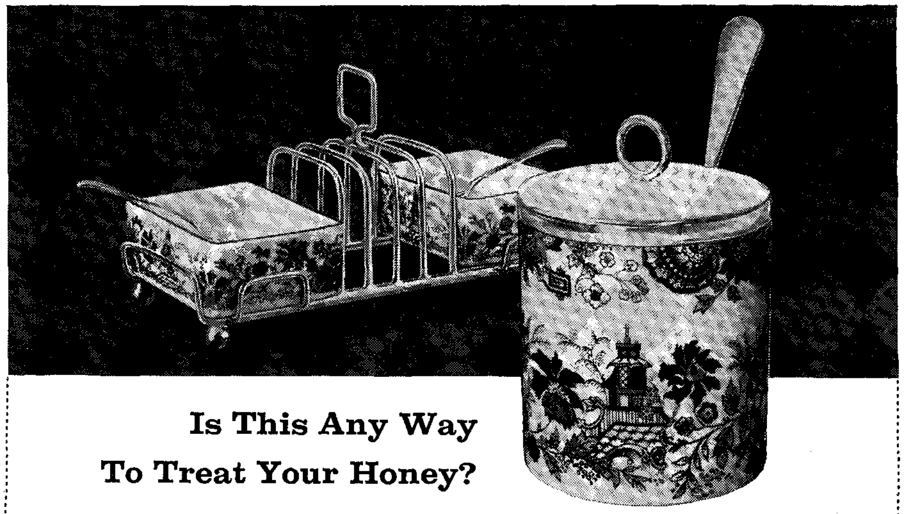
with a gradation of tone that reaches from the most powerful that is consistent with real artistry to the most delicate of nuances. She is also, obviously, a pianist with a personality—a mature and authoritative one, which strikes the listener from the first note. The concert concluded with the Bartók Concerto for Orchestra, always an absorbing piece, and written with remarkable coherence, considering the rather theatrical quality of its content.

ONE cannot describe Joseph Fuchs, whose recital I attended in Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening of last week, as a brilliant violinist. He is, rather, a sturdy, conscientious performer, with a good, solid sort of technical equipment. What makes him interesting is his enterprise in bringing to light unusual or neglected works. I remember that the first performance I ever heard of the difficult Berg Violin Concerto was done, years ago, by Mr. Fuchs, and he has been busy digging up and introducing new violin music ever since. The other night, he started things off with a Sonata in G Minor by Pietro Locatelli, which he performed without much elegance or charm. This was followed by a cool, impressionistic Theme and Variations by Olivier Messiaen, which I had never heard before, and by the Debussy G-Minor Sonata, which is not the very best vintage Debussy but is nevertheless worth hearing. Next came the great Bach Chaconne, from the Partita No. 2 for solo violin. This work is a challenge to any violinist, and Mr. Fuchs brought it off with a noble style and admirable clarity. Not all of Mr. Fuchs' resurrections of neglected music can be expected to be masterpieces, and the Fantasia in C Major, Opus 159, by Schubert turned out to be an awfully bland and repetitious affair. Darius Milhaud's early post-Debussyan "Le Printemps," on the other hand, proved to be entirely pleasing. Tchaikovsky's



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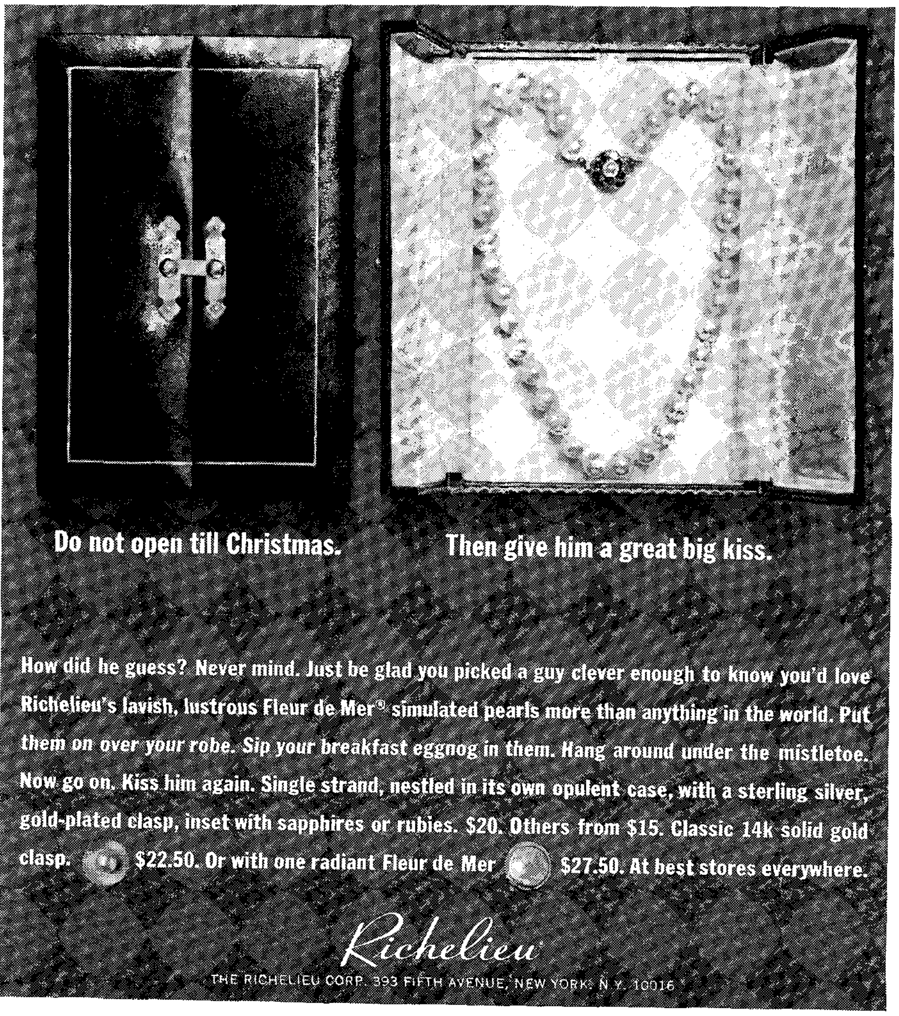

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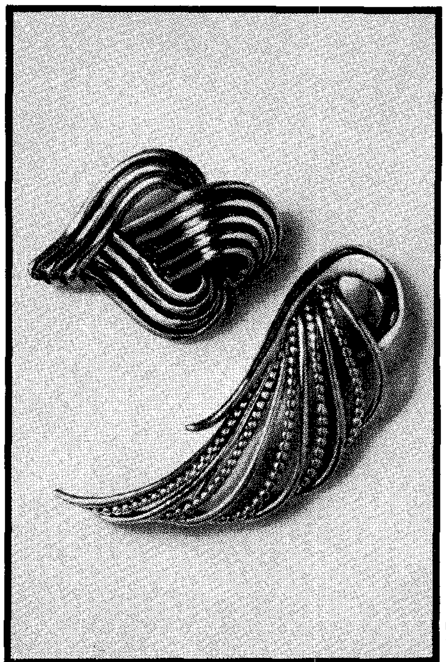

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Scherzo, Opus 42, No. 2, a bit of courtly frivolity, did not find Mr. Fuchs in his element. The closing number, Wieniawski's very violinistic Polonaise Brillante in A Major, fared a great deal better. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

CONCERT RECORDS

Rarities

THE first recording, as far as I know, of Verdi's early opera "Luisa Miller" (actually the fifteenth opera of his prolific career, which embraced three periods) has recently been released by Victor. It turns out to be a fine opera—so good, indeed, that it makes one wonder why, in our increasingly opera-minded society, this particular work has remained practically unheard here when so many other rarities have been staged. The Metropolitan Opera has been especially attentive to Verdi's output, having presented at the beginning of Rudolf Bing's tenure a notable "Don Carlo," which remains a strong repertory item, and, a while back, having come up with a richly imagined "Falstaff," which may actually win long-delayed public acceptance of this comic masterpiece. In between, moreover, the Metropolitan offered productions of "Nabucco" and "Ernani," two very early examples of the composer's rapidly expanding gifts. As for "Luisa Miller," its history at the Met is limited to two performances during the 1929-30 season and one the following season.

The story, adapted by Salvatore Cammarano from Schiller's play "Kabale und Liebe," is wildly romantic but not disconcertingly so if it is taken on its own flaring terms, and it lends itself well to operatic treatment of the Verdian variety. A villager's daughter and a young huntsman are in love, she being unaware that he is the son of a local count. A castle plot to marry her off to an aide of the count and marry him to a widowed duchess ends with the self-destruction of the devoted pair. For the first two of the three acts, Verdi follows, though with his own special vigor, the conventional operatic lines of the day, writing set pieces (solos, duets, a trio, a quartet) that, while they satisfactorily trace the course of the action, and even prod it along, are not dramatically related. (Through it all, I might add, the composer's swift, striking use of choruses is stimulatingly in evidence.) The third act is something else; namely, music drama sustained with a skill presaging that shown in much later works. This act, which takes up two of the six sides of

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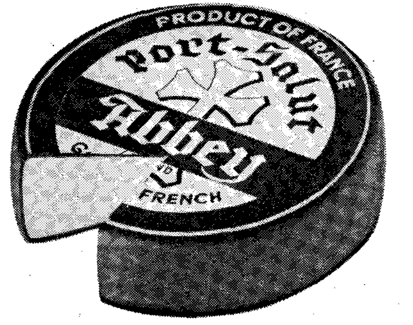

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the Victor album, opens with Luisa sombrely writing a letter trying to straighten things out with her beloved, Rodolfo. Her father, lately released from the count's detention chambers, comes in, reads the letter, and is appalled by the threat it poses. Luisa thereupon dutifully destroys it, and she and her father plan to take to the road as beggars the next morning. It is a long scene, and Verdi negotiates it beautifully. As the producer of the recording, Richard Mohr, points out in an accompanying booklet, daughter-father (soprano-baritone) relationships moved Verdi to some of his most effective passages, such as those between Gilda and Rigoletto, between Aïda and Amonasro, and, for that matter, though the relationship is different, between Violetta and the older Germont. The letter-writing scene is followed by Rodolfo's confrontation of Luisa, and from there the tension builds steadily to their deaths.

A first-rate cast leaps into all this with ardor and high professional polish. Anna Moffo is nothing short of superb as Luisa, and Carlo Bergonzi, the Rodolfo, achieves some of the truest and most sensitive vocalism I have ever heard from him. Cornell MacNeil's resonant baritone enhances the role of the father, and Giorgio Tozzi's does the same for the role of the count. Shirley Verrett's mezzo-soprano encompasses the music of the widowed duchess ably but unremarkably, no doubt because there is little remarkable about her music to begin with. The bass Ezio Flagello, as Wurm, the cowardly villain of the piece, whom Rodolfo manages to stab to death before he himself succumbs to poison, and the mezzo-soprano Gabriella Carturan, as Luisa's chum Laura, are both effective. Fausto Cleva, conducting a house orchestra and chorus in Victor's Rome studios, proves to be just the man for the enterprise.

ONE of the big events of last season, the first performance of Charles Ives' Fourth Symphony, which he finished in 1916, was recorded by Columbia and has now been put on the market. There is no denying that the performance itself was an extraordinary accomplishment, in which the American Symphony Orchestra and the Schola Cantorum, the latter under Hugh Ross, were brought into such complicated play that Leopold Stokowski, who was in charge of the project, required the services of two associate conductors to lead antiphonal forces into the fray. At the time Ives com-

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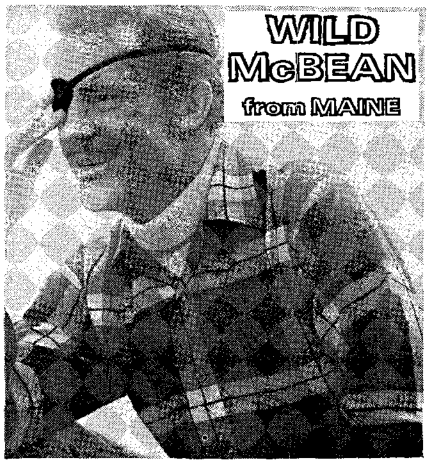

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pleted this symphony, his last major composition, he had yet to win a public hearing for any of his other considerable orchestral pieces, but when they did begin to be performed in concert halls it became evident that many of his musical ideas were far in advance of their time, anticipating Stravinsky and others. In the Fourth, for instance, an overpowering effect is created by having various instrumental groups, playing in different keys and different rhythms, converge in a vast crescendo. This occurs at the end of the second movement as, during a remembered Fourth of July celebration in Concord, Massachusetts, brass bands, drum corps, and other musical units enter the town square at the same time. Now, this may be authentic Americana, but it strikes me that Ives, who used the same device elsewhere in his writings, was so deeply obsessed by the sight-and-sound effect that he failed to shape it with stylistic authority, settling for mere cacophony. On the other hand, Stravinsky, in "Le Sacre du Printemps," and Respighi, in "Feste Romane," achieved similar effects with greater sophistication. The rest of the symphony is strung together, for the most part, with direct quotations from hymns and from tunes—such as "Turkey in the Straw" and "Camptown Races"—that were popular in the last century, so, for all its advanced techniques, the composition has a resolutely old-fashioned ring. Under the circumstances, it would be folly to comment on the actual performance, apart from expressing admiration for the energy and resourcefulness of Mr. Stokowski and his colleagues.

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

WHAT LUCEPAPER D'YA READ?

He presented Westmoreland with a Distinguished Service Medal "for his courage, for his leadership, for his determination, and for his great ability as a soldier and as a patriot." Like the good soldier he is, the general betrayed no surprise, did not even turn his head when he heard the news. —*Time, November 4th.*

Johnson ended by presenting Westmoreland with a Distinguished Service Medal. The general was so surprised that his eyes bugged and he gave a little jump. —*Life, same date.*

•

A cup of sugar was omitted from the recipe for mint-flavored Grasshopper Ice Cream, as printed on page 136 of the September *Sunset.* Next time you try the recipe, please add 1 cup sugar with the egg yolks and cream.—*Sunset.*

It *was* awfully gamy.

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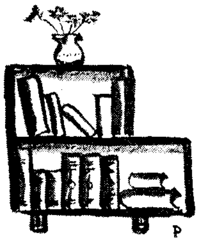
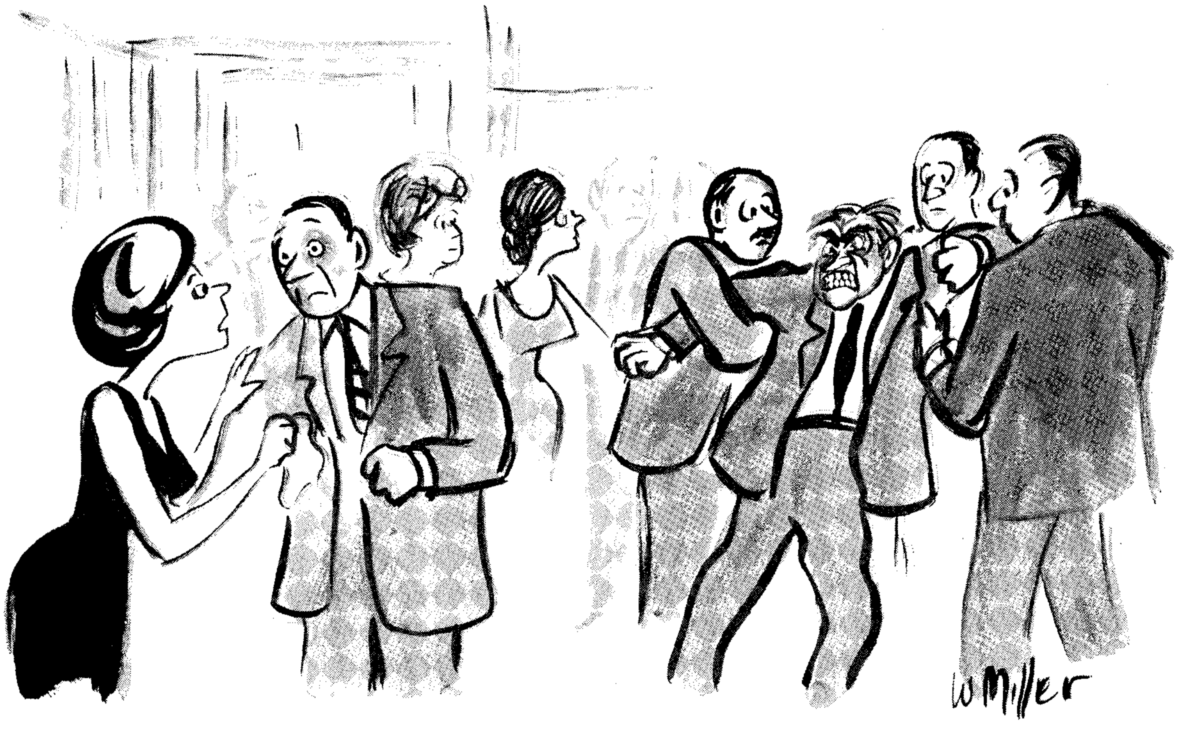


OCCASIONALLY a newspaper will assign a reporter to explore the workings of a city's Department of Welfare. Perhaps the journalist, unsuspected, becomes—for the brief period of his research—a caseworker. In October of this year, G. Bruce Porter, of the *Post*, infiltrated our Department of Welfare and concluded, as had most of his journalistic predecessors, that living on welfare "looked to be so bleak and hopeless that for children not to stay back in school or for a runaway father to throw five or ten dollars into the family pot once in a while and for a pregnant woman to have her baby and not an abortion seemed to be the height of human accomplishment. . . . On days when you go into the field it's like walking through a whole circus of rotten luck and stunning misery and the effect of it all is to make one exhibit look like all the others." The effect is the same on the newspaper's readers. At least, those who are not on welfare. They—that is, we—are afflicted with what Joseph P. Lyford in "The Airtight Cage" (Harper & Row), which is about the poor on Manhattan's upper West Side, calls auto-anesthesia. "The first step in auto-anesthesia is to turn one's eyes away from the object or the act of cruelty itself. It is not necessary to ignore the object or act completely, but it is necessary to consider it only in the abstract—in photographs, television, books, speeches, conversations, etc.; then the mind, which is naturally intolerant of pain, can erase a great deal of the shock and guilt."

Whether Mr. Lyford's book and Richard M. Elman's "The Poorhouse State" (Pantheon), which is also about the city's poor, will pain the comfortable for long, if at all, is doubtful. It is three years since Martin Luther King, in his widely circulated "Letter from Birmingham Jail," said, "When you see the vast majority of your twenty million Negro brothers smothering in an airtight cage [the source of Mr. Lyford's title here becomes apparent] of poverty in the midst of an affluent society . . . then you will understand why we find it difficult to wait." It has since then become even more difficult for Negroes to wait, but now opinion polls and political contests suggest that the auto-anesthesia of many of us outside the cage has turned into fearful resistance to opening it. As Mr. Lyford said in September during hearings on urban problems by Senator Ribicoff's Subcommittee on Executive Reorganization, "I get the feeling that what we really want out of the Negro in his ghetto is a prefrontal lobotomy so he will lie down like a vegetable the rest of his life." Yet writers such as Lyford and Elman keep trying to make us feel the difference between the rhetorical Welfare State, which we are told is growing in extent and beneficence, and the Poorhouse State, which, in Mr. Elman's accurate definition, is "a system of inadequate payments, grudging services, petty rules, tyrannies, and surveillance mechanisms that, though always regarded as a temporary arrangement, has preserved" all the victims' deprivations.

"The Airtight Cage" attempts a comprehensive description of a particular area—its schools, churches, health facilities, and divergent styles of life; "The Poorhouse State" deals with welfare cases on the lower East Side, though it makes a few journeys into Lyford's sector. It is Elman's thesis that our society's attitude toward economic dependency is still an extension of the old poorhouse system, "which rewarded virtue and punished vice and which regarded the continuing prospect of a person's economic dependency as the *prima facie* evidence of his improvidence, incompetency, and illegitimacy." The recipient of welfare, accordingly, lives under constant suspicion of fraud and suffers constant abrogations of his right to privacy. ("I had this other woman for a while," says one of the many poor who speak for themselves in the book, "and she was getting money all the time for her children. They [the caseworkers] used to come into her house and open up all her drawers. All right, a whore gets arrested once in a while, but don't you think she's got more privacy than that? She gets more money too and nobody is always trying to catch her in the shower.")

The benefits allotted by the Poorhouse State are meagre enough to insure a certain amount of fraud. The average public assistance granted a family of four in this state last year was five hundred dollars below the three-thousand-dollar level set by the federal anti-



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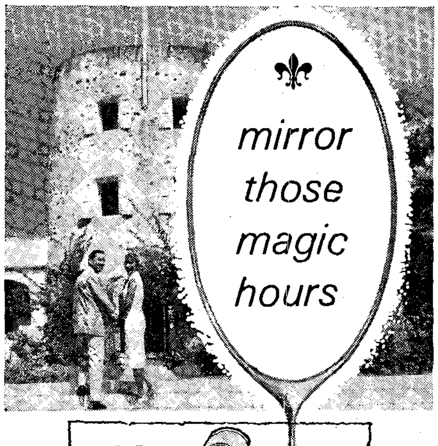

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poverty program to define destitution. The welfare budget, therefore, Elman observes, "will clamor to be violated, either by buying on credit or by misrepresenting the facts to the caseworker." A Puerto Rican voice inside the cage tells Elman, "Where I grew up in Caguas the priests said it was a black sin to lie. I never did so much lying since I came here [to New York] and got on the Welfare." And always there is the fear of dropping through the bottom of the cage. "When my husband was working, we had to worry all the time if he would lose his job, but . . . there were always others. On the Welfare it is different. You never know if you will lose it, and if you lose it, you lose everything." Many people on the rolls do not, Elman says, receive all the benefits—inadequate though they are—to which they are entitled. Some are afraid to argue, and as for the rest, "nowhere that the recipient is likely to go during his dependency will there be signs advising him about his . . . rights in such terms as those in which Social Security recipients are constantly advised that under such-and-such an Old Age and Survivors Insurance Program the claimant can now receive so many additional dollars in income." And there are many not receiving welfare who could qualify if they knew the rules. But, obviously, there is no effort by the Department of Welfare to recruit people to the public-assistance lists.

Putting an end to the tendency to remain on welfare, one of the ostensible goals of the welfare program, is supposedly a function of workers who—in this city, at any rate—have an average case load of sixty clients and may get to see a client every three months, and "only about a fifth of the department's investigating staff has had any training in psychology or sociology." Even if each caseworker were well trained and even if the staff turnover were not so high (Lyford's local estimate is sixty per cent a year), few who are now on the rolls could be "rehabilitated" out of dependency. Of the nation's current eight and a half million relief cases, nearly four and a half million, a recent *Wall Street Journal* survey says, are in the aid-to-dependent-children category—mostly mothers and their fatherless children. The rest are largely the old, the blind, the disabled, and those in need of medical aid. (In this city, of the almost half a million receiving public assistance more than three-fifths are aid-to-dependent-children cases.) And the number of cases continues to increase—by half a

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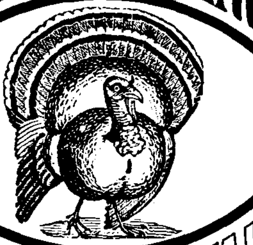

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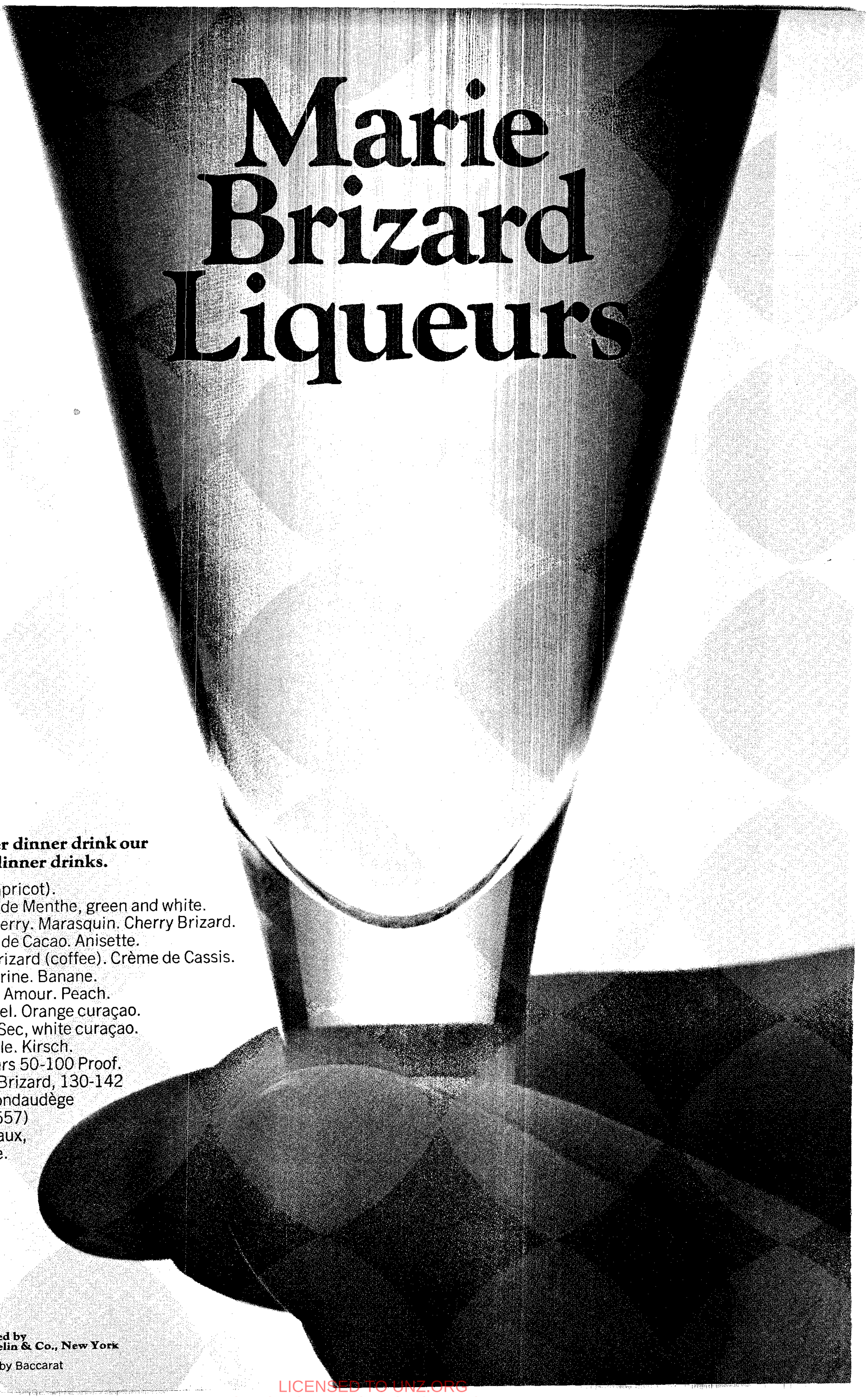

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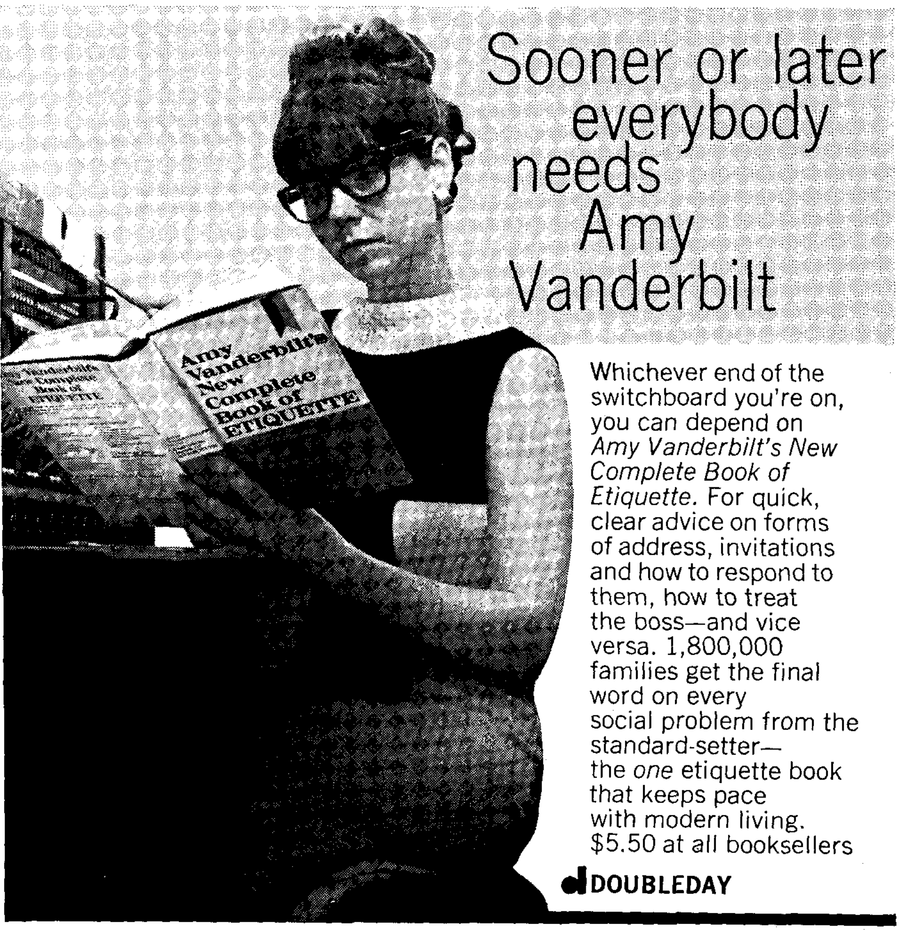
The distinctive characteristic of Elman's book is the view it provides of the Poorhouse State from within and from below—through the many interviews and through his own considerable ability to see the rest of society as these bitter, beleaguered, but occasionally picaresque witnesses do. "The way they got it fixed," says one woman, speaking for many, "it's just like being a junkie. You get your checks twice a month, but you got to keep going over there every few days for that extra little fix, and sometimes when you need it worst of all the man ain't nowhere to be seen."

In "The Airtight Cage," Joseph Lyford places the urban poor in the full setting of their impotency with impressive reportorial skill. Welfare is exacerbatingly inadequate, but so are all the other public institutions that seem to serve what he terms "the experienced victims" of the Poorhouse State. The author lived for five years on the upper West Side, and this book is a publication of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, with which he is affiliated. His territory—a hundred and twenty-five blocks in all—runs from Eighty-second to 106th Street, from Central Park to the Hudson. "Before urban renewal began to rip out the heart of the Area, it was inhabited by 152,000 people, or more than 1,000 people per block. The population included 105,000 people with white skins, the largest single segment of which (40,000) was Jews of West European or Slavic origin; 26,000 Latin Americans, mostly Puerto Ricans; 18,000 American Negroes; and 2,500 others, mainly of Japanese or Chinese origin. Only in Honolulu is there a greater confusion of blood, ancestry, language, and culture in as small a space." Within this confusion there is no sense of community. A survey by the John Kraft research organization indicated that the inhabitants "had only the vaguest idea of where they would turn in case of need. They almost never mentioned political organizations, government agencies, or elected officials, and no single institution was mentioned more than a handful of times. The despair among the poor also permeates a middle class that distrusts its public officials and is bored with its institutions. . . . The group that cuts across all class lines is the army of noninterferers who remain passive while violence is committed on another human being, and who will tolerate the destruction of a neighborhood itself because they are resigned to its destruc-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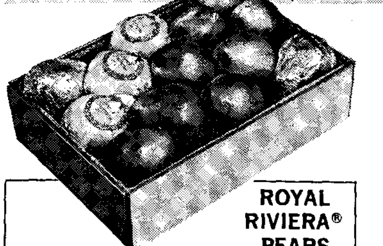

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tion." Some middle-class people in the area—a political club, community councils, churchmen, and school people—tried to effect changes. But most of the poor remained isolated *from the rest* of the neighborhood and from each other—contained in side streets that had become slums, suffering the violence of those the rest of us didn't want to be bothered about. "When," Mr. Lyford adds, "decay and disorder in a slum area go above a certain level, the victims give up, accept the inevitability of crime, and cease to depend on the police except in the most dangerous situations." They have neither the economic *nor the political* power to make themselves heard by even the police.

In the schools, public and parochial, there are willing teachers, but the guidance program they offer is greatly understaffed, and so is the effort to diagnose and treat troubled children. "Because of the Board of Education's inability to find treatment for all children who need it, many pupils receive tranquilizers to keep them under control in the classroom." Most of the children in the area's public schools are below grade level in reading. Mrs. Adele Lerner, the only guidance counsellor at P.S. 84, tells of "Negro mothers' tremendous ambition for their children to do well in school. . . . The child is painfully aware of the parent's anxiety, which works great hardships both ways. As the child begins to fall behind, the parent becomes more and more anxious and friction develops. By the time the child is nine or ten and the parents see that, despite all their desire, the child is not going to make it, they feel a personal humiliation. They really take it out on the child, which only drives the child down deeper." Public-health institutions have also failed the poor. A prostitute in the House of Detention for Women, Lyford notes, "gets medical attention which, however spotty, is better than that which most law-abiding welfare mothers and their children can hope for. . . . The welfare worker without training in psychology or health care, as is usually the case, who visits these families every three or six months, can only refer them to a clinic which will in turn treat the family as unrelated parts. A referral to a social agency rather often leads the family to an agency that is already overloaded; hence there will be another referral. The referral system is a series of constantly dividing roads, and the sick person seldom gets to the end of the labyrinth."

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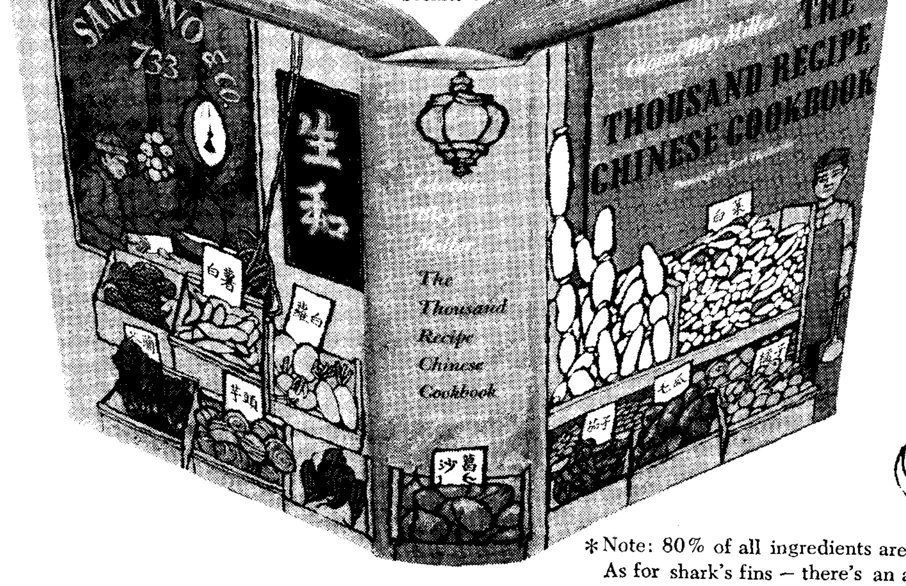
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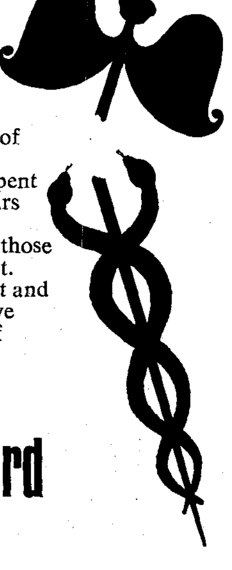

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"army of noninterferers" throughout the city, in their own airtight cages of auto-anesthesia, there are the "business leaders who lead the fight against adequate welfare and housing; prosperous financial institutions that refuse to lend money for private investment in slum rehabilitation; foundations that avoid any significant commitment to the abolition of the slum; labor unions that have abandoned the low-paid worker and practice racial discrimination; and white and black political organizations that have a vested interest in segregation and race politics." Lyford proposes ombudsmen to press the claims of the citizen against the bureaucracy; civilian review boards for all public agencies; neighborhood programs to provide legal assistance for the poor; rebellion from within the slums, in the form of tenant unionism, rent strikes, and civilian planning boards; "corporations of the poor" to "establish credit unions, fight price discrimination in racially segregrated housing areas, break down trade-union barriers to Negro and Puerto Rican apprentices, and mobilize pressure on federal agencies so that they give greater support to expansion of businesses run by Negroes and other minority groups." And he suggests new communities. "Townships could be located in areas with adequate natural resources, in every state of the Union. Migration to them would be open to everyone, regardless of economic status, perhaps under terms of a contract clearly stating the responsibilities of both parties. The citizens who signed such a 'lease' would do so as volunteers in a flagship community, sponsored by government, which would set the pace for a racially integrated, heterogeneous new society." But what of the poor who do not wish to volunteer? And who among the white middle class will go?

Lyford also joins the ranks of those who want a guaranteed annual income of three thousand dollars for people earning less than that. I think he is remarkably sanguine about how much three thousand a year can accomplish for a family. In any case, it will probably be years before any of these proposals attract sufficient political support, including organized support within the slums. In the meantime, there is a persistent waste of human life in the Poorhouse State, especially of children, who "are introduced to a style of existence that eventually cripples and destroys huge numbers of them and occasionally other people with whom they have come in contact. I have not been able to discover any good reason

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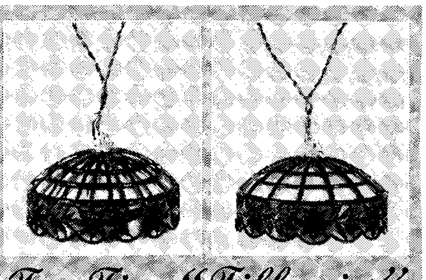

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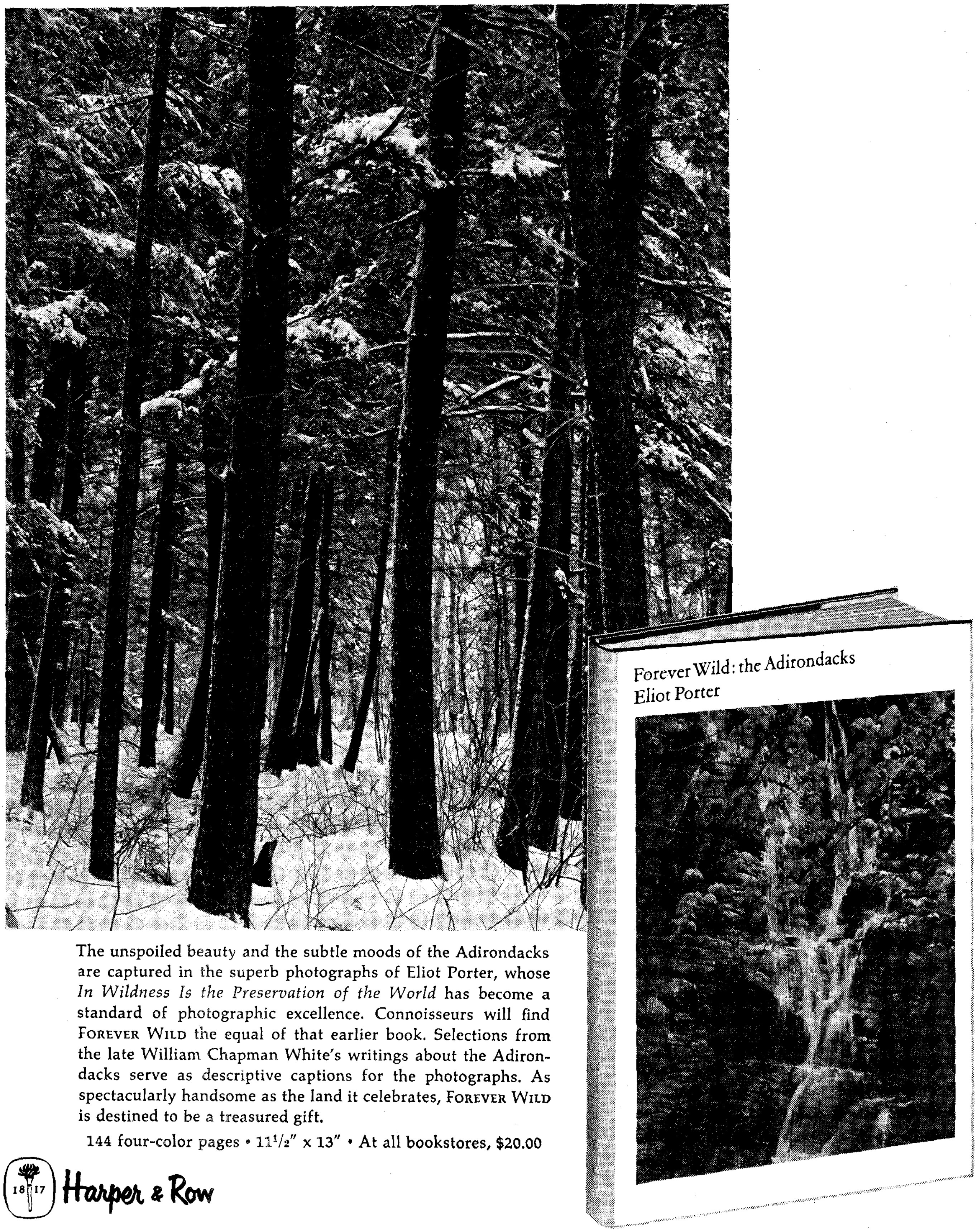
by Eliot Porter



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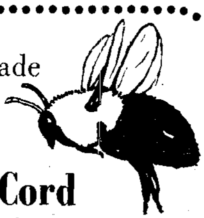

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CASTLE UGLY
Mary Ellin Barrett
DUTTON

why this should be taking place, even an economic reason."

But there we are again, back to words—words like those in the occasional newspaper series on the welfare "circus of rotten luck," words like those in such insistent books as "The Poorhouse State" and "The Airtight Cage." They are unexceptionable words, but they have not brought enough change. Are new ways of relating the obvious needed so that we can see, really see, the reality these words try to describe, or have those outside the cage become incapable of experiencing the degree of shock and guilt that can make them act? If that is so, then the rebellion from within the slums Lyford calls for may be the only way to break through rhetoric. But can those who are "experienced victims" learn how to change institutions? The question is now being put, in slums throughout the country, by a wide variety of community organizers, but no one yet knows the answer.

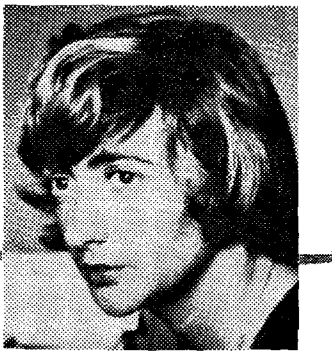
—NAT HENTOFF

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PARALLAX, by Vladimir Yurasov, translated by Tatiana Balkoff Drowne (Norton). A large documentary novel about two Russian Army officers, friends, and, later, brothers-in-law. The Second World War has just ended. Though both men are dismayed at the immorality and unsatisfactoriness of Russia's government, they choose different courses: one defects to the United States, and the other goes home. The story follows their separate experiences; both suffer, but both, as the book ends, have survived. Each man pays the price of his decision; one lives under the pressures of Stalinism, and the other, though he likes the United States, is homesick. The author, who has himself escaped from the Soviet Union, writes with affection for his homeland and his countrymen.

THE DISORDERLY KNIGHTS, by Dorothy Dunnett (Putnam). The author, a Scotswoman who is married to the editor of the *Scotsman*, is working in the vein of Sir Walter Scott. This historical novel is based on several genuine events, among them a Turkish attack on Malta in 1551 and a variety of embroilments among Scots and among the Scottish, English, Irish, and French nations. Mrs. Dunnett insists on the story first, and whatever she tells us about, say, social conditions in the



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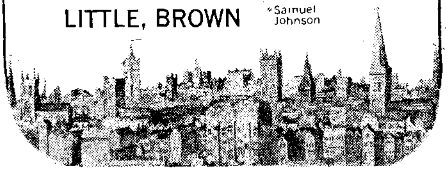

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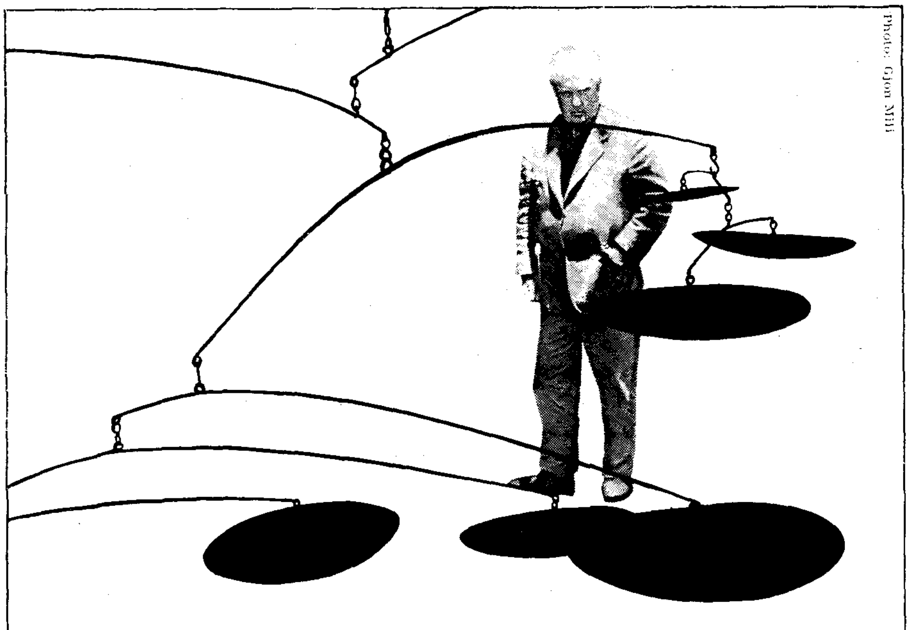
THIS ANIMAL IS MISCHIEVOUS, by David Benedictus (New American Library). An incompetent, pretentious fantasy about racial extremism, in which an English girl named Georgie and her twin brother, Tim, the narrator, somehow get mixed up with two racist groups, Negro and white, who eventually wipe out each other and Georgie during a Fascist convention on Mount Parnassus, in Greece. Tim, although he uses words like "thence" rather than "from there" and "metacarpal" to describe a knocking on the door, unfortunately survives, and the book ends with a plug for moderation, majority rule, and "reciprocal love" (Tim's words, quoting Georgie). Mr. Benedictus seems to have only second-hand knowledge of contemporary Fascists, no knowledge at all of black nationalists, and a tin ear.

GENERAL

DIARIES AND LETTERS, 1930-39, by Harold Nicolson, edited by Nigel Nicolson (Atheneum). These marvellously readable diaries start just after Sir Harold had resigned from the Foreign Office because his wife, the writer Victoria Sackville-West, could (or would) not play the part of embassy wife. Sir Harold worked at journalism (which he loathed), politics (he sat in Parliament from 1935 to 1945), literature (during these years he wrote several books that have lasted, among them "Diplomacy"), broadcasting (he was a regular commentator on the B.B.C.), and gardening (he and his wife developed the famous gardens at Sissinghurst, their country home). He was gregarious, and because his birth, marriage, and careers introduced him to everybody who was anybody in the United Kingdom and, to a lesser extent, abroad, his accounts of his social activities describe ladies as remote from each other as the Duchess of York, who became Queen of England, and Mrs. Simpson, who did not. The male figures in his diaries cover a still wider range—King Carol to Lord Alfred Douglas to the staid Lord Cranborne is the spectrum of respectability—and the political gamut includes, along with such greats as Churchill,



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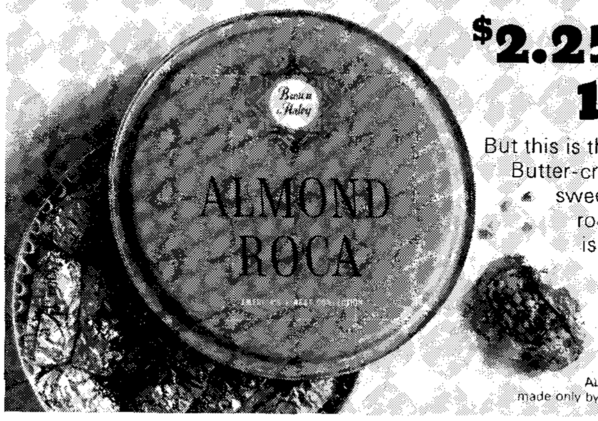

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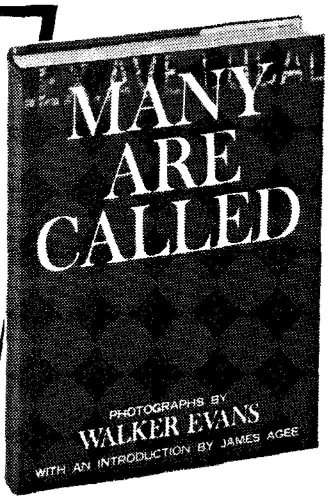
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upsetters like Mosley and standpatters like Baldwin. In his introduction, the editor mentions some of his father's social prejudices, perhaps to prepare the reader for entries like "After all, every American is more or less as vulgar as any other American." But Sir Harold's exclusions are not as important as his truly remarkable, outgoing inclusiveness. His way of understanding people is through affection, and his portraits are entirely successful.

VIRGIL THOMSON, by Virgil Thomson (Knopf). An autobiography so high-spirited and perky that it seems hardly possible that the author, at seventy, is a Grand Old Man of American music. His book demonstrates—besides his musical aptitudes, which are evident in critical remarks, recollections of performances, and sensitive word choices—such other characteristics as sociability, long loyalties, and, sometimes, long enmities. Much of Mr. Thomson's career and many of his compositions are well known, but he adds unfamiliar and lively details about working with Gertrude Stein, for instance, and with Orson Welles, Pare Lorentz, and the old *Herald Tribune* management. His passages expressing his feeling of at-homeness in France and with the French recall those in Henry James' notebooks when the novelist found his home in London; the composer's delight is deeply affecting.

NOTE: The New American Library has published "A Sacred Trust," Richard Harris' report on the genesis of Medicare, most of which appeared originally in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Such Sweet Thunder," a collection of forty-nine pieces on jazz and jazz artists that Whitney Balliett has written for this magazine over the past five years, has been published by Bobbs-Merrill.

•

Nor are its professed enemies likely to refrain from fishing in troubled waters. The more the waters are muddied by the allies themselves the larger will be the chances for enemies to drive wedges into them.—*The Economist.*

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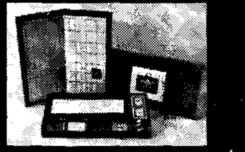

The satirical, realistic, slightly humorous "Advertising Game" is for professionals and non-professionals, $7.98 including 192 moving parts and $15,500,000 cash at Brentanos; Neiman-Marcus; and I. Magnin, west coast. Or send* to Box 3903, Grand Ctl. Sta., N.Y. 10017. *N.Y. State residents add sales tax.

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